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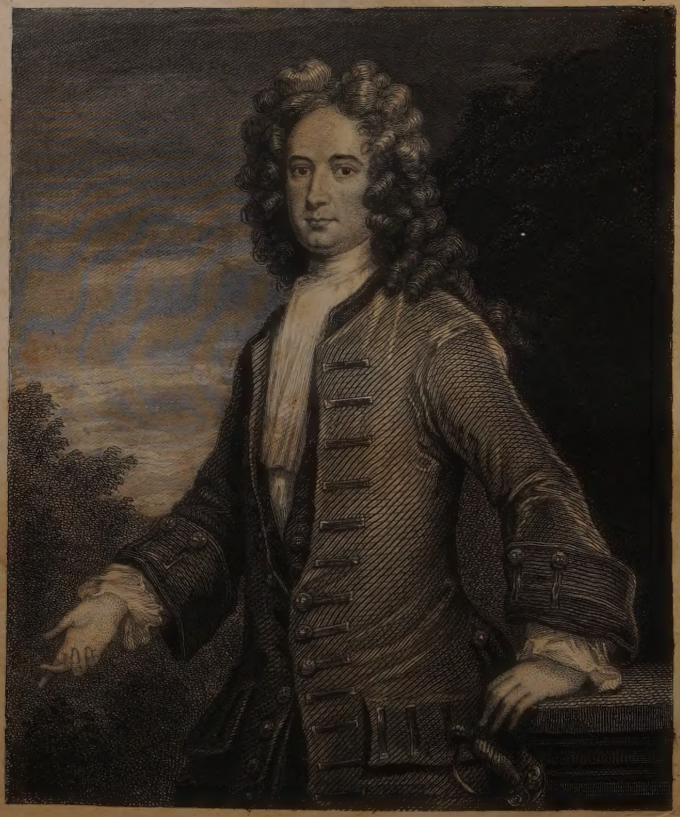

EDWARD WORTLEY MONTAGU.

ENGRAVED BY W. GREATBATCH.
FROM AN ORIGINAL PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF LORD WHARNCLIFFE.

London, Published by Richard Bentley, 1836.

THE

LETTERS AND WORKS

OF

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

EDITED BY HER GREAT GRANDSON

LORD WHARNCLIFFE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,
Publisher in Ordinary to His Majesty.
1837.

LETTERS

DURING MR. WORTLEY'S EMBASSY.

(CONTINUED.)

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LETTERS

DURING MR. WORTLEY'S EMBASSY.

(CONTINUED.)

TO MR. POPE.

Belgrade Village, June 17, O. S. 1717.

I HOPE before this time you have received two or three of my letters. I had yours but yesterday, though dated the third of February, in which you suppose me to be dead and buried. I have already let you know that I am still alive; but, to say truth, I look upon my present circumstances to be exactly the same with those of departed spirits.

The heats of Constantinople have driven me to this place, which perfectly answers the description of the Elysian fields. I am in the middle of a wood, consisting chiefly of fruit-trees, watered by a vast number of fountains, famous for the excellency of their water, and divided into many shady walks, upon short grass, that seems to me artificial, but, I am assured, is the pure work of nature; and within view of the Black Sea, from whence we perpetually

enjoy the refreshment of cool breezes, that make us insensible of the heat of the summer. The village is only inhabited by the richest amongst the Christians, who meet every night at a fountain, forty paces from my house, to sing and dance. The beauty and dress of the women exactly resemble the ideas of the ancient nymphs, as they are given us by the representations of the poets and painters. But what persuades me more fully of my decease, is the situation of my own mind, the profound ignorance I am in of what passes among the living (which only comes to me by chance), and the great calmness with which I receive it. Yet I have still a hankering after my friends and acquaintances left in the world, according to the authority of that admirable author,

> That spirits departed are wondrous kind
> To friends and relations left behind:
> Which nobody can deny.

Of which solemn truth I am a *dead* instance. I think Virgil is of the same opinion, that in human souls there will still be some remains of human passions.

> —— Curæ non ipsæ in morte relinquunt.

And 'tis very necessary, to make a perfect Elysium, that there should be a river Lethe, which I am not so happy as to find.

To say truth, I am sometimes very weary of the singing and dancing, and sunshine, and wish for the smoke and impertinencies in which you toil, though

I endeavour to persuade myself that I live in a more agreeable variety than you do; and that Monday, setting of partridges—Tuesday, reading English—Wednesday, studying in the Turkish language (in which, by the way, I am already very learned)—Thursday, classical authors—Friday, spent in writing—Saturday, at my needle—and Sunday, admitting of visits, and hearing of music, is a better way of disposing of the week, than Monday, at the drawing-room—Tuesday, Lady Mohun's—Wednesday, at the opera—Thursday, the play—Friday, Mrs. Chetwynd's, &c., a perpetual round of hearing the same scandal, and seeing the same follies acted over and over, which here affect me no more than they do other dead people. I can now hear of displeasing things with pity, and without indignation. The reflection on the great gulph between you and me, cools all news that come hither. I can neither be sensibly touched with joy nor grief, when I consider that possibly the cause of either is removed before the letter comes to my hands. But (as I said before) this indolence does not extend to my few friendships; I am still warmly sensible of yours and Mr. Congreve's, and desire to live in your remembrance, though dead to all the world beside. I am, &c. &c.

FROM MR. POPE.

MADAM,

I COULD quarrel with you quite through this paper, upon a period in yours, which bids me remember you if possibly I can. You would have shewn more knowledge both of yourself and of me, had you bid me forget you if possibly I could. When I do, may this hand (as the Scripture says) forget its cunning, and this heart its—folly, I was going to say—but I mean, its reason, and the most rational sensation it ever had—that of your merit.

The poetical manner in which you paint some of the scenes about you, makes me despise my native country, and sets me on fire to fall into the dance about your fountain in Belgrade village. I fancy myself, in my romantic thoughts and distant admiration of you, not unlike the man in the Alchymist, that has a passion for the queen of the fairies; I lie dreaming of you in moon-shiny nights, exactly in the posture of Endymion gaping for Cynthia in a picture; and with just such a surprise and rapture should I awake, if, after your long revolutions were accomplished, you should at last come rolling back again, smiling with all that gentleness and serenity peculiar to the moon and you, and gilding the same mountains from which you first set out on your solemn melancholy journey. I am told that fortune (more just to us than your virtue) will restore the most precious thing it ever robbed us of. Some

think it will be the only equivalent the world affords for Pitt's diamond, so lately sent out of our country; which, after you were gone, was accounted the most valuable thing here. Adieu to that toy! let the costly bauble be hung about the neck of the baby king it belongs to, so England does but recover that jewel which was the wish of all her sensible hearts, and the joy of all her discerning eyes. I can keep no measures in speaking of this subject. I see you already coming; I feel you as you draw nearer; my heart leaps at your arrival. Let us have you from the East, and the sun is at her service.

I write as if I were drunk; the pleasure I take in thinking of your return transports me beyond the bounds of common sense and decency. Yet believe me, madam, if there be any circumstance of chagrin in the occasion of that return, if there be any public or private ill fortune that may give you a displeasure, I must still be ready to feel a part of it, notwithstanding the joy I now express.

I have been mad enough to make all the enquiry I could at what time you set out, and what route you were to take. If Italy run yet in your thoughts, I hope you'll see it in your return. If I but knew you intended it, I'd meet you there, and travel back with you. I would fain behold the best and brightest thing I know, in the scene of ancient virtue and glory: I would fain see how you look on the very spot where Curtius sacrificed himself for

his country; and observe what difference there would be in your eyes when you ogled the statue of Julius Cæsar, and Marcus Aurelius. Allow me but to sneak after you in your train, to fill my pockets with coins, or to lug an old busto behind you, and I shall be proud beyond expression. Let people think, if they will, that I did all this for the pleasure of treading on classic ground; I would whisper other reasons in your ear. The joy of following your footsteps would as soon carry me to Mecca as to Rome; and let me tell you as a friend, if you are really disposed to embrace the Mahometan religion, I'll fly on pilgrimage with you thither, with as good a heart and as sound devotion as ever Jeffery Rudel, the Provençal poet, went after the fine Countess of Tripoly to Jerusalem. If you never heard of this Jeffery, I'll assure you he deserves your acquaintance. He lived in our Richard the First's time; put on a pilgrim's weed, took his voyage, and when he got ashore was just upon the point of expiring. The Countess of Tripoly came to the ship, took him by the hand; he lifted up his eyes, said he had been blest with a sight of her, he was satisfied, and so departed this life. What did the Countess of Tripoly upon this? She made him a splendid funeral; built him a tomb of porphyry; put his epitaph upon it in Arabic verse; had his sonnets curiously copied out, and illumined with letters of gold; was taken with melancholy, and turned nun. All this, madam, you may depend

upon for a truth, and I send it to you in the very words of my author.

I don't expect all this should be punctually copied on either side, but methinks something like it is done already. The letters of gold, and the curious illumining of the sonnets, was not a greater token of respect whan that I have paid to your eclogues: they lie inclosed in a monument of red Turkey, written in my fairest hand; the gilded leaves are opened with no less veneration than the pages of the sibyls; like them, locked up and concealed from all prophane eyes; none but my own have beheld these sacred remains of yourself, and I should think it as great a wickedness to divulge them as to scatter abroad the ashes of my ancestors. As for the rest, if I have not followed you to the ends of the earth, 'tis not my fault; if I had, I might possibly have died as gloriously as Jeffery Rudel; and if I had so died, you might probably have done every thing for me that the Countess of Tripoly did, except turning nun.

But since our romance is like to have a more fortunate conclusion, I desire you to take another course to express your favour towards me; I mean, by bringing over the fair Circassian we used to talk of. I was serious in that request, and will prove it by paying for her, if you will lay out my money so well for me. The thing shall be as secret as you please, and the lady made another half of me, that is, both my mistress and my servant,

as I am both my own servant and my own master. But I beg you to look oftener than you use to do in your glass, in order to choose me one I may like. If you have any regard to my happiness, let there be something as near as possible to that face; but, if you please, the colours a little less vivid, the eyes a little less bright (such as reflection will shew 'em); in short, let her be such an one as you seem in your own eyes, that is, a good deal less amiable than you are. Take care of this, if you have any regard to my quiet; for otherwise, instead of being her master, I must be only her slave.

I cannot end this letter without asking if you have received a box of books, together with letters, from Mr. Congreve and myself? It was directed to Mr. Wortley at Constantinople, by a merchant-ship that set sail last June. Mr. Congreve, in fits of the gout, remembers you. Dr. Garth makes epigrams in prose when he speaks of you. Sir Robert Rich's lady loves you, though Sir Robert admires you. Mr. Craggs commemorates you with honour; the Duke of Buckingham with praise; I myself with something more. When people speak most highly of you, I think them sparing; when I try myself to speak of you, I think I am cold and stupid. I think my letters have nothing in 'em, but I am sure my heart has so much, that I am vexed to find no better name for your friend and admirer, than

Your friend and admirer,

A. Pope.

TO THE LADY RICH.

Belgrade Village, June 17, O. S.

I HEARTILY beg your ladyship's pardon; but I really could not forbear laughing heartily at your letter, and the commissions you are pleased to honour me with.

You desire me to buy you a Greek slave, who is to be mistress of a thousand good qualities. The Greeks are subjects, and not slaves. Those who are to be bought in that manner, are either such as are taken in war, or stolen by the Tartars from Russia, Circassia, or Georgia, and are such miserable, awkward, poor wretches, you would not think any of them worthy to be your house-maids. 'Tis true that many thousands were taken in the Morea; but they have been, most of them, redeemed by the charitable contributions of the Christians, or ransomed by their own relations at Venice. The fine slaves that wait upon the great ladies, or serve the pleasures of the great men, are all bought at the age of eight or nine years old, and educated with great care, to accomplish them in singing, dancing, embroidery, &c. They are commonly Circassians, and their patron never sells them, except it is as a punishment for some very great fault. If ever they grow weary of them, they either present them to a friend, or give them their freedom. Those that are exposed to sale at the markets

are always either guilty of some crime, or so entirely worthless that they are of no use at all. I am afraid you will doubt the truth of this account, which I own is very different from our common notions in England; but it is no less truth for all that.

Your whole letter is full of mistakes from one end to the other. I see you have taken your ideas of Turkey from that worthy author Dumont, who has wrote with equal ignorance and confidence. 'Tis a particular pleasure to me here, to read the voyages to the Levant, which are generally so far removed from truth, and so full of absurdities, I am very well diverted with them. They never fail giving you an account of the women, whom, 'tis certain, they never saw, and talking very wisely of the genius of the men, into whose company they are never admitted; and very often describe mosques, which they dare not even peep into. The Turks are very proud, and will not converse with a stranger they are not assured is considerable in his own country. I speak of the men of distinction; for, as to the ordinary fellows, you may imagine what ideas their conversation can give of the general genius of the people.

As to the balm of Mecca, I will certainly send you some; but it is not so easily got as you suppose it, and I cannot, in conscience, advise you to make use of it. I know not how it comes to have such universal applause. All the ladies of my acquaint-

ance at London and Vienna have begged me to send pots of it to them. I have had a present of a small quantity (which, I 'll assure you, is very valuable) of the best sort, and with great joy applied it to my face, expecting some wonderful effect to my advantage. The next morning the change indeed was wonderful; my face was swelled to a very extraordinary size, and all over as red as my Lady H——'s. It remained in this lamentable state three days, during which you may be sure I passed my time very ill. I believed it would never be otherways; and, to add to my mortification, Mr. Wortley reproached my indiscretion without ceasing. However, my face is since *in statu quo;* nay, I am told by the ladies here, that it is much mended by the operation, which I confess I cannot perceive in my looking-glass. Indeed, if one were to form an opinion of this balm from their faces, one should think very well of it. They all make use of it, and have the loveliest bloom in the world. For my part I never intend to endure the pain of it again; let my complexion take its natural course, and decay in its own due time. I have very little esteem for medicines of this nature; but do as you please, madam; only remember before you use it, that your face will not be such as you will care to shew in the drawing-room for some days after.

If one was to believe the women in this country, there is a surer way of making one's self beloved than by becoming handsome; though you know

that's our method. But they pretend to the knowledge of secrets that, by way of enchantment, give them the entire empire over whom they please. For me, who am not very apt to believe in wonders, I cannot find faith for this. I disputed the point last night with a lady, who really talks very sensibly on any other subject; but she was downright angry with me, in that she did not perceive she had persuaded me of the truth of forty stories she told me of this kind; and at last mentioned several ridiculous marriages, that there could be no other reason assigned for. I assured her, that in England, where we were entirely ignorant of all magic, where the climate is not half so warm, nor the women half so handsome, we were not without our ridiculous marriages; and that we did not look upon it as any thing supernatural when a man played the fool for the sake of a woman. But my arguments could not convince her against (as she said) her certain knowledge. To this she added, that she scrupled making use of *charms* herself; but that she could do it whenever she pleased; and staring me in the face, said (with a very learned air), that no enchantments would have their effects upon me; and that there were some people exempt from their power, but very few. You may imagine how I laughed at this discourse; but all the women are of the same opinion. They don't pretend to any commerce with the devil; but only that there are certain compositions adapted

to inspire love. If one could send over a ship-load of them, I fancy it would be a very quick way of raising an estate. What would not some ladies of our acquaintance give for such merchandize?

Adieu, my dear Lady Rich, I cannot conclude my letter with a subject that affords more delightful scenes to the imagination. I leave you to figure to yourself the extreme court that will be made to me, at my return, if my travels should furnish me with such a useful piece of learning.

I am, dear madam, yours, &c. &c.

TO MRS. THISTLETHWAYTE.

Pera of Constantinople, Jan. 4, O.S. 1715-16.

I AM infinitely obliged to you, dear Mrs. Thistlethwayte, for your entertaining letter. You are the only one of my correspondents that have judged right enough, to think I would gladly be informed of the news among you. All the rest of them tell me (almost in the same words), that they suppose I know every thing. Why they are pleased to suppose in this manner, I can guess no reason, except they are persuaded, that the breed of Mahomet's pigeon still subsists in this country, and that I receive supernatural intelligence.

I wish I could return your goodness with some diverting accounts from hence. But I know not

what part of the scenes here would gratify your curiosity, or whether you have any curiosity at all for things so far distant. To say the truth, I am, at this present writing, not very much turned for the recollection of what is diverting, my head being wholly filled with the preparations necessary for the increase of my family, which I expect every day. You may easily guess at my uneasy situation. But I am, however, comforted in some degree, by the glory that accrues to me from it, and a reflection on the contempt I should otherwise fall under. You won't know what to make of this speech; but, in this country, it is more despicable to be married and not fruitful, than it is with us to be fruitful before marriage. They have a notion, that whenever a woman leaves off bringing forth children, it is because she is too old for that business, whatever her face says to the contrary. This opinion makes the ladies here so ready to make proofs of their youth (which is as necessary, in order to be a *received beauty*, as it is to shew the proofs of nobility, to be admitted *knights of Malta*,) that they do not content themselves with using the natural means, but fly to all sorts of quackeries, to avoid the scandal of being past child-bearing, and often kill themselves by them. Without any exaggeration, all the women of my acquaintance have twelve or thirteen children; and the old ones boast of having had five-and-twenty or thirty a-piece, and are respected according to the number they have produced. When

they are with child, it is their common expression to say, *They hope God will be so merciful as to send them two this time;* and when I have asked them sometimes, How they expected to provide for such a flock as they desire? They answered, That the plague will certainly kill half of them; which, indeed, generally happens, without much concern to the parents, who are satisfied with the vanity of having brought forth so plentifully.

The French embassadress is forced to comply with this fashion as well as myself. She has not been here much above a year, and has lain in once, and is big again. What is most wonderful, is, the exemption they seem to enjoy from the curse entailed on the sex. They see all company on the day of their delivery, and, at the fortnight's end, return visits, set out in their jewels and new clothes. I wish I may find the influence of the climate in this particular. But I fear I shall continue an Englishwoman in that affair, as well as I do in my dread of fire and plague, which are two things very little feared here. Most families have had their houses burnt down once or twice, occasioned by their extraordinary way of warming themselves, which is neither by chimneys nor stoves, but by a certain machine called a *tendour,* the height of two feet, in the form of a table, covered with a fine carpet or embroidery. This is made only of wood, and they put into it a small quantity of hot ashes, and sit with their legs under the carpet. At this

table they work, read, and very often sleep; and, if they chance to dream, kick down the *tendour*, and the hot ashes commonly set the house on fire. There were five hundred houses burnt in this mannera bout a fortnight ago, and I have seen several of the owners since, who seem not at all moved at so common a misfortune. They put their goods into a *bark*, and see their houses burn with great philosophy, their persons being very seldom endangered, having no stairs to descend.

But, having entertained you with things I don't like, it is but just I should tell you something that pleases me. The climate is delightful in the extremest degree. I am now sitting, this present fourth of January, with the windows open, enjoying the warm shine of the sun, while you are freezing over a sad sea-coal fire; and my chamber is set out with carnations, roses, and jonquils, fresh from my garden. I am also charmed with many points of the Turkish law, to our shame be it spoken, better designed and better executed than ours; particularly, the punishment of convicted liars (triumphant criminals in our country, God knows): They are burnt in the forehead with a hot iron, when they are proved the authors of any notorious falsehoods. How many white foreheads should we see disfigured, how many fine gentlemen would be forced to wear their wigs as low as their eye-brows, were this law in practice with us! I should go on to tell you many other parts of justice, but I must send for my midwife.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Pera of Constantinople, March 10, O.S. 1717.

I HAVE not written to you, dear sister, these many months:—a great piece of self-denial. But I know not where to direct, or what part of the world you are in. I have received no letter from you since that short note of April last, in which you tell me, that you are on the point of leaving England, and promise me a direction for the place you stay in; but I have in vain expected it till now; and now I only learn from the gazette, that you are returned, which induces me to venture this letter to your house at London. I had rather ten of my letters should be lost, than you imagine I don't write; and I think it is hard fortune if one in ten don't reach you. However, I am resolved to keep the copies, as testimonies of my inclination, to give you, to the utmost of my power, all the diverting part of my travels, while you are exempt from all the fatigues and inconveniences.

In the first place, then, I wish you joy of your niece; for I was brought to bed of a daughter* five weeks ago. I don't mention this as one of my diverting adventures; though I must own, that it is not half so mortifying here as in England; there being as much difference, as there is between a little cold in the head, which sometimes happens here, and the consumption cough, so common in

* Mary, afterwards married to John, Earl of Bute.

London. Nobody keeps their house a month for lying-in; and I am not so fond of any of our customs, as to retain them when they are not necessary. I returned my visits at three weeks' end; and, about four days ago, crossed the sea, which divides this place from Constantinople, to make a new one, where I had the good fortune to pick up many curiosities.

I went to see the Sultana Hafiten, favourite of the late Emperor Mustapha, who, you know (or perhaps you don't know), was deposed by his brother, the reigning Sultan, and died a few weeks after, being poisoned, as it was generally believed. This lady was, immediately after his death, saluted with an absolute order to leave the seraglio, and choose herself a husband among the great men at the Porte. I suppose you may imagine her overjoyed at this proposal. — Quite the contrary. —— These women, who are called, and esteem themselves, queens, look upon this liberty as the greatest disgrace and affront that can happen to them. She threw herself at the Sultan's feet, and begged him to poinard her, rather than use his brother's widow with that contempt. She represented to him, in agonies of sorrow, that she was privileged from this misfortune, by having brought five princes into the Ottoman family; but all the boys being dead, and only one girl surviving, this excuse was not received, and she was compelled to make her choice. She chose Bekir Effendi, then secretary of state, and

above fourscore years old, to convince the world that she firmly intended to keep the vow she had made, of never suffering a second husband to approach her bed; and since she must honour some subject so far as to be called his wife, she would choose him as a mark of her gratitude, since it was he that had presented her, at the age of ten years, to her last lord. But she never permitted him to pay her one visit; though it is now fifteen years she has been in his house, where she passes her time in uninterrupted mourning, with a constancy very little known in Christendom, especially in a widow of one-and-twenty, for she is now but thirty-six. She has no black eunuchs for her guard, her husband being obliged to respect her as a queen, and not to enquire at all into what is done in her apartment.

I was led into a large room, with a sofa the whole length of it, adorned with white marble pillars like a *ruelle*, covered with pale blue figured velvet on a silver ground, with cushions of the same, where I was desired to repose till the Sultana appeared, who had contrived this manner of reception to avoid rising up at my entrance, though she made me an inclination of her head when I rose up to her. I was very glad to observe a lady that had been distinguished by the favour of an Emperor, to whom beauties were, every day, presented from all parts of the world. But she did not seem to me to have ever been half so beautiful as the fair Fatima I saw

at Adrianople; though she had the remains of a fine face, more decayed by sorrow than time. But her dress was something so surprisingly rich, that I cannot forbear describing it to you. She wore a vest called *donalmá*, which differs from a *caftán* by longer sleeves, and folding over at the bottom. It was of purple cloth, strait to her shape, and thick set, on each side, down to her feet, and round the sleeves, with pearls of the best water, of the same size as their buttons commonly are. You must not suppose, that I mean as large as those of my Lord ——, but about the bigness of a pea; and to these buttons large loops of diamonds, in the form of those gold loops so common on birth-day coats. This habit was tied, at the waist, with two large tassels of smaller pearls, and round the arms embroidered with large diamonds. Her shift was fastened at the bottom with a great diamond, shaped like a lozenge; her girdle as broad as the broadest English ribband, entirely covered with diamonds. Round her neck she wore three chains, which reached to her knees: one of large pearl, at the bottom of which hung a fine coloured emerald, as big as a turkey-egg; another, consisting of two hundred emeralds, closely joined together, of the most lively green, perfectly matched, every one as large as a half-crown piece, and as thick as three crown pieces; and another of small emeralds, perfectly round. But her ear-rings eclipsed all the rest. They were two diamonds, shaped exactly

like pears, as large as a big hazle-nut. Round her *kalpác* she had four strings of pearl, the whitest and most perfect in the world, at least enough to make four necklaces, every one as large as the Duchess of Marlborough's, and of the same shape, fastened with two roses, consisting of a large ruby for the middle stone, and round them twenty drops of clean diamonds to each. Besides this, her head-dress was covered with bodkins of emeralds and diamonds. She wore large diamond bracelets, and had five rings on her fingers (except Mr. Pitt's) the largest I ever saw in my life. It is for jewellers to compute the value of these things; but, according to the common estimation of jewels, in our part of the world, her whole dress must be worth a hundred thousand pounds sterling. This I am sure of, that no European Queen has half the quantity; and the Empress's jewels, though very fine, would look very mean near hers.

She gave me a dinner of fifty dishes of meat, which (after their fashion) were placed on the table but one at a time, and was extremely tedious. But the magnificence of her table answered very well to that of her dress. The knives were of gold, and the hafts set with diamonds. But the piece of luxury which grieved my eyes, was the table-cloth and napkins, which were all tiffany, embroidered with silk and gold, in the finest manner, in natural flowers. It was with the utmost regret that I made use of these costly napkins, which were

as finely wrought as the finest handkerchiefs that ever came out of this country. You may be sure, that they were entirely spoiled before dinner was over. The sherbet (which is the liquor they drink at meals) was served in china bowls; but the covers and salvers massy gold. After dinner, water was brought in gold basons, and towels of the same kind with the napkins, which I very unwillingly wiped my hands upon; and coffee was served in china, with gold *soucoups*.*

The Sultana seemed in a very good humour, and talked to me with the utmost civility. I did not omit this opportunity of learning all that I possibly could of the seraglio, which is so entirely unknown among us. She assured me, that the story of the Sultan's *throwing a handkerchief* is altogether fabulous; and the manner, upon that occasion, no other than this: He sends the *kyslár agá*, to signify to the lady the honour he intends her. She is immediately complimented upon it by the others, and led to the bath, where she is perfumed and dressed in the most magnificent and becoming manner. The Emperor precedes his visit by a royal present, and then comes into her apartment: neither is there any such thing as her creeping in at the bed's foot. She said, that the first he made choice of was always afterward the first in rank, and not the mother of the eldest son, as other writers would make us believe. Sometimes the Sultan diverts

* Saucers.

himself in the company of all his ladies, who stand in a circle round him. And she confessed, they were ready to die with envy and jealousy of the *happy she* that he distinguished by any appearance of preference. But this seemed to me neither better nor worse than the circles in most courts, where the glance of the monarch is watched, and every smile is waited for with impatience, and envied by those who cannot obtain it.

She never mentioned the Sultan without tears in her eyes, yet she seemed very fond of the discourse. "My past happiness," said she, "appears a dream to me. Yet I cannot forget, that I was beloved by the greatest and most lovely of mankind. I was chosen from all the rest, to make all his campaigns with him; and I would not survive him, if I was not passionately fond of the princess my daughter. Yet all my tenderness for her was hardly enough to make me preserve my life. When I left him, I passed a whole twelvemonth without seeing the light. Time hath softened my despair; yet I now pass some days every week in tears, devoted to the memory of my Sultan."

There was no affectation in these words. It was easy to see she was in a deep melancholy, though her good humour made her willing to divert me.

She asked me to walk in her garden, and one of her slaves immediately brought her a *pellice* of rich brocade lined with sables. I waited on her into the garden, which had nothing in it remarkable but the

fountains; and from thence she shewed me all her apartments. In her bed-chamber, her toilet was displayed, consisting of two looking-glasses, the frames covered with pearls, and her night *talpoche* set with bodkins of jewels, and near it three vests of fine sables, every one of which is, at least, worth a thousand dollars (two hundred pounds English money). I don't doubt but these rich habits were purposely placed in sight, though they seemed negligently thrown on the sofa. When I took my leave of her, I was complimented with perfumes, as at the Grand-Vizier's, and presented with a very fine embroidered handkerchief. Her slaves were to the number of thirty, besides ten little ones, the eldest not above seven years old. These were the most beautiful girls I ever saw, all richly dressed; and I observed that the Sultana took a great deal of pleasure in these lovely children, which is a vast expence; for there is not a handsome girl of that age to be bought under a hundred pounds sterling. They wore little garlands of flowers, and their own hair, braided, which was all their head-dress; but their habits were all of gold stuffs. These served her coffee, kneeling; brought water when she washed, &c. It is a great part of the work of the elder slaves to take care of these young girls, to learn them to embroider, and to serve them as carefully as if they were children of the family.

Now, do you imagine I have entertained you, all this while, with a relation that has, at least, receiv-

ed many embellishments from my hand? This, you will say, is but too like the Arabian Tales: these embroidered napkins! and a jewel as large as a turkey's egg:—You forget, dear sister, those very tales were written by an author of this country, and (excepting the enchantments) are a real representation of the manners here. We travellers are in very hard circumstances: If we say nothing but what has been said before us, *we are dull, and we have observed nothing.* If we tell any thing new, we are laughed at as *fabulous and romantic,* not allowing either for the difference of ranks, which affords difference of company, or more curiosity, or the change of customs, that happen every twenty years in every country. But the truth is, people judge of travellers, exactly with the same candour, good nature, and impartiality, they judge of their neighbours upon all occasions. For my part, if I live to return amongst you, I am so well acquainted with the morals of all my dear friends and acquaintances, that I am resolved to tell them nothing at all, to avoid the imputation (which their charity would certainly incline them to) of my telling too much. But I depend upon your knowing me enough, to believe whatever I seriously assert for truth; though I give you leave to be surprised at an account so new to you.

But what would you say if I told you, that I have been in a harém, where the winter apartment was wainscoted with inlaid work of mother-of-pearl,

ivory of different colours, and olive wood, exactly like the little boxes you have seen brought out of this country; and in whose rooms designed for summer, the walls are all crusted with japan china, the roofs gilt, and the floors spread with the finest Persian carpets? Yet there is nothing more true; such is the palace of my lovely friend, the fair Fatima, whom I was acquainted with at Adrianople. I went to visit her yesterday; and, if possible, she appeared to me handsomer than before. She met me at the door of her chamber, and, giving me her hand with the best grace in the world—"You Christian ladies," said she, with a smile that made her as beautiful as an angel, "have the reputation of inconstancy, and I did not expect, whatever goodness you expressed for me at Adrianople, that I should ever see you again. But I am now convinced that I have really the happiness of pleasing you; and, if you knew how I speak of you amongst our ladies, you would be assured that you do me justice in making me your friend." She placed me in the corner of the sofa, and I spent the afternoon in her conversation, with the greatest pleasure in the world.

The Sultana Hafitén is, what one would naturally expect to find a Turkish lady, willing to oblige, but not knowing how to go about it; and it is easy to see in her manner, that she has lived excluded from the world. But Fatima has all the politeness and good-breeding of a court,

with an air that inspires, at once, respect and tenderness; and now, that I understand her language, I find her wit as agreeable as her beauty. She is very curious after the manners of other countries, and has not the partiality for her own, so common in little minds. A Greek that I carried with me, who had never seen her before (nor could have been admitted now, if she had not been in my train), shewed that surprise at her beauty and manners, which is unavoidable at the first sight, and said to me in Italian, "*This is no Turkish lady, she is certainly some Christian.*" Fatima guessed she spoke of her, and asked what she said. I would not have told her, thinking she would have been no better pleased with the compliment, than one of our court beauties to be told she had the air of a Turk; but the Greek lady told it to her; and she smiled, saying, "*It is not the first time I have heard so: my mother was a Poloneze, taken at the siege of Caminiec; and my father used to rally me, saying, He believed his Christian wife had found some gallant; for that I had not the air of a Turkish girl.*" I assured her, that if all the Turkish ladies were like her, it was absolutely necessary to confine them from public view, for the repose of mankind; and proceeded to tell her what a noise such a face as hers would make in London or Paris. "*I can't believe you,*" replied she agreeably; "*if beauty was so much valued in your country, as you say, they would never have suffered you to leave it.*"

Perhaps, dear sister, you laugh at my vanity in repeating this compliment; but I only do it as I think it very well turned, and give it you as an instance of the spirit of her conversation.

Her house was magnificently furnished, and very well fancied; her winter rooms being furnished with figured velvet, on gold grounds, and those for summer with fine Indian quilting, embroidered with gold. The houses of the great Turkish ladies are kept clean with as much nicety as those in Holland. This was situated in a high part of the town; and from the window of her summer apartment we had the prospect of the sea, the islands, and the Asian mountains.

My letter is insensibly grown so long, I am ashamed of it. This is a very bad symptom. 'Tis well if I don't degenerate into a downright story-teller. It may be, our proverb, that *knowledge is no burthen*, may be true as to one's self, but knowing too much is very apt to make us troublesome to other people. I am, &c. &c.

TO THE LADY RICH.

Pera, March 16, O. S. 1717.

I AM extremely pleased, my dear lady, that you have at length found a commission for me that I can answer without disappointing your expecta-

tions; though I must tell you, that it is not so easy as perhaps you think it; and that if my curiosity had not been more diligent than any other stranger's has ever yet been, I must have answered you with an excuse, as I was forced to do when you desired me to buy you a Greek slave. I have got for you, as you desire, a Turkish love-letter, which I have put into a little box, and ordered the captain of the Smyrniote to deliver it to you with this letter. The translation of it is literally as follows: The first piece you should pull out of the purse is a little pearl, which is in Turkish called *Ingi*, and must be understood in this manner:

Ingi,	Sensin Guzelerín gingi
Pearl,	*Fairest of the young.*
Caremfil,	Caremfilsen cararen yók
Clove,	Conge gulsum timarin yók
	Benseny chok than severim
	Senin benden, haberin yók.
	You are as slender as the clove!
	You are an unblown rose!
	I have long loved you, and you have not known it!
Pul,	Derdime derman bul
Jonquil,	*Have pity on my passion!*
Kihat,	Birlerum sahat sahat
Paper,	*I faint every hour!*
Ermus,	Ver bixe bir umut
Pear,	*Give me some hope.*
Jabun,	Derdinden oldum zabun
Soap,	*I am sick with love.*
Chemur,	Ben oliyim size umur
Coal,	*May I die, and all my years be yours!*

Gul, Ben aglarum sen gul
A rose, May you be pleased, and your sorrows mine!

Hasir, Oliim sana yazir
A straw, Suffer me to be your slave.

Jo ho, Ustune bulunmaz pahu
Cloth, Your price is not to be found.

Tartsin, Sen ghel ben chekeim senin hartsin
Cinnamon, But my fortune is yours.

Giro, Esking-ilen oldum ghira
A match, I burn, I burn! my flame consumes me!

Sirma, Uzunu benden a yirma
Gold thread, Don't turn away your face from me.

Satch, Bazmazum tatch
Hair, Crown of my head!

Uzum, Benim iki Guzum
Grape, My two eyes!

Til, Ulugorum tez ghel
Gold wire, I die—come quickly.

And, by way of postscript:

Beber, Bize bir dogm haber
Pepper, Send me an answer.

You see this letter is all in verse, and I can assure you there is as much fancy shewn in the choice of them, as in the most studied expressions of our letters; there being, I believe, a million of verses designed for this use. There is no colour, no flower, no weed, no fruit, herb, pebble, or feather, that has not a verse belonging to it; and you may quarrel, reproach, or send letters of passion, friendship, or civility, or even of news, without ever inking your fingers.

I fancy you are now wondering at my profound learning; but, alas! dear madam, I am almost fallen into the misfortune so common to the ambitious; while they are employed on distant insignificant conquests abroad, a rebellion starts up at home; — I am in great danger of losing my English. I find 'tis not half so easy to me to write in it as it was a twelvemonth ago. I am forced to study for expressions, and must leave off all other languages, and try to learn my mother tongue. Human understanding is as much limited as human power or human strength. The memory can retain but a certain number of images; and 'tis as impossible for one human creature to be perfect master of ten different languages, as to have in perfect subjection ten different kingdoms, or to fight against ten men at a time: I am afraid I shall at last know none as I should do. I live in a place that very well represents the tower of Babel: in Pera they speak Turkish, Greek, Hebrew, Armenian, Arabic, Persian, Russian, Sclavonian, Walachian, German, Dutch, French, English, Italian, Hungarian; and, what is worse, there are ten of these languages spoken in my own family. My grooms are Arabs; my footmen, French, English, and Germans; my nurse an Armenian; my housemaids Russians; half a dozen other servants, Greeks; my steward, an Italian; my janisaries, Turks; so that I live in the perpetual hearing of this medley of sounds, which produces a very extraor-

dinary effect upon the people that are born here; for they learn all these languages at the same time, and without knowing any of them well enough to write or read in it. There are very few men, women, or even children, here, that have not the same compass of words in five or six of them. I know myself several infants of three or four years old, that speak Italian, French, Greek, Turkish, and Russian, which last they learn of their nurses, who are generally of that country. This seems almost incredible to you, and is, in my mind, one of the most curious things in this country, and takes off very much from the merit of our ladies who set up for such extraordinary geniuses, upon the credit of some superficial knowledge of French and Italian.

As I prefer English to all the rest, I am extremely mortified at the daily decay of it in my head, where I'll assure you (with grief of heart) it is reduced to such a small number of words, I cannot recollect any tolerable phrase to conclude my letter with, and am forced to tell your ladyship very bluntly, that I am, Yours, &c. &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BRISTOL.

At length I have heard from my dear Lady Bristol for the first time. I am persuaded you have had the goodness to write before, but I have had the ill fortune to lose your letters. Since my last,

I have staid quietly at Constantinople, a city that I ought in conscience to give your ladyship a right notion of, since I know you can have none but what is partial and mistaken from the writings of travellers. 'Tis certain there are many people that pass years here in Pera, without having ever seen it, and yet they all pretend to describe it.

Pera, Tophana, and Galata, wholly inhabited by Franti * Christians (and which, together, make the appearance of a very fine town), are divided from it by the sea, which is not above half so broad as the broadest part of the Thames; but the Christian men are loth to hazard the adventures they sometimes meet with amongst the *levents* or seamen (worse monsters than our watermen), and the women must cover their faces to go there, which they have a perfect aversion to do. 'Tis true they wear veils in Pera, but they are such as only serve to shew their beauty to more advantage, and would not be permitted in Constantinople. These reasons deter almost every creature from seeing it; and the French embassadress will return to France (I believe) without ever having been there.

You'll wonder, madam, to hear me add, that I have been there very often. The *asmack*, or Turkish veil, is become not only very easy but agreeable to me; and, if it was not, I would be content to endure some inconveniency to gratify a passion that

* A term indiscriminately applied to all European settlers in the Turkish dominions.

is become so powerful with me, as curiosity. And, indeed, the pleasure of going in a barge to Chelsea is not comparable to that of rowing upon the canal of the sea here, where, for twenty miles together, down the Bosphorus, the most beautiful variety of prospects present themselves. The Asian side is covered with fruit-trees, villages, and the most delightful landscapes in nature; on the European, stands Constantinople, situated on seven hills. The unequal heights make it seem as large again as it is (though one of the largest cities in the world), shewing an agreeable mixture of gardens, pine and cypress-trees, palaces, mosques, and public buildings, raised one above another, with as much beauty and appearance of symmetry as your ladyship ever saw in a cabinet, adorned by the most skilful hands, where jars shew themselves above jars, mixed with canisters, babies, and candlesticks. This is a very odd comparison; but it gives me an exact idea of the thing.

I have taken care to see as much of the seraglio as is to be seen. It is on a point of land running into the sea; a palace of prodigious extent, but very irregular. The gardens take in a large compass of ground, full of high cypress-trees, which is all I know of them. The buildings are all of white stone, leaded on the top, with gilded turrets and spires, which look very magnificent; and, indeed, I believe there is no Christian king's palace half so

large. There are six large courts in it, all built round, and set with trees, having galleries of stone; one of these for the guard, another for the slaves, another for the officers of the kitchen, another for the stables, the fifth for the divan, and the sixth for the apartment destined for audiences. On the ladies' side there are at least as many more, with distinct courts belonging to their eunuchs and attendants, their kitchens, &c.

The next remarkable structure is that of St. Sophia, which is very difficult to see. I was forced to send three times to the *caimaikam* (the governor of the town), and he assembled the chief *effendis*, or heads of the law, and enquired of the *mufti* whether it was lawful to permit it. They passed some days in this important debate; but I insisting on my request, permission was granted. I can't be informed why the Turks are more delicate on the subject of this mosque than on any of the others, where what Christian pleases may enter without scruple. I fancy they imagine that, having been once consecrated, people, on pretence of curiosity, might profane it with prayers, particularly to those saints who are still very visible in Mosaic work, and no other way defaced but by the decays of time; for it is absolutely false, though so universally asserted, that the Turks defaced all the images that they found in the city. The dome of St. Sophia is said to be one hundred and thirteen feet

diameter, built upon arches, sustained by vast pillars of marble, the pavement and staircase marble. There are two rows of galleries, supported with pillars of party-coloured marble, and the whole roof Mosaic work, part of which decays very fast, and drops down. They presented me a handful of it; its composition seems to me a sort of glass, or that paste with which they make counterfeit jewels. They shew here the tomb of the Emperor Constantine, for which they have a great veneration.

This is a dull imperfect description of this celebrated building; but I understand architecture so little, that I am afraid of talking nonsense in endeavouring to speak of it particularly. Perhaps I am in the wrong, but some Turkish mosques please me better. That of Sultan Solyman is an exact square, with four fine towers in the angles; in the midst is a noble cupola, supported with beautiful marble pillars; two lesser at the ends, supported in the same manner; the pavement and gallery round the mosque of marble; under the great cupola is a fountain, adorned with such fine coloured pillars, that I can hardly think them natural marble; on one side is the pulpit, of white marble, and on the other, the little gallery for the Grand-Signior. A fine staircase leads to it, and it is built up with gilded lattices. At the upper end is a sort of altar, where the name of God is written; and before it stand two candlesticks as high as a man, with wax candles as thick as three flambeaux. The

pavement is spread with fine carpets, and the mosque illuminated with a vast number of lamps. The court leading to it is very spacious, with galleries of marble, of green columns, covered with twenty-eight leaded cupolas on two sides, and a fine fountain of basins in the midst of it.

This description may serve for all the mosques in Constantinople. The model is exactly the same, and they only differ in largeness and richness of materials. That of the Validé-Sultàn is the largest of all, built entirely of marble, the most prodigious, and, I think, the most beautiful structure I ever saw, be it spoken to the honour of our sex, for it was founded by the mother of Mahomet IV. Between friends, St. Paul's church would make a pitiful figure near it, as any of our squares would do near the *atlerdan*,* or place of horses (*at* signifying a horse in Turkish). This was the *hippodrome* in the reign of the Greek emperors. In the midst of it is a brazen column, of three serpents twisted together, with their mouths gaping. 'Tis impossible to learn why so odd a pillar was erected; the Greeks can tell nothing but fabulous legends when they are asked the meaning of it, and there is no sign of its having ever had any inscription. At the upper end is an obelisk of porphyry, probably brought from Egypt, the hieroglyphics all very entire, which I look upon as mere ancient puns. It is placed on four little brazen pillars, upon a pedestal of square

* More commonly called "Atméydan."

free-stone, full of figures in bas-relief on two sides; one square representing a battle, another an assembly. The others have inscriptions in Greek and Latin; the last I took in my pocket-book, and it is as follows:

DIFFICILIS QUONDAM, DOMINIS PARERE SERENIS
JUSSUS, ET EXTINCTIS PALMAM PORTARE TYRANNIS
OMNIA THEODOSIO CEDUNT, SOBOLIQUE PERENNI.*

Your lord will interpret these lines. Don't fancy they are a love-letter to him.

All the figures have their heads on; and I cannot forbear reflecting again on the impudence of authors, who all say they have not; but I dare swear the greatest part of them never saw them; but took the report from the Greeks, who resist, with incredible fortitude, the conviction of their own eyes, whenever they have invented lies to the dishonour of their enemies. Were you to believe them, there is nothing worth seeing in Constantinople but Sancta Sophia, though there are several large and, in my opinion, more beautiful mosques in that city. That of Sultan Achmet has this particularity, that its gates are of brass. In all these

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* Two more lines were probably concealed at that time. This inscription concludes

TERDENIS SIC VICTUS EGO DOMITUSQUE DIEBUS
JUDICE SUB PROCLO SUPERAS ELATUS AD AURAS,

which is a translation from another in Greek, on the opposite square of the base.

mosques there are little chapels, where are the tombs of the founders and their families, with wax candles burning before them.

The exchanges are all noble buildings, full of fine alleys, the greatest part supported with pillars, and kept wonderfully neat. Every trade has its distinct alley, where the merchandize is disposed in the same order as in the New Exchange at London. The *besistén*, or jewellers' quarter, shews so much riches, such a vast quantity of diamonds, and all kinds of precious stones, that they dazzle the sight. The embroiderers' is also very glittering, and people walk here as much for diversion as business. The markets are most of them handsome squares, and admirably well provided, perhaps better than in any other part of the world.

I know you'll expect I should say something particular of the slaves; and you will imagine me half a Turk when I don't speak of it with the same horror other Christians have done before me. But I cannot forbear applauding the humanity of the Turks to these creatures; they are never ill used, and their slavery is, in my opinion, no worse than servitude all over the world. 'Tis true they have no wages; but they give them yearly clothes to a higher value than our salaries to our ordinary servants. But you'll object, that men buy women *with an eye to evil.* In my opinion they are bought and sold as publicly and as infamously in all our Christian great cities.

I must add to the description of Constantinople, that the *historical pillar* is no more.* It dropped down about two years before I came to this part of the world. I have seen no other footsteps of antiquity except the aqueducts, which are so vast, that I am apt to believe they are yet more ancient than the Greek empire. The Turks, indeed, have clapped in some stones with Turkish inscriptions, to give their natives the honour of so great a work; but the deceit is easily discovered.

The other public buildings are the hánns and monasteries; the first are very large and numerous; the second few in number, and not at all magnificent. I had the curiosity to visit one of them, and to observe the devotions of the dervises, which are as whimsical as any at Rome. These fellows have permission to marry, but are confined to an odd habit, which is only a piece of coarse white cloth wrapped about them, with their legs and arms naked. Their order has few other rules, except that of performing their fantastic rites every Tuesday and Friday, which is done in this manner: They meet together in a large hall, where they all stand with their eyes fixed on the ground, and their arms across, while the *imaum*, or preacher, reads

* The Arcadian column, built in 404 after the model of those of Trajan and Antoninus at Rome. The shaft of it was entirely taken down in 1695, having become ruinous by earthquakes and fire.

part of the Alcoran from a pulpit placed in the midst; and when he has done, eight or ten of them make a melancholy concert with their pipes, which are no unmusical instruments. Then he reads again, and makes a short exposition on what he has read; after which they sing and play 'till their superior (the only one of them dressed in green) rises and begins a sort of solemn dance. They all stand about him in a regular figure; and while some play, the others tie their robe (which is very wide) fast round their waist, and begin to turn round with an amazing swiftness, and yet with great regard to the music, moving slower or faster as the tune is played. This lasts above an hour, without any of them shewing the least appearance of giddiness, which is not to be wondered at, when it is considered they are all used to it from their infancy; most of them being devoted to this way of life from their birth. There turned amongst them some little dervises, of six or seven years old, who seemed no more disordered by that exercise than the others. At the end of the ceremony they shout out, *There is no other god but God, and Mahomet is his prophet;* after which they kiss the superior's hand and retire. The whole is performed with the most solemn gravity. Nothing can be more austere than the form of these people; they never raise their eyes, and seem devoted to contemplation. And as ridiculous as this is in description, there is

something touching in the air of submission and mortification they assume.

This letter is of a horrible length; but you may burn it when you have read enough, &c. &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BRISTOL.

I AM now preparing to leave Constantinople, and perhaps you will accuse me of hypocrisy when I tell you 'tis with regret; but as I am used to the air, and have learnt the language, I am easy here; and as much as I love travelling, I tremble at the inconveniences attending so great a journey with a numerous family, and a little infant hanging at the breast. However I endeavour upon this occasion to do as I have hitherto done in all the odd turns of my life; turn them, if I can, to my diversion. In order to this, I ramble every day, wrapped up in my *ferigée* and *asmack*, about Constantinople, and amuse myself with seeing all that is curious in it.

I know you will expect that this declaration should be followed with some account of what I have seen. But I am in no humour to copy what has been writ so often over. To what purpose should I tell you that Constantinople is the ancient Byzantium? that 'tis at present the conquest of a race of people, supposed Scythians? that there are five or six thousand mosques in it? that Sancta Sophia was founded by Justinian? &c. I 'll assure

you 'tis not for want of learning that I forbear writing all these bright things. I could also, with very little trouble, turn over Knolles and Sir Paul Rycaut, to give you a list of Turkish emperors; but I will not tell you what you may find in every author that has writ of this country. I am more inclined, out of a true female spirit of contradiction, to tell you the falsehood of a great part of what you find in authors; as, for instance, in the admirable Mr. Hill,* who so gravely asserts, that he saw in Sancta Sophia a sweating pillar, very balsamic for disordered heads. There is not the least tradition of any such matter; and I suppose it was revealed to him in vision during his wonderful stay in the Egyptian catacombs; for I am sure he never heard of any such miracle here.

'Tis also very pleasant to observe how tenderly he and all his brethren voyage-writers lament the miserable confinement of the Turkish ladies, who are perhaps more free than any ladies in the universe, and are the only women in the world that lead a life of uninterrupted pleasure exempt from cares; their whole time being spent in visiting, bathing, or the agreeable amusement of spending

* Aaron Hill travelled to Constantinople at the age of fifteen, and was received with kindness by his relative Lord Paget, at that time our embassador to the Porte. He returned to England in 1703 in the suite, and soon afterward published his "Account of Turkey," in folio, a very crude and juvenile performance. He lived, however, to write Zara and Merope, tragedies; which had considerable success on the English stage.

money, and inventing new fashions. A husband would be thought mad that exacted any degree of economy from his wife, whose expences are no way limited but by her own fancy. 'Tis his business to get money, and hers to spend it: and this noble prerogative extends itself to the very meanest of the sex. Here is a fellow that carries embroidered handkerchiefs upon his back to sell. And, as miserable a figure as you may suppose such a mean dealer, yet I'll assure you his wife scorns to wear any thing less than cloth of gold; has her ermine furs, and a very handsome set of jewels for her head. 'Tis true they have no places but the bagnios, and these can only be seen by their own sex; however, that is a diversion they take great pleasure in.

I was three days ago at one of the finest in the town, and had the opportunity of seeing a Turkish bride received there, and all the ceremony used on that occasion, which made me recollect the epithalamium of Helen, by Theocritus; and it seems to me, that the same customs have continued ever since. All the she-friends, relations, and acquaintance of the two families, newly allied, meet at the bagnio; several others go out of curiosity, and I believe there were that day two hundred women. Those that were or had been married placed themselves round the rooms on the marble sofas; but the virgins very hastily threw off their clothes, and appeared without other ornament or covering than

their own long hair braided with pearl or ribbon. Two of them met the bride at the door, conducted by her mother and another grave relation. She was a beautiful maid of about seventeen, very richly dressed, and shining with jewels, but was presently reduced to the state of nature. Two others filled silver gilt pots with perfume, and began the procession, the rest following in pairs, to the number of thirty. The leaders sung an epithalamium, answered by the others in chorus, and the two last led the fair bride, her eyes fixed on the ground, with a charming affectation of modesty. In this order they marched round the three largest rooms of the bagnio. 'Tis not easy to represent to you the beauty of this sight, most of them being well proportioned and white skinned; all of them perfectly smooth and polished by the frequent use of bathing. After having made their tour, the bride was again led to every matron round the rooms, who saluted her with a compliment and a present, some of jewels, others of pieces of stuff, handkerchiefs, or little gallantries of that nature, which she thanked them for, by kissing their hands.

I was very well pleased with having seen this ceremony; and, you may believe me, the Turkish ladies have at least as much wit and civility, nay liberty, as among us. 'Tis true, the same customs that give them so many opportunities of gratifying their evil inclinations (if they have any), also put it very fully in the power of their husbands to revenge

themselves if they are discovered; and I do not doubt but they suffer sometimes for their indiscretions in a very severe manner. About two months ago, there was found at day break, not very far from my house, the bleeding body of a young woman, naked, only wrapped in a coarse sheet, with two wounds of a knife, one in her side and another in her breast. She was not quite cold, and was so surprisingly beautiful, that there were very few men in Pera that did not go to look upon her; but it was not possible for any body to know her, no woman's face being known. She was supposed to have been brought in the dead of the night from the Constantinople side and laid there. Very little enquiry was made about the murderer, and the corpse was privately buried without noise. Murder is never pursued by the king's officers as with us. 'Tis the business of the next relations to revenge the dead person; and if they like better to compound the matter for money (as they generally do), there is no more said of it. One would imagine this defect in their government should make such tragedies very frequent, yet they are extremely rare; which is enough to prove the people are not naturally cruel. Neither do I think in many other particulars they deserve the barbarous character we give them. I am well acquainted with a Christian woman of quality who made it her choice to live with a Turkish husband, and is a very agreeable sensible lady. Her story is so extraordinary,

I cannot forbear relating it; but I promise you it shall be in as few words as I can possibly express it.

She is a Spaniard, and was at Naples with her family when that kingdom was part of the Spanish dominion. Coming from thence in a felucca, accompanied by her brother, they were attacked by the Turkish admiral, boarded, and taken.—And now, how shall I modestly tell you the rest of her adventure? The same accident happened to her that happened to the fair Lucretia so many years before her. But she was too good a Christian to kill herself, as that heathenish Roman did. The admiral was so much charmed with the beauty and long-suffering of the fair captive, that, as his first compliment, he gave immediate liberty to her brother and attendants, who made haste to Spain, and in a few months sent the sum of four thousand pounds sterling as a ransom for his sister. The Turk took the money, which he presented to her, and told her she was at liberty. But the lady very discreetly weighed the different treatment she was likely to find in her native country. Her relations (as the kindest thing they could do for her in her present circumstances) would certainly confine her to a nunnery for the rest of her days. Her infidel lover was very handsome, very tender, very fond of her, and lavished at her feet all the Turkish magnificence. She answered him very resolutely, that her liberty was not so precious to her as her ho-

nour; that he could no way restore that but by marrying her; and she therefore desired him to accept the ransom as her portion, and give her the satisfaction of knowing, that no man could boast of her favours without being her husband. The admiral was transported at this kind offer, and sent back the money to her relations, saying, he was too happy in her possession. He married her, and never took any other wife, and (as she says herself) she never had reason to repent the choice she made. He left her some years after one of the richest widows in Constantinople. But there is no remaining honourably a single woman, and that consideration has obliged her to marry the present captain pashá (*i. e.* admiral), his successor.—I am afraid that you will think my friend fell in love with her ravisher; but I am willing to take her word for it, that she acted wholly on principles of honour, though I think she might be reasonably touched at his generosity, which is often found among the Turks of rank.

'Tis a degree of generosity to tell the truth, and 'tis very rare that any Turk will assert a solemn falsehood. I don't speak of the lowest sort; for as there is a great deal of ignorance, there is very little virtue amongst them; and false witnesses are much cheaper than in Christendom, those wretches not being punished (even when they are publicly detected) with the rigour they ought to be.

Now I am speaking of their law, I don't know

whether I have ever mentioned to you one custom peculiar to their country, I mean *adoption*, very common amongst the Turks, and yet more amongst the Greeks and Armenians. Not having it in their power to give their estates to a friend or distant relation, to avoid its falling into the Grand-Signior's treasury, when they are not likely to have any children of their own, they choose some pretty child of either sex among the meanest people, and carry the child and its parents before the cadi, and there declare they receive it for their heir. The parents at the same time renounce all future claim to it; a writing is drawn and witnessed, and a child thus adopted cannot be disinherited. Yet I have seen some common beggars that have refused to part with their children in this manner to some of the richest among the Greeks (so powerful is the instinctive affection that is natural to parents), though the adopting fathers are generally very tender to these *children of their souls*, as they call them. I own this custom pleases me much better than our absurd one of following our name. Methinks 'tis much more reasonable to make happy and rich an infant whom I educate after my own manner, *brought up* (in the Turkish phrase) *upon my knees*, and who has learned to look upon me with a filial respect, than to give an estate to a creature, without other merit or relation to me than that of a few letters. Yet this is an absurdity we see frequently practised.

Now I have mentioned the Armenians, perhaps it will be agreeable to tell you something of that nation, with which I am sure you are utterly unacquainted. I will not trouble you with the geographical account of the situation of their country, which you may see in the maps, or a relation of their ancient greatness, which you may read in the Roman history. They are now subject to the Turks; and, being very industrious in trade, and increasing and multiplying, are dispersed in great numbers through all the Turkish dominions. They were, as they say, converted to the Christian religion by St. Gregory, and are perhaps the devoutest Christians in the whole world. The chief precepts of their priests enjoin the strict keeping of their lents, which are at least seven months in every year, and are not to be dispensed with on the most emergent necessity; no occasion whatever can excuse them, if they touch any thing more than mere herbs or roots (without oil) and plain dry bread. That is their constant diet. Mr. Wortley has one of his interpreters of this nation; and the poor fellow was brought so low by the severity of his fasts, that his life was despaired of. Yet neither his master's commands, nor the doctor's entreaties (who declared nothing else could save his life), were powerful enough to prevail with him to take two or three spoonfuls of broth. Excepting this, which may rather be called a custom than an article of faith, I see very little in their re-

ligion different from ours. 'Tis true they seem to incline very much to Mr. Whiston's doctrine; neither do I think the Greek church very distant from it, since 'tis certain the Holy Spirit's proceeding *only* from the Father, is making a plain subordination in the Son. But the Armenians have no notion of transubstantiation, whatever account Sir Paul Rycaut gives of them (which account I am apt to believe was designed to compliment our court in 1679); and they have a great horror for those amongst them that change to the Roman religion.

What is most extraordinary in their customs, is their matrimony; a ceremony I believe unparallel'd all over the world. They are always promised very young; but the espoused never see one another till three days after their marriage. The bride is carried to church with a cap on her head, in the fashion of a large trencher, and over it a red silken veil which covers her all over to her feet. The priest asks the bridegroom, Whether he is contented to marry that woman, *be she deaf, be she blind?* These are the literal words: to which having answered, *yes,* she is led home to his house, accompanied with all the friends and relations on both sides, singing and dancing, and is placed on a cushion in the corner of the sofa; but her veil is never lifted up, not even by her husband. There is something so odd and monstrous in these ways, that I could not believe them till I had enquired of several Armenians myself, who all assured me of

the truth of them, particularly one young fellow, who wept when he spoke of it, being promised by his mother to a girl that he must marry in this manner, though he protested to me, he had rather die than submit to this slavery, having already figured his bride to himself with all the deformities of nature.

I fancy I see you bless yourself at this terrible relation. I cannot conclude my letter with a more surprising story; yet 'tis as seriously true, as that I am, Dear sister, yours, &c. &c.

TO THE ABBÉ ——.

Constantinople, May 19, O. S. 1718.

I AM extremely pleased with hearing from you, and my vanity (the darling frailty of mankind) not a little flattered by the uncommon questions you ask me, though I am utterly incapable of answering them. And, indeed, were I as good a mathematician as Euclid himself, it requires an age's stay to make just observations on the air and vapours. I have not been yet a full year here, and am on the point of removing. Such is my rambling destiny. This will surprise you, and can surprise nobody so much as myself.

Perhaps you will accuse me of laziness, or dulness, or both together, that can leave this place without giving you some account of the Turkish

court. I can only tell you, that if you please to read Sir Paul Rycaut, you will there find a full and true account of the vizier's, the *beglerbeys'*, the civil and spiritual government, the officers of the seraglio, &c., things that 'tis very easy to procure lists of, and therefore may be depended on; though other stories, God knows——I say no more——every body is at liberty to write their own remarks; the manners of people may change, or some of them escape the observation of travellers, but 'tis not the same of the government; and for that reason, since I can tell you nothing new, I will tell you nothing of it.

In the same silence shall be passed over the arsenal and seven towers; and for mosques, I have already described one of the noblest to you very particularly. But I cannot forbear taking notice to you of a mistake of Gemelli (though I honour him in a much higher degree than any other voyage writer): he says that there are no remains of Calcedon; this is certainly a mistake: I was there yesterday, and went cross the canal in my galley, the sea being very narrow between that city and Constantinople. 'Tis still a large town, and has several mosques in it. The Christians still call it Calcedonia, and the Turks give it a name I forgot, but which is only a corruption of the same word.* I suppose this is an error of his guide, which his

* Cádykúy, or the Town of Judges, from the great Christian council held there.

short stay hindered him from rectifying; for I have, in other matters, a very just esteem for his veracity. Nothing can be pleasanter than the canal; and the Turks are so well acquainted with its beauties, that all their pleasure-seats are built on its banks, where they have, at the same time, the most beautiful prospects in Europe and Asia; there are near one another some hundreds of magnificent palaces.

Human grandeur being here yet more unstable than any-where else, 'tis common for the heirs of a great three-tailed pashá not to be rich enough to keep in repair the house he built; thus, in a few years, they all fall to ruin. I was yesterday to see that of the late Grand-Vizier, who was killed at Peterwaradin. It was built to receive his royal bride, daughter of the present Sultan, but he did not live to see her there. I have a great mind to describe it to you; but I check that inclination, knowing very well that I cannot give you, with my best description, such an idea of it as I ought. It is situated on one of the most delightful parts of the canal, with a fine wood on the side of a hill behind it. The extent of it is prodigious; the guardian assured me there are eight hundred rooms in it; I will not, however, answer for that number, since I did not count them; but 'tis certain the number is very large, and the whole adorned with a profusion of marble, gilding, and the most exquisite painting of fruit and flowers.

The windows are all sashed with the finest crystalline glass brought from England; and here is all the expensive magnificence that you can suppose in a palace founded by a vain luxurious young man, with the wealth of a vast empire at his command. But no part of it pleased me better than the apartments destined for the bagnios. There are two built exactly in the same manner, answering to one another; the baths, fountains, and pavements, all of white marble, the roofs gilt, and the walls covered with Japan china. Adjoining to them are two rooms, the uppermost of which is divided into a sofa, and in the four corners are falls of water from the very roof, from shell to shell, of white marble, to the lower end of the room, where it falls into a large basin, surrounded with pipes, that throw up the water as high as the roof. The walls are in the nature of lattices; and on the outside of them, there are vines and woodbines planted, that form a sort of green tapestry, and give an agreeable obscurity to those delightful chambers.

I should go on and let you into some of the other apartments (all worthy your curiosity); but 'tis yet harder to describe a Turkish palace than any other, being built entirely irregular. There is nothing that can be properly called front or wings; and though such a confusion is, I think, pleasing to the sight, yet it would be very unintelligible in a letter. I shall only add, that the chamber destined for the Sultan, when he visits his daughter, is wain-

scotted with mother of pearl fastened with emeralds like nails. There are others of mother of pearl and olive wood inlaid, and several of Japan china. The galleries, which are numerous and very large, are adorned with jars of flowers, and porcelain dishes of fruit of all sorts, so well done in plaster, and coloured in so lively a manner, that it has an enchanting effect. The garden is suitable to the house, where arbours, fountains, and walks, are thrown together in an agreeable confusion. There is no ornament wanting, except that of statues. Thus, you see, sir, these people are not so unpolished as we represent them. 'Tis true their magnificence is of a very different taste from ours, and perhaps of a better. I am almost of opinion they have a right notion of life. They consume it in music, gardens, wine, and delicate eating, while we are tormenting our brains with some scheme of politics, or studying some science to which we can never attain, or, if we do, cannot persuade other people to set that value upon it we do ourselves. 'Tis certain what we feel and see is properly (if any thing is properly) our own; but the good of fame, the folly of praise, are hardly purchased, and, when obtained, a poor recompence for loss of time and health. We die or grow old before we can reap the fruit of our labours. Considering what short-liv'd weak animals men are, is there any study so beneficial as the study of present pleasure? I dare not pursue this theme; perhaps I have already said too much,

but I depend upon the true knowledge you have of my heart. I don't expect from you the insipid railleries I should suffer from another in answer to this letter. You know how to divide the idea of pleasure from that of vice, and they are only mingled in the heads of fools.—But I allow you to laugh at me for the sensual declaration in saying, that I had rather be a rich *effendi* with all his ignorance, than Sir Isaac Newton with all his knowledge. I am, sir, &c. &c.

TO THE ABBÉ ——.

Tunis, July 31, O. S. 1718.

I LEFT Constantinople the sixth of the last month, and this is the first post from whence I could send a letter, though I have often wished for the opportunity, that I might impart some of the pleasure I found in this voyage through the most agreeable part of the world, where every scene presents me some poetical idea.

> Warm'd with poetic transport I survey
> Th' immortal islands, and the well-known sea.
> For here so oft the muse her harp has strung,
> That not a mountain rears its head unsung.

I beg your pardon for this sally, and will, if I can, continue the rest of my account in plain prose. The second day after we set sail we passed Gallipolis, a fair city, situated in the bay of Chersonesus,

and much respected by the Turks, being the first town they took in Europe. At five the next morning we anchored in the Hellespont, between the castles of Sestos and Abydos, now called the Dardanelli. These are now two little ancient castles, but of no strength, being commanded by a rising ground behind them, which I confess I should never have taken notice of, if I had not heard it observed by our captain and officers, my imagination being wholly employed by the tragic story that you are well acquainted with :

> The swimming lover, and the nightly bride,
> How Hero lov'd, and how Leander died.

Verse again!—I am certainly infected by the poetical air I have passed through. That of Abydos is undoubtedly very amorous, since that soft passion betrayed the castle into the hands of the Turks who besieged it in the reign of Orchanes. The governor's daughter imagining to have seen her future husband in a dream (though I don't find she had either slept upon bride-cake, or kept St. Agnes's fast), fancied she saw the dear figure in the form of one of her besiegers ; and, being willing to obey her destiny, tossed a note to him over the wall, with the offer of her person, and the delivery of the castle. He shewed it to his general, who consented to try the sincerity of her intentions, and withdrew his army, ordering the young man to return with a select body of men at midnight. She admitted him at the appointed hour ; he destroyed

the garrison, took the father prisoner, and made her his wife. This town is in Asia, first founded by the Milesians. Sestos is in Europe, and was once the principal city of Chersonesus. Since I have seen this strait, I find nothing improbable in the adventure of Leander, or very wonderful in the bridge of boats of Xerxes. 'Tis so narrow, 'tis not surprising a young lover should attempt to swim, or an ambitious king try to pass his army over it. But then 'tis so subject to storms, 'tis no wonder the lover perished, and the bridge was broken. From hence we had a full view of Mount Ida,

> Where Juno once caress'd her am'rous Jove,
> And the world's master lay subdu'd by love.

Not many leagues' sail from hence, I saw the point of land where poor old Hecuba was buried; and about a league from that place is Cape Janizary, the famous promontory of Sigæum, where we anchored. My curiosity supplied me with strength to climb to the top of it to see the place where Achilles was buried, and where Alexander ran naked round his tomb in honour of him, which no doubt was a great comfort to his ghost. I saw there the ruins of a very large city, and found a stone, on which Mr. Wortley plainly distinguished the words of ΣΙΓΑΙΑΝ ΠΟΛΙΝ. We ordered this on board the ship; but were shewed others much more curious by a Greek priest, though a very ignorant fellow, that could give no tolerable account of any thing. On each side the door of

this little church lie two large stones, about ten feet long each, five in breadth, and three in thickness. That on the right is a very fine white marble, the side of it beautifully carved in bas-relief; it represents a woman, who seems to be designed for some deity, sitting on a chair with a footstool, and before her another woman weeping, and presenting to her a young child that she has in her arms, followed by a procession of women with children in the same manner. This is certainly part of a very ancient tomb; but I dare not pretend to give the true explanation of it. On the stone, on the left side, is a very fair inscription; but the Greek is too ancient for Mr. Wortley's interpretation. I am very sorry not to have the original in my possession, which might have been purchased of the poor inhabitants for a small sum of money. But our captain assured us, that without having machines made on purpose, 'twas impossible to bear it to the sea-side; and, when it was there, his long-boat would not be large enough to hold it.*

The ruins of this great city are now inhabited by poor Greek peasants, who wear the Sciote ha-

* The first-mentioned of these marbles is engraved in the Ionian Antiquities, published by the Dilettanti Society, and described by Dr. Chandler in his Tour in Asia Minor. The second bears the celebrated inscription so often referred to, in proof of the Βουστροφηδον, one of the most ancient forms of writing among the Greeks. For accurate accounts and engravings of these curiosities, see Chishull, Shuckforth, and Chandler, Inscript. Antiq., Knight on the Greek Alphabet, &c.

bit, the women being in short petticoats, fastened by straps round their shoulders, and large smock sleeves of white linen, with neat shoes and stockings, and on their heads a large piece of muslin, which falls in large folds on their shoulders.—One of my countrymen, Mr. Sandys* (whose book I doubt not you have read, as one of the best of its kind), speaking of these ruins, supposes them to have been the foundation of a city begun by Constantine, before his building Byzantium; but I see no good reason for that imagination, and am apt to believe them much more ancient.

We saw very plainly from this promontory the river Simois rolling from Mount Ida, and running through a very spacious valley. It is now a considerable river, and is called Simores; it is joined in the vale by the Scamander, which appeared a small stream half choaked with mud, but is perhaps large in the winter. This was Xanthus among the gods, as Homer tells us; and 'tis by that heavenly name the nymph Oenone invokes it in her epistle to Paris. The Trojan virgins† used to offer their first favours to it, by the name of Scamander, till the adventure which Monsieur de la Fontaine has told

* George Sandys, one of the most valuable travellers into the Levant, whose work had reached four editions in the reign of Charles the First.

† For this curious story, Monsieur Bayle may be consulted in his Dictionary, article "Scamander." It appears in the Letters of Oschines, vol. i. p. 125, 126, edit. Genev. 1607; also in Philostrates and Vigenerus.

so agreeably abolished that heathenish ceremony. When the stream is mingled with the Simois, they run together to the sea.

All that is now left of Troy is the ground on which it stood; for, I am firmly persuaded, whatever pieces of antiquity may be found round it are much more modern, and I think Strabo says the same thing. However, there is some pleasure in seeing the valley where I imagined the famous duel of Menelaus and Paris had been fought, and where the greatest city in the world was situated. 'Tis certainly the noblest situation that can be found for the head of a great empire, much to be preferred to that of Constantinople, the harbour here being always convenient for ships from all parts of the world, and that of Constantinople inaccessible almost six months in the year, while the north wind reigns.

North of the promontory of Sigéum we saw that of Rhæteum, famed for the sepulchre of Ajax. While I viewed these celebrated fields and rivers, I admired the exact geography of Homer, whom I had in my hand. Almost every epithet he gives to a mountain or plain is still just for it; and I spent several hours here in as agreeable cogitations as ever Don Quixote had on mount Montesinos. We sailed next night to the shore, where 'tis vulgarly reported Troy stood; and I took the pains of rising at two in the morning to view coolly those ruins which are commonly shewed to strangers, and

which the Turks call *Eski Stamboul*,* *i. e.* Old Constantinople. For that reason, as well as some others, I conjecture them to be the remains of that city begun by Constantine. I hired an ass (the only voiture to be had there), that I might go some miles into the country, and take a tour round the ancient walls, which are of a vast extent. We found the remains of a castle on a hill, and of another in a valley, several broken pillars, and two pedestals, from which I took these Latin inscriptions:

1.

DIVI. AUG. COL.
ET COL. IUL. PHILIPPENSIS
EORUNDEM PRINCIPUM
COL. IUL. PARIANAE. TRIBUN.
MILIT. COH. XXXII. VOLUNTAR.
TRIB. MILIT. LEG. XIII. GEM.
PRAEFECTO EQUIT. ALAE. I.
SCUBULORUM
VIC. VIII.

2.

DIVI. IULI. FLAMINI
C. ANTONIO. M. F.
VOLT. RUFO. FLAMIN.
DIV. AUG. COL. CL. APRENS.
ET. COL. IUL. PHILIPPENSIS
EORUNDEM ET PRINCIP. ITEM
COL. IUL. PARIANAE TRIB.
MILIT. COH. XXXII. VOLUNTARIOR.
TRIB. MILIT. XIII.
GEM. PRAEF. EQUIT. ALAE. I.
SCUBULORUM
VIC. VII.

* Alexandria Troas, which the early travellers have erro-

I do not doubt but the remains of a temple near this place are the ruins of one dedicated to Augustus; and I know not why Mr. Sandys calls it a Christian temple, since the Romans certainly built hereabouts. Here are many tombs of fine marble, and vast pieces of granite, which are daily lessened by the prodigious balls that the Turks make from them for their cannon. We passed that evening the isle of Tenedos, once under the patronage of Apollo, as he gave it in himself in the particulars of his estate when he courted Daphne. It is but ten miles in circuit, but in those days very rich and well-peopled, still famous for its excellent wine. I say nothing of Tennes, from whom it was called; but naming Mytilene, where we passed next, I cannot forbear mentioning Lesbos, where Sappho sung, and Pittacus reigned, famous for the birth of Alcæus, Theophrastus, and Arion, those masters in poetry, philosophy, and music. This was one of the last islands that remained in the Christian dominion after the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks. But need I talk to you of Cantacuseni, &c. princes that you are as well acquainted with as I am? 'Twas with regret I saw us sail from this island into

neously considered as the true site of ancient Troy. See Belon, ch. vi. 4to. 1588, Viaggi di Pietro Della Valle, 4to. 1650. Gibbon (Rom. Hist. vol. iii. p. 10) remarks, that Wood, in his observations on the Troad, p. 140, 141, had confounded Ilium with Alexandria Troas, although sixteen miles distant from each other. In the Ionian Antiquities are some fine views of these ruins.

the Egean sea, now the Archipelago, leaving Scio (the ancient Chios) on the left, which is the richest and most populous of these islands, fruitful in cotton, corn, and silk, planted with groves of orange and lemon trees, and the Arvisian mountain, still celebrated for the nectar that Virgil mentions. Here is the best manufacture of silks in all Turkey. The town is well built, the women famous for their beauty, and shew their faces as in Christendom. There are many rich families, though they confine their magnificence to the inside of their houses, to avoid the jealousy of the Turks, who have a pashá here: however, they enjoy a reasonable liberty, and indulge the genius of their country;

> And eat, and sing, and dance away their time,
> Fresh as their groves, and happy as their clime.

Their chains hang lightly on them, though 'tis not long since they were imposed, not being under the Turk till 1566. But perhaps 'tis as easy to obey the Grand-Signior as the State of Genoa, to whom they were sold by the Greek Emperor. But I forget myself in these historical touches, which are very impertinent when I write to you. Passing the strait between the islands of Andros and Achaia, now Libadia, we saw the promontory of Sunium, now called Cape Colonna, where are yet standing the vast pillars of a temple of Minerva. This venerable sight made me think, with double regret, on a beautiful temple of Theseus, which, I am assured, was almost entire at Athens till the last cam-

paign in the Morea, that the Turks filled it with powder, and it was accidentally blown up. You may believe I had a great mind to land on the fam'd Peloponnesus, though it were only to look on the rivers of Æsopus, Peneus, Inachus, and Eurotas, the fields of Arcadia, and other scenes of ancient mythology. But instead of demi-gods and heroes, I was credibly informed 'tis now over-run by robbers, and that I should run a great risk of falling into their hands by undertaking such a journey through a desert country, for which, however, I have so much respect, that I have much ado to hinder myself from troubling you with its whole history, from the foundation of Nycana and Corinth, to the last campaign there; but I check the inclination, as I did that of landing. We sailed quietly by Cape Angelo, once Malea, where I saw no remains of the famous temple of Apollo. We came that evening in sight of Candia: it is very mountainous; we easily distinguished that of Ida.—We have Virgil's authority, that here were a hundred cities—

——Centum urbes habitant magnas——

The chief of them — the scene of monstrous passions. — Metellus first conquered this birth-place of his Jupiter; it fell afterwards into the hands of ——I am running on to the very siege of Candia; and I am so angry with myself, that I will pass by all the other islands with this general reflection, that 'tis impossible to imagine any thing more agreeable than this journey would have been two

or three thousand years since, when, after drinking a dish of tea with Sappho, I might have gone the same evening to visit the temple of Homer in Chios, and passed this voyage in taking plans of magnificent temples, delineating the miracles of statuaries, and conversing with the most polite and most gay of mankind. Alas! art is extinct here; the wonders of nature alone remain; and it was with vast pleasure I observed those of mount Etna, whose flame appears very bright in the night many leagues off at sea, and fills the head with a thousand conjectures. However, I honour philosophy too much, to imagine it could turn that of Empedocles; and Lucian shall never make me believe such a scandal of a man, of whom Lucretius says,

——Vix humana videtur stirpe creatus.——

We passed Trinacria without hearing any of the syrens that Homer describes; and, being thrown on neither Scylla nor Charybdis, came safe to Malta, first called Melita, from the abundance of honey. It is a whole rock covered with very little earth. The Grand-Master lives here in the state of a sovereign prince; but his strength at sea now is very small. The fortifications are reckoned the best in the world, all cut in the solid rock with infinite expence and labour.—Off this island we were tossed by a severe storm, and were very glad, after eight days, to be able to put into Porta Farine on the African shore, where our ship now rides. At Tunis we were met by the English consul who resides there.

I readily accepted of the offer of his house for some days, being very curious to see this part of the world, and particularly the ruins of Carthage. I set out in his chaise at nine at night, the moon being at full. I saw the prospect of the country almost as well as I could have done by daylight; and the heat of the sun is now so intolerable, 'tis impossible to travel at any other time. The soil is for the most part sandy, but every-where fruitful of date, olive, and fig-trees, which grow without art, yet afford the most delicious fruit in the world. Their vineyards and melon-fields are enclosed by hedges of that plant we call Indian-fig, which is an admirable fence, no wild beast being able to pass it. It grows a great height, very thick, and the spikes or thorns are as long and sharp as bodkins; it bears a fruit much eaten by the peasants, and which has no ill taste.

It being now the season of the Turkish *ramazan*, or Lent, and all here professing, at least, the Mahometan religion, they fast till the going down of the sun, and spend the night in feasting. We saw under the trees companies of the country people, eating, singing, and dancing to their wild music. They are not quite black, but all mulattoes, and the most frightful creatures that can appear in a human figure. They are almost naked, only wearing a piece of coarse serge wrapped about them. — But the women have their arms, to their very shoulders, and their necks and faces, adorned with

flowers, stars, and various sorts of figures impressed by gun-powder; a considerable addition to their natural deformity; which is, however, esteemed very ornamental among them; and I believe they suffer a good deal of pain by it.

About six miles from Tunis we saw the remains of that noble aqueduct, which carried the water to Carthage over several high mountains, the length of forty miles. There are still many arches entire. We spent two hours viewing it with great attention, and Mr. Wortley assured me that of Rome is very much inferior to it. The stones are of a prodigious size, and yet all polished, and so exactly fitted to each other, very little cement has been made use of to join them. Yet they may probably stand a thousand years longer, if art is not made use of to pull them down. Soon after day-break I arrived at Tunis, a town fairly built of very white stone, but quite without gardens, which, they say, were all destroyed when the Turks first took it, none having been planted since. The dry sand gives a very disagreeable prospect to the eye; and the want of shade contributing to the natural heat of the climate, renders it so excessive, that I have much ado to support it. 'Tis true here is every noon the refreshment of the sea-breeze, without which it would be impossible to live; but no fresh water but what is preserved in the cisterns of the rains that fall in the month of September. The women of the town go veiled from head to foot

under a black crape; and, being mixed with a breed of renegadoes, are said to be many of them fair and handsome. This city was besieged in 1270, by Lewis King of France, who died under the walls of it of a pestilential fever. After his death, Philip, his son, and our Prince Edward, son of Henry III. raised the siege on honourable terms. It remained under its natural African kings, till betrayed into the hands of Barbarossa, admiral of Solyman the Magnificent. The Emperor Charles V. expelled Barbarossa, but it was recovered by the Turk, under the conduct of Sinan Pashá, in the reign of Selim II. From that time till now it has remained tributary to the Grand-Signior, governed by a *bey*, who suffers the name of subject to the Turk, but has renounced the subjection, being absolute, and very seldom paying any tribute. The great city of Bagdat is at this time in the same circumstances; and the Grand-Signior connives at the loss of these dominions, for fear of losing even the titles of them.

I went very early yesterday morning (after one night's repose) to see the ruins of Carthage. — I was, however, half broiled in the sun, and overjoyed to be led into one of the subterranean apartments, which they called *The stables of the elephants*, but which I cannot believe were ever designed for that use. I found in them many broken pieces of columns of fine marble, and some of porphyry. I cannot think any body would take the insignificant pains of carrying them thither, and I cannot ima-

gine such fine pillars were designed for the use of stables. I am apt to believe they were summer apartments under their palaces, which the heat of the climate rendered necessary. They are now used as granaries by the country people. While I sat here, from the town of *Tents*, not far off, many of the women flocked in to see me, and we were equally entertained with viewing one another. Their posture in sitting, the colour of their skin, their lank black hair falling on each side their faces, their features, and the shape of their limbs, differ so little from their country-people the baboons, 'tis hard to fancy them a distinct race; I could not help thinking there had been some ancient alliances between them.

When I was a little refreshed by rest, and some milk and exquisite fruit they brought me, I went up the little hill where once stood the castle of Byrsa, and from thence I had a distinct view of the situation of the famous city of Carthage, which stood on an isthmus, the sea coming on each side of it. 'Tis now a marshy ground on one side, where there are salt ponds. Strabo calls Carthage forty miles in circumference. There are now no remains of it, but what I have described; and the history of it is too well known to want my abridgement of it. You see, sir, that I think you esteem obedience better than compliments. I have answered your letter, by giving you the accounts you desired, and have reserved my thanks to the conclusion. I in-

tend to leave this place to-morrow, and continue my journey through Italy and France. In one of those places I hope to tell you, by word of mouth, that I am,

Your humble servant, &c. &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Genoa, Aug. 28, O. S. 1718.

I BEG your pardon, my dear sister, that I did not write to you from Tunis, the only opportunity I have had since I left Constantinople. But the heat there was so excessive, and the light so bad for the sight, I was half blind by writing one letter to the Abbé ——, and durst not go to write many others I had designed; nor, indeed, could I have entertained you very well out of that barbarous country. I am now surrounded with subjects of pleasure, and so much charmed with the beauties of Italy, that I should think it a kind of ingratitude not to offer a little praise in return for the diversion I have had here. I am in the house of Mrs. d'Avenant, at St. Pierre d'Arena, and should be very unjust not to allow her a share of that praise I speak of, since her good humour and good company have very much contributed to render this place agreeable to me.

Genoa is situated in a very fine bay; and being built on a rising hill, intermixed with gardens,

and beautified with the most excellent architecture, gives a very fine prospect off at sea; though it lost much of its beauty in my eyes, having been accustomed to that of Constantinople. The Genoese were once masters of several islands in the Archipelago, and all that part of Constantinople which is now called Galata. Their betraying the Christian cause, by facilitating the taking of Constantinople by the Turk, deserved what has since happened to them, even the loss of all their conquests on that side to those infidels. They are at present far from rich, and are despised by the French, since their Doge was forced by the late King to go in person to Paris, to ask pardon for such a trifle as the arms of France over the house of the envoy being spattered with dung in the night. This, I suppose, was done by some of the Spanish faction, which still makes up the majority here, though they dare not openly declare it. The ladies affect the French habit, and are more genteel than those they imitate. I do not doubt but the custom of cecisbeos has very much improved their airs. I know not whether you ever heard of those animals. Upon my word, nothing but my own eyes could have convinced me there were any such upon earth. The fashion began here, and is now received all over Italy, where the husbands are not such terrible creatures as we represent them. There are none among them such brutes as to pretend to find

fault with a custom so well established, and so politically founded, since I am assured that it was an expedient first found out by the senate, to put an end to those family hatreds which tore their state to pieces, and to find employment for those young men who were forced to cut one another's throats *pour passer le temps;* and it has succeeded so well, that, since the institution of cecisbei, there has been nothing but peace and good humour among them. These are gentlemen who devote themselves to the service of a particular lady (I mean a married one, for the virgins are all invisible, and confined to convents): they are obliged to wait on her to all public places, such as the plays, operas, and assemblies (which are here called *Conversations*), where they wait behind her chair, take care of her fan and gloves if she play, have the privilege of whispers, &c. When she goes out, they serve her instead of lacquies, gravely trotting by her chair. 'Tis their business to prepare for her a present against any day of public appearance, not forgetting that of her own name:* in short, they are to spend all their time and money in her service, who rewards them accordingly (for opportunity they want none); but the husband is not to have the impudence to suppose this any other than pure Platonic friendship. 'Tis true, they endeavour to give her a cecisbeo of their own choosing; but when the

* That is, the day of the saint after whom she is called.

lady happens not to be of the same taste, as that often happens, she never fails to bring it about to have one of her own fancy. In former times, one beauty used to have eight or ten of these humble admirers; but those days of plenty and humility are no more: men grow more scarce and saucy; and every lady is forced to content herself with one at a time.

You may see in this place the *glorious liberty* of a republic, or, more properly, an aristocracy, the common people being here as errant slaves as the French; but the old nobles pay little respect to the Doge, who is but two years in his office, and whose wife, at that very time, assumes no rank above another noble lady. 'Tis true, the family of Andrea Doria (that great man, who restored them that liberty they enjoy) have some particular privileges: when the senate found it necessary to put a stop to the luxury of dress, forbidding the wearing of jewels and brocades, they left them at liberty to make what expence they pleased. I look with great pleasure on the statue of that hero, which is in the court belonging to the house of Duke Doria. This puts me in mind of their palaces, which I can never describe as I ought. Is it not enough that I say they are, most of them, the design of Palladio? The street called Strada Nova is perhaps the most beautiful line of building in the world. I must particularly mention the vast palaces of Durazzo; those

of the two Balbi, joined together by a magnificent colonnade; that of the Imperiale at this village of St. Pierre d'Arena; and another of the Doria. The perfection of architecture, and the utmost profusion of rich furniture, are to be seen here, disposed with the most elegant taste and lavish magnificence. But I am charmed with nothing so much as the collection of pictures by the pencils of Raphael, Paulo Veronese, Titian, Caracci, Michael Angelo, Guido, and Corregio, which two I mention last as my particular favourites. I own I can find no pleasure in objects of horror; and, in my opinion, the more naturally a crucifix is represented, the more disagreeable it is. These, my beloved painters, shew nature, and shew it in the most charming light. I was particularly pleased with a Lucretia in the house of Balbi: the expressive beauty of that face and bosom, gives all the passion of pity and admiration that could be raised in the soul by the finest poem on that subject. A Cleopatra of the same hand deserves to be mentioned; and I should say more of her, if Lucretia had not first engaged my eyes. Here are also some inestimable ancient bustos. The church of St. Lawrence is built of black and white marble, where is kept that famous plate of a single emerald, which is not now permitted to be handled, since a plot, which they say was discovered, to throw it on the pavement and break it — a childish piece of malice, which they

ascribe to the King of Sicily, to be revenged for their refusing to sell it to him. The church of the Annunciation is finely lined with marble; the pillars are of red and white marble: that of St. Ambrose has been very much adorned by the Jesuits: but I confess, all the churches appeared so mean to me, after that of Sancta Sophia, I can hardly do them the honour of writing down their names.—But I hope you will own I have made good use of my time, in seeing so much, since 'tis not many days that we have been out of the quarantine, from which nobody is exempted coming from the Levant. Ours, indeed, was very much shortened, and very agreeably passed in M. d'Avenant's company, in the village of St. Pierre d'Arena, about a mile from Genoa, in a house built by Palladio, so well designed, and so nobly proportioned, 'twas a pleasure to walk in it. We were visited here only by a few English, in the company of a noble Genoese, commissioned to see we did not touch one another. I shall stay here some days longer, and could almost wish it were for all my life; but mine, I fear, is not destined to so much tranquillity.

I am, &c. &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BRISTOL.

Turin, Sept. 12, O. S. 1718.

I CAME in two days from Genoa, through fine roads, to this place. I have already seen what

is shewed to strangers in the town, which, indeed, is not worth a very particular description; and I have not respect enough for the holy handkerchief to speak long of it. The churches are handsome, and so is the King's palace; but I have lately seen such perfection of architecture, I did not give much of my attention to these pieces. The town itself is fairly built, situated in a fine plain on the banks of the Po. At a little distance from it, we saw the palaces of La Venerie and La Valentin, both very agreeable retreats. We were lodged in the Piazza Royale, which is one of the noblest squares I ever saw, with a fine portico of white stone quite round it. We were immediately visited by the Chevalier ——, whom you knew in England; who, with great civility, begged to introduce us at court, which is now kept at Rivoli, about a league from Turin. I went thither yesterday, and had the honour of waiting on the Queen, being presented to her by her first lady of honour. I found her Majesty in a magnificent apartment, with a train of handsome ladies, all dressed in gowns, among whom it was easy to distinguish the fair Princess of Carignan. The Queen entertained me with a world of sweetness and affability, and seemed mistress of a great share of good sense. She did not forget to put me in mind of her English blood, and added, that she always felt in herself a particular inclination to love the English. I returned her civility, by giving her the title of Majesty as often as I could,

which, perhaps, she will not have the comfort of hearing many months longer. The King has a great deal of vivacity in his eyes; and the young Prince of Piedmont is a very handsome young man; but the great devotion which this court is at present fallen into, does not permit any of those entertainments proper for his age. Processions and masses are all the magnificence in fashion here; and gallantry is so criminal, that the poor Count of ——, who was our acquaintance at London, is very seriously disgraced, for some small overtures he presumed to make to a maid of honour. I intend to set out to-morrow, and to pass those dreadful Alps, so much talked of. If I come to the bottom you shall hear of me. I am, &c. &c.

TO MRS. THISTLETHWAYTE.

Lyons, Sept. 25, O. S. 1718.

I RECEIVED, at my arrival here, both your obliging letters, and also letters from many of my other friends, designed to Constantinople, and sent me from Marseilles hither; our merchant there knowing we were upon our return. I am surprised to hear my sister Mar has left England. I suppose what I wrote to her from Turin will be lost, and where to direct I know not, having no account of her affairs from her own hand. For my own

part, I am confined to my chamber, having kept my bed, till yesterday, ever since the 17th, that I came to this town; where I have had so terrible a fever, I believed for some time that all my journeys were ended here; and I do not at all wonder that such fatigues as I have passed should have such an effect. The first day's journey, from Turin to Novalesse, is through a very fine country, beautifully planted, and enriched by art and nature. The next day we began to ascend mount Cenis, being carried in little seats of twisted osiers, fixed upon poles upon men's shoulders; our chaises taken to pieces, and laid upon mules.

The prodigious prospect of mountains covered with eternal snow, of clouds hanging far below our feet, and of vast cascades tumbling down the rocks with a confused roaring, would have been entertaining to me, if I had suffered less from the extreme cold that reigns here: but the misty rains, which fall perpetually, penetrated even the thick fur I was wrapped in; and I was half dead with cold, before we got to the foot of the mountain, which was not till two hours after dark. This hill has a spacious plain on the top of it, and a fine lake there; but the descent is so steep and slippery, 'tis surprising to see these chairmen go so steadily as they do. Yet I was not half so much afraid of breaking my neck, as I was of falling sick; and the event has shewed that I placed my fears right.

The other mountains are now all passable for a

chaise, and very fruitful in vines and pastures: among them is a breed of the finest goats in the world. Acquebellet is the last; and soon after we entered Pont Beauvoisin, the frontier town of France, whose bridge parts this kingdom and the dominions of Savoy. The same night we arrived late at this town, where I have had nothing to do but to take care of my health. I think myself already out of any danger, and am determined that the sore throat, which still remains, shall not confine me long. I am impatient to see the curiosities of this famous city, and more impatient to continue my journey to Paris, from whence I hope to write you a more diverting letter than 'tis possible for me to do now, with a mind weakened by sickness, a head muddled with spleen, from a sorry inn, and a chamber crammed with mortifying objects of apothecaries' vials and bottles.

I am, &c. &c.

TO MR. POPE.

Lyons, Sept. 28, O. S. 1718.

I RECEIVED yours here, and should thank you for the pleasure you seem to enjoy from my return; but I can hardly forbear being angry at you for rejoicing at what displeases me so much. You will think this but an odd compliment on my side. I'll assure you 'tis not from insensibility of the joy of

seeing my friends; but when I consider that I must at the same time see and hear a thousand disagreeable impertinents, that I must receive and pay visits, make courtesies, and assist at tea-tables, where I shall be half killed with questions; and, on the other part, that I am a creature that cannot serve any body but with insignificant good wishes; and that my presence is not a necessary good to any one member of my native country, I think I might much better have staid where ease and quiet made up the happiness of my indolent life. I should certainly be melancholy if I pursued this theme one line further. I will rather fill the remainder of this paper with the inscriptions on the tables of brass that are placed on each side of the town-house.

I. TABLE.

MÆRORUM. NOSTR : : : : : SII : : : : : EQUIDEM. PRIMAM. OMNIUM. ILLAM. COGITATIONEM. HOMINUM. QUAM. MAXIME. PRIMAM. OCCURSURAM. MIHI. PROVIDEO. DEPRECOR. NE. QUASI. NOVAM. ISTAM. REM. INTRODUCI. EXHORRESCATIS. SED. ILLA. POTIUS. COGITETIS. QUAM. MULTA. IN. HAC. CIVITATE. NOVATA. SINT. ET. QUIDEM. STATIM. AB. ORIGINE. URBIS. NOSTRÆ. IN. QUOT. FORMAS. STATUSQUE. RES. P. NOSTRA. DIDUCTA. SIT.

QUONDAM. REGES. HANC. TENUERE. URBEM. NE. TAMEN. DOMESTICIS. SUCCESSORIBUS. EAM. TRADERE. CONTIGIT. SUPERVENERE. ALIENI. ET. QUIDAM. EXTERNI. UT. NUMA. ROMULO. SUCCESSERIT. EX. SABINIS. VENIENS. VICINUS. QUIDEM. SED. TUNC. EXTERNUS. UT. ANCO. MARCIO. PRISCUS. TARQUINIUS. PROPTER. TEMERATUM. SANGUINEM. QUOD. PATRE. DE. MARATO. CORINTHIO. NATUS. ERAT. ET. TARQUINIENSI. MATRE. GENEROSA. SED. INOPI. UT. QUÆ. TALI. MARITO. NECESSE. HABUERIT. SUCCUMBERE. CUM. DOMI. REPELLERETUR. A. GERENDIS.

HONORIBUS. POSTQUAM. ROMAM. MIGRAVIT. REGNUM. ADEPTUS. EST. HUIC. QUOQUE. ET. FILIO. NEPOTIVE. EJUS. NAM. ET. HOC. INTER. AUCTORES. DISCREPAT. INCRETUS. SERVIUS. TULLIUS. SI. NOSTROS. SEQUIMUR. CAPTIVA. NATUS. OCRESIA. SI. TUSCOS. COELI. QUONDAM. VIVENNÆ. SODALIS. FIDELISSIMUS. OMNISQUE. EJUS. CASUS. COMES. POSTQUAM. VARIA. FORTUNA. EXACTUS. CUM. OMNIBUS. RELIQUIS. COELIANI. EXERCITUS. ETRURIA. EXCESSIT. MONTEM. COELIUM. OCCUPAVIT. ET. A. DUCE. SUO. COELIO. ITA. APPELLITATUS. MUTATOQUE. NOMINE. NAM. TUSCE. MASTARNA. EI. NOMEN. ERAT. ITA. APPELLATUS. EST. UT. DIXI. ET. REGNUM. SUMMA. CUM. REIP. UTILITATE. OBTINUIT. DEINDE. POSTQUAM. TARQUINI. SUPERBI. MORES. INVISI. CIVITATI. NOSTRÆ. ESSE. COEPERUNT. QUA. IPSIUS. QUA. FILIORUM. EJUS. NEMPE. PERTÆSUM. EST. MENTES. REGNI. ET. AD. CONSULES. ANNUOS. MAGISTRATUS. ADMINISTRATIO. REIP. TRANSLATA. EST.

QUID. NUNC. COMMEMOREM. DICTATURÆ. HOC. IPSO. CONSULARI. IMPERIUM. VALENTIUS. REPERTUM. APUD. MAJORES. NOSTROS. QUO. IN. ASPERIORIBUS. BELLIS. AUT. IN. CIVILI. MOTU. DIFFICILIORI. UTERENTUR. AUT. IN. AUXILIUM. PLEBIS. CREATOS. TRIBUNOS. PLEBEI. QUID. A. CONSULIBUS. AD. DECEMVIROS. TRANSLATUM. IMPERIUM. SOLUTOQUE. POSTEA. DECEMVIRALI. REGNO. AD. CONSULES. RURSUS. REDITUM. QUID. IM : : : : V. RIS. DISTRIBUTUM. CONSULARE. IMPERIUM. TRIBUNOSQUE. MILITUM. CONSULARI. IMPERIO. APPELLATUS. QUI. SENI. ET. OCTONI. CREARENTUR. QUID. COMMUNICATOS. POSTREMO. CUM. PLEBE. HONORES. NON. IMPERI. SOLUM. SED. SACERDOTIORUM. QUOQUE. JAMSI. NARREM. BELLA. A. QUIBUS. COEPERINT. MAJORES. NOSTRI. ET. QUO. PROCESSERIMUS. VEREOR. NE. NIMIO. INSOLENTIOR. ESSE. VIDEAR. ET. QUÆSISSE. JACTATIONEM. GLORIÆ. PROLATI. IMPERI. ULTRA. OCEANUM. SED. ILLO. C. PORIUS. REVERTAR. CIVITATEM.

II. TABLE.

: : : : : : : : : : : : : : : : SANE : NOVO : : : DIVUS : AUG : : : NO : LUS. ET. PATRUUS. TI. CÆSAR. OMNEM. FLOREM. UBIQUE. COLONIARUM. AC. MUNICIPIORUM. BONORUM. SCILICET. VIRORUM. ET. LOCUPLETIUM. IN. HAC. CURIA.

ESSE. VOLUIT. QUID. ERGO. NON. ITALICUS. SENATOR. PROVINCIALI. POTIOR. EST. JAM. VOBIS. CUM. HANC. PARTEM. CENSURÆ MEÆ. APPROBARE. COEPERO. QUID. DE. EA. RE. SENTIAM. REBUS. OSTENDAM. SED. NE. PROVINCIALES. QUIDEM. SI. MODO. ORNARE. CURIAM. POTERINT. REJICIENDOS. PUTO.

ORNATISSIMA. ECCE. COLONIA. VALENTISSIMAQUE. RIENNENSIUM. QUAM. LONGO. JAM. TEMPORE. SENATORES. HUIC. CURIÆ. CONFERT. EX. QUA. COLONIA. INTER. PAUCOS. EQUESTRIS. ORDINIS. ORNAMENTUM. L. RESTINUM. FAMILIARISSIME. DILIGO. ET. HODIEQUE. IN. REBUS. MEIS. DETINEO. CUJUS. LIBERI. FRUANTUR. QUÆSO. PRIMO. SACERDOTIORUM. GRADU. POST. MODO. CUM. ANNIS. PROMOTURI. DIGNITATIS. SUÆ. INCREMENTA. UT. DIRUM. NOMEN. LATRONIS. TACEAM. ET. ODI. ILLUD. PALESTRICUM. PRODIGUUM. QUOD. ANTE. IN. DOMUM. CONSULATUM. INTULIT. QUAM. COLONIA. SUA. SOLIDUM. CIVITATIS. ROMANÆ. BENEFICIUM. CONSECUTA. EST. IDEM. DE. FRATRE. EJUS. POSSUM. DICERE. MISERABILI. QUIDEM. INDIGNISSIMOQUE. HOC. CASU. UT. VOBIS. UTILIS. SENATOR. ESSE. NON. POSSIT.

TEMPUS. EST. JAM. TI. CÆSAR. GERMANICE. DETEGERE. TE. PATRIBUS. CONSCRIPTIS. QUO. TENDAT. ORATIO. TUA. JAM. ENIM. AD. EXTREMOS. FINES. GALLIÆ. NARBONENSIS. VENISTI.

TOT. ECCE. INSIGNES. JUVENES. QUOT. INTUEOR. NON. MAGIS. SUNT. POENITENDI. SENATORIB. QUAM. POENITET. PERSICUM. NOBILISSIMUM. VIRUM. AMICUM. MEUM. INTER. IMAGINES. MAJORUM. SUORUM. ALLOROGICI. NOMEN. LEGERE. QUOD. SI. HÆC. ITA. ESSE. CONSENTI. IS. QUID. ULTRA. DESIDERATIS. QUAM. UT. VOBIS. DIGITO. DEMONSTREM. SOLUM. IPSUM. ULTRA. FINES. PROVINCIÆ. NARBONENSIS. JAM. VOBIS. SENATORES. MITTERE. QUANDO. EX. LUGDUNO. HABERE. NOS. NOSTRI. ORDINIS. VIROS. NON. POENITET. TIMIDE. QUIDEM. P. C. EGRESSUS. ADSUETOS. FAMILIARESQUE. VOBIS. PROVINCIARUM. TERMINOS. SUM. SED. DESTRICTE. JAM. COMATÆ. GALLIÆ. CAUSA. AGENDA. EST. IN. QUA. SI. QUIS. HOC. INTUETUR. QUOD. BELLO. PER. DECEM. ANNOS. EXERCUERUNT. DIVOM. JULIUM. IDEM. OPPONAT. CENTUM. ANNORUM. IMMOBILEM. FIDEM. OBSEQUIUMQUE. MULTIS. TRIPIDIS. REBUS. NOSTRIS. PLUSQUAM. EXPERTUM. ILLI. PATRI. MEO. DRUSO. GERMANIAM. SUBIGENTI. TUTAM. QUIETE. SUA. SECURAMQUE. A. TERGO. PACEM. PRÆSTITERUNT. ET. QUIDEM.

CUM. AD. CENSUS. NOVO. TUM. OPERE. ET. IN. ADSUETO. GALLIIS. AD. BELLUM. AVOCATUS. ESSET. QUOD. OPUS. QUAM. ARDUUM. SIT. NOBIS. NUNC. CUM. MAXIME. QUAMVIS. NIHIL. ULTRA. QUAM. UT. PUBLICE. NOTÆ. SINT. FACULTATES. NOSTRÆ. EXQUIRATUR. NIMIS. MAGNO. EXPERIMENTO. COGNOSCIMUS.

I was also shewed, without the gate of St. Justinus, some remains of a Roman aqueduct; and behind the monastery of St. Mary there are the ruins of the imperial palace where the Emperor Claudius was born, and where Severus lived. The great cathedral of St. John is a good Gothic building, and its clock much admired by the Germans. In one of the most conspicuous parts of the town is the late King's statue set up, trampling upon mankind. I cannot forbear saying one word here of the French statues (for I never intend to mention any more of them) with their gilded full-bottomed wigs. If their King had intended to express, in one image, *ignorance, ill taste,* and *vanity,* his sculptors could have made no other figure so proper for that purpose as this statue, which represents the odd mixture of an old beau, who had a mind to be a hero, with a bushel of curled hair on his head, and a gilt truncheon in his hand. The French have been so voluminous on the history of this town, I need say nothing of it. The houses are tolerably well built, and the Belle Cour well planted, from whence is seen the celebrated joining of the Saone and Rhone.

> "Ubi Rhodanus ingens amne prærapido fluit
> Ararque dubitans quo suos fluctus agat."

I have had time to see every thing with great leisure, having been confined several days to this town by a swelling in my throat, the remains of a fever, occasioned by a cold I got in the damps of the Alps. The doctors here threaten me with all sorts of distempers, if I dare to leave them; but I, that know the obstinacy of it, think it just as possible to continue my way to Paris with it, as to go about the streets of Lyons; and am determined to pursue my journey to-morrow, in spite of doctors, apothecaries, and sore throats.

When you see Lady Rich, tell her I have received her letter, and will answer it from Paris, believing that the place that she would most willingly hear of.

I am, &c. &c.

TO THE LADY RICH.

Paris, Oct. 10, O.S. 1718.

I CANNOT give my dear Lady Rich a better proof of the pleasure I have in writing to her, than choosing to do it in this seat of various amusements, where I am *accablée*d with visits, and those so full of vivacity and compliments, that 'tis full employment enough to hearken, whether one answers or not. The French embassadress at Constantinople has a very considerable and numerous family here, who all come to see me, and are never weary of making enquiries. The air of Paris has already had a good

effect upon me; for I was never in better health, though I have been extremely ill all the road from Lyons to this place. You may judge how agreeable the journey has been to me; which did not want that addition to make me dislike it. I think nothing so terrible as objects of misery, except one had the God-like attribute of being capable to redress them; and all the country villages of France shew nothing else. While the post-horses are changed, the whole town comes out to beg, with such miserable starved faces, and thin tattered clothes, they need no other eloquence to persuade one of the wretchedness of their condition. This is all the French magnificence till you come to Fountainbleau, when you are shewed one thousand five hundred rooms in the King's hunting palace. The apartments of the royal family are very large, and richly gilt; but I saw nothing in the architecture or painting worth remembering. The long gallery, built by Henry IV., has prospects of all the King's houses. Its walls are designed after the taste of those times, but appear now very mean. The park is, indeed, finely wooded and watered, the trees well grown and planted, and in the fish-ponds are kept tame carp, said to be, some of them, eighty years of age. The late King passed some months every year at this seat; and all the rocks round it, by the pious sentences inscribed on them, shew the devotion in fashion at his court, which I believe died with him; at least, I see no exterior

marks of it at Paris, where all people's thoughts seem to be on present diversion.

The fair of St. Lawrence is now in season. You may be sure I have been carried thither, and think it much better disposed than ours of Bartholomew. The shops being all set in rows so regularly and well lighted, they made up a very agreeable spectacle. But I was not at all satisfied with the *grossierté* of their harlequin, no more than with their music at the opera, which was abominably grating, after being used to that of Italy. Their house is a booth, compared to that of the Hay-market, and the play-house not so neat as that of Lincoln's-Inn-fields; but then it must be owned, to their praise, their tragedians are much beyond any of ours. I should hardly allow Mrs. O——d a better place than to be confidante to La ——. I have seen the tragedy of Bajazet so well represented, that I think our best actors can be only said to speak, but these to feel; and 'tis certainly infinitely more moving to see a man appear unhappy, than to hear him say that he is so, with a jolly face, and a stupid smirk in his countenance.—*A propos* of countenances, I must tell you something of the French ladies; I have seen all the beauties, and such —— (I can't help making use of the coarse word) nauseous creatures! so fantastically absurd in their dress! so monstrously unnatural in their paints! their hair cut short, and curled round their faces, and so loaded with powder, that it makes it look

like white wool! and on their cheeks to their chins, unmercifully laid on a shining red japan, that glistens in a most flaming manner, so that they seem to have no resemblance to human faces. I am apt to believe, that they took the first hint of their dress from a fair sheep newly ruddled. 'Tis with pleasure I recollect my dear pretty countrywomen: and if I was writing to any body else, I should say that these grotesque daubers give me still a higher esteem of the natural charms of dear Lady Rich's auburn hair, and the lively colours of her unsullied complexion. I am, &c. &c.

P. S. I have met the Abbé here, who desires me to make his compliments to you.

TO MR. T——.

Paris, Oct. 16, O. S. 1718.

You see I'm just to my word, in writing to you from Paris, where I was very much surprised to meet my sister;* I need not add, very much pleased. She as little expected to see me as I her (having not received my late letters); and this meeting would shine under the hand of De Scuderie; but I shall not imitate his style so far as to tell you how often we embraced; how she enquired by what odd chance I returned from Constantinople? And I answered her by asking what adventure brought

* The Countess of Mar.

her to Paris? To shorten the story, all questions and answers, and exclamations, and compliments, being over, we agreed upon running about together, and have seen Versailles, Trianon, Marli, and St. Cloud. We had an order for the water to play for our diversion, and I was followed thither by all the English at Paris. I own Versailles appeared to me rather vast than beautiful; and after having seen the exact proportions of the Italian buildings, I thought the irregularity of it shocking.

The King's cabinet of antiques and medals is, indeed, very richly furnished. Among that collection none pleased so well as the apotheosis of Germanicus, on a large agate, which is one of the most delicate pieces of the kind that I remember to have seen. I observed some ancient statues of great value. But the nauseous flattery, and tawdry pencil of Le Brun, are equally disgusting in the gallery. I will not pretend to describe to you the great apartment, the vast variety of fountains, the theatre, the grove of Esop's fables, &c. all which you may read very amply particularised in some of the French authors that have been paid for these descriptions. Trianon, in its littleness, pleased me better than Versailles; Marli, better than either of them; and St. Cloud best of all; having the advantage of the Seine running at the bottom of the gardens, the great cascade, &c. You may find information in the aforesaid books, if you have any curiosity to know the exact number

of the statues, and how many feet they cast up the water.

We saw the King's pictures in the magnificent house of the Duke d'Antin, who has the care of preserving them till his Majesty is of age. There are not many, but of the best hands. I looked with great pleasure on the arch-angel of Raphael, where the sentiments of superior beings are as well expressed as in Milton. You won't forgive me if I say nothing of the Thuilleries, much finer than our Mall; and the Cour, more agreeable than our Hyde-park, the high trees giving shade in the hottest season. At the Louvre I had the opportunity of seeing the King, accompanied by the Duke-Regent. He is tall and well shaped, but has not the air of holding the crown so many years as his grandfather. And now I am speaking of the court, I must say I saw nothing in France that delighted me so much as to see an Englishman (at least a Briton) absolute at Paris; I mean Mr. Law,* who treats their dukes and peers extremely *de haut en bas*, and is treated by them with the utmost submission and respect.—Poor souls! —This reflection on their abject slavery puts me in mind of the *place des victoires;* but I will not take up your time and my own with such descriptions, which are too numerous.

* Mr. Law was the projector of the Mississippi scheme, and the colonisation of Louisiana, similar in its plan and event to our South Sea.

In general, I think Paris has the advantage of London, in the neat pavement of the streets, and the regular lighting of them at nights, and in the proportion of the streets, the houses being all built of stone, and most of those belonging to people of quality, being beautified by gardens. But we certainly may boast of a town very near twice as large; and when I have said that, I know nothing else we surpass it in. I shall not continue here long; if you have any thing to command me during my short stay, write soon, and I shall take pleasure in obeying you.

I am, &c. &c.

TO THE ABBÉ ——.

Dover, Oct. 31, O.S. 1718.

I am willing to take your word for it, that I shall really oblige you, by letting you know, as soon as possible, my safe passage over the water. I arrived this morning at Dover, after being tossed a whole night in the packet-boat, in so violent a manner, that the master, considering the weakness of his vessel, thought it proper to remove the mail, and give us notice of the danger. We called a little fishing boat, which could hardly make up to us; while all the people on board us were crying to Heaven. It is hard to imagine one's self in a scene of greater horror than on such an occasion; and yet, shall I own it to you? though I was not at all willingly to be drowned, I could

not forbear being entertained at the double distress of a fellow-passenger. She was an English lady that I had met at Calais, who desired me to let her go over with me in my cabin. She had bought a fine point-head, which she was contriving to conceal from the custom-house officers. When the wind grew high, and our little vessel cracked, she fell very heartily to her prayers, and thought wholly of her soul. When it seemed to abate, she returned to the worldly care of her head-dress, and addressed herself to me——"*Dear madam, will you take care of this point? if it should be lost!——Ah, Lord, we shall all be lost!——Lord have mercy on my soul!——Pray, madam, take care of this head-dress.*" This easy transition from her soul to her head-dress, and the alternate agonies that both gave her, made it hard to determine which she thought of greatest value. But, however, the scene was not so diverting, but I was glad to get rid of it, and be thrown into the little boat, though with some hazard of breaking my neck. It brought me safe hither; and I cannot help looking with partial eyes on my native land. That partiality was certainly given us by nature, to prevent rambling, the effect of an ambitious thirst after knowledge, which we are not formed to enjoy. All we get by it, is a fruitless desire of mixing the different pleasures and conveniences which are given to the different parts of the world, and cannot meet in any one of them. After having

read all that is to be found in the languages I am mistress of, and having decayed my sight by midnight studies, I envy the easy peace of mind of a ruddy milk-maid, who, undisturbed by doubt, hears the sermon, with humility, every Sunday, not having confounded the sentiments of natural duty in her head by the vain enquiries of the schools, who may be more learned, yet, after all, must remain as ignorant. And, after having seen part of Asia and Africa, and almost made the tour of Europe, I think the honest English squire more happy, who verily believes the Greek wines less delicious than March beer; that the African fruits have not so fine a flavour as golden-pippins; that the Beca figuas of Italy are not so well tasted as a rump of beef; and that, in short, there is no perfect enjoyment of this life out of Old England. I pray God I may think so for the rest of my life; and, since I must be contented with our scanty allowance of day-light, that I may forget the enlivening sun of Constantinople.

I am, &c. &c.

MR. POPE TO LADY M. W. MONTAGU.

September 1.

MADAM,

I HAVE been (what I never was till now) in debt to you for a letter some weeks. I was informed you were at sea, and that 'twas to no purpose to

write till some news had been heard of your arriving somewhere or other. Besides, I have had a second dangerous illness, from which I was more diligent to be recovered than from the first, having now some hopes of seeing you again. If you make any tour in Italy, I shall not easily forgive you for not acquainting me soon enough to have met you there. I am very certain I can never be polite unless I travel with you: and it is never to be repaired, the loss that Homer has sustained, for want of my translating him in Asia. You will come hither full of criticisms against a man who wanted nothing to be in the right but to have kept you company; you have no way of making me amends, but by continuing an Asiatic when you return to me, whatever English airs you may put on to other people.

I prodigiously long for your sonnets, your remarks, your oriental learning;—but I long for nothing so much as your oriental self. You must of necessity be *advanced* so far *back* into true nature and simplicity of manners, by these three years' residence in the east, that I shall look upon you as so many years younger than you was, so much nearer innocence (that is, truth) and infancy (that is, openness). I expect to see your soul as much thinner dressed as your body; and that you have left off, as unwieldy and cumbersome, a great many European habits. Without offence to your modesty be it spoken, I have a burning desire to

see your soul stark naked, for I am confident 'tis the prettiest kind of white soul in the universe.—But I forget whom I am talking to; you may possibly by this time believe, according to the prophet, that you have none; if so, shew me that which comes next to a soul; you may easily put it upon a poor ignorant Christian for a soul, and please him as well with it;—I mean your heart;—Mahomet, I think, allows you hearts; which (together with fine eyes and other agreeable equivalents) are worth all the souls on this side the world. But if I must be content with seeing your body only, God send it to come quickly: I honour it more than the diamond-casket that held Homer's Iliads; for in the very twinkle of one eye of it there is more wit, and in the very dimple of one cheek of it there is more meaning, than all the souls that ever were casually put into women since men had the making of them.

I have a mind to fill the rest of this paper with an accident that happened just under my eyes, and has made a great impression upon me. I have just past part of this summer at an old romantic seat of my Lord Harcourt's, which he lent me.* It overlooks a common-field, where, under the shade of a haycock, sat two lovers, as constant as ever were found in Romance, beneath a spreading beech. The name of the one (let it sound as it will) was John Hewet, of the other Sarah Drew. John was

* At Stanton-Harcourt, in Oxfordshire.

a well-set man about five-and-twenty; Sarah a brown woman of eighteen. John had for several months borne the labour of the day in the same field with Sarah; when she milked, it was his morning and evening charge to bring the cows to her pail. Their love was the talk, but not the scandal, of the whole neighbourhood; for all they aimed at was the blameless possession of each other in marriage. It was but this very morning that he had obtained her parents' consent, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps this very day, in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding-clothes; and John was now matching several kinds of poppies and field-flowers to her complexion, to make her a present of knots for the day. While they were thus employed (it was on the last of July), a terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose, and drove the labourers to what shelter the trees or hedges afforded. Sarah, frightened and out of breath, sunk on a haycock, and John (who never separated from her) sate by her side, having raked two or three heaps together to secure her. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack as if Heaven had burst asunder. The labourers, all solicitous for each other's safety, called to one another: those that were nearest our lovers, hearing no answer, stept to the place where they lay: they first saw a little smoke, and after, this faithful pair;—John, with one arm about his Sarah's neck,

and the other held over her face, as if to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and already grown stiff and cold in this tender posture. There was no mark or discolouring on their bodies, only that Sarah's eye-brow was a little singed, and a small spot between her breasts. They were buried the next day in one grave, in the parish of Stanton-Harcourt in Oxfordshire; where my Lord Harcourt, at my request, has erected a monument over them. Of the following epitaphs which I made, the critics have chosen the godly one: I like neither, but wish you had been in England to have done this office better; I think 'twas what you could not have refused me on so moving an occasion.

When Eastern lovers feed the fun'ral fire,
On the same pile their faithful fair expire;
Here pitying Heav'n that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleas'd,
Sent his own lightning, and the victims seiz'd.

I.

Think not, by rig'rous judgment seiz'd,
A pair so faithful could expire;
Victims so pure Heav'n saw well pleas'd,
And snatch'd them in celestial fire.

II.

Live well, and fear no sudden fate:
When God calls virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis justice, soon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or save.
Virtue unmov'd can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball.

Upon the whole, I can't think these people unhappy. The greatest happiness, next to living as they would have done, was to die as they did. The greatest honour people of this low degree could have was to be remembered on a little monument; unless you will give them another,—that of being honoured with a tear from the finest eyes in the world. I know you have tenderness; you must have it; it is the very emanation of good sense and virtue; the finest minds, like the finest metals, dissolve the easiest.

But when you are reflecting upon objects of pity, pray do not forget one who had no sooner found out an object of the highest esteem, than he was separated from it; and who is so very unhappy as not to be susceptible of consolation from others, by being so miserably in the right as to think other women what they really are. Such an one can't but be desperately fond of any creature that is quite different from these. If the Circassian be utterly void of such honour as these have, and such virtue as these boast of, I am content. I have detested the sound of *honest woman,* and *loving spouse,* ever since I heard the pretty name of Odaliche. Dear Madam, I am for ever Your, &c.

My most humble services to Mr. Wortley. Pray let me hear from you soon, though I shall very soon write again. I am confident half our letters are lost.

TO MR. POPE.

Dover, Nov. 1, O. S. 1718.

I HAVE this minute received a letter of yours, sent me from Paris. I believe and hope I shall very soon see both you and Mr. Congreve; but as I am here in an inn, where we stay to regulate our march to London, bag and baggage, I shall employ some of my leisure time in answering that part of yours that seems to require an answer.

I must applaud your good-nature, in supposing, that your pastoral lovers (vulgarly called hay-makers) would have lived in everlasting joy and harmony, if the lightning had not interrupted their scheme of happiness. I see no reason to imagine, that John Hughes and Sarah Drew were either wiser or more virtuous than their neighbours. That a well-set man of twenty-five should have a fancy to marry a brown woman of eighteen, is nothing marvellous; and I cannot help thinking, that had they married, their lives would have passed in the common track with their fellow-parishioners. His endeavouring to shield her from a storm, was a natural action, and what he would have certainly done for his horse, if he had been in the same situation. Neither am I of opinion, that their sudden death was a reward of their mutual virtue. You know the Jews were reproved for thinking a village destroyed by fire more wicked than those that had

escaped the thunder. Time and chance happen to all men. Since you desire me to try my skill in an epitaph, I think the following lines perhaps more just, though not so poetical as yours.

Here lie John Hughes and Sarah Drew;
Perhaps you 'll say, what 's that to you?
Believe me, friend, much may be said
On this poor couple that are dead.
On Sunday next they should have married;
But see how oddly things are carried!
On Thursday last it rain'd and lighten'd;
These tender lovers, sadly frighten'd,
Shelter'd beneath the cocking hay,
In hopes to pass the time away;
But the bold thunder found them out
(Commission'd for that end no doubt),
And, seizing on their trembling breath,
Consign'd them to the shades of death.
Who knows if 'twas not kindly done?
For had they seen the next year's sun,
A beaten wife and cuckold swain
Had jointly curs'd the marriage chain:
Now they are happy in their doom,
For Pope has wrote upon their tomb.

I confess, these sentiments are not altogether so heroic as yours; but I hope you will forgive them in favour of the two last lines. You see how much I esteem the honour you have done them; though I am not very impatient to have the same, and had rather continue to be your stupid *living* humble servant, than be *celebrated* by all the pens in Europe.

I would write to Congreve, but suppose you will read this to him, if he enquires after me.

TO THE ABBOT OF ——.*

Vienna, Jan. 2, O. S. 1717.

I AM really almost tired with the life of Vienna. I am not, indeed, an enemy to dissipation and hurry, much less to amusement and pleasure; but I cannot endure long even pleasure, when it is fettered with formality, and assumes the air of system. 'Tis true, I have had here some very agreeable connexions, and what will perhaps surprize you, have particular pleasure in my Spanish acquaintances, Count Oropesa and General Puebla. These two noblemen are much in the good graces of the Emperor, and yet they seem to be brewing mischief. The court of Madrid cannot reflect without pain upon the territories that were cut off from the Spanish monarchy by the peace of Utrecht, and it seems to be looking wishfully out for an opportunity of getting them back again. That is a matter about which I trouble myself very little; let the court be in the right or in the wrong, I like mightily the two Counts, its ministers. I dined with them both some days ago at Count Wurmbrand's, an Aulic-counsellor and a man of letters, who is universally esteemed here. But the first man at this court in point of knowledge and

* The four following letters are taken from the edition of Lady M. W. Montagu's Letters published in 1789.

abilities is certainly Count Schlick, High Chancellor of Bohemia, whose immense reading is accompanied with a fine taste and a solid judgment; he is a declared enemy to Prince Eugene, and a warm friend to the honest hot-headed Marshal Staremberg. One of the most accomplished men I have seen at Vienna is the young Count Tarrocco, who accompanies the amiable Prince of Portugal. I am almost in love with them both, and wonder to see such elegant manners, and such free and generous sentiments in two young men that have hitherto seen nothing but their own country. The Count is just such a Roman-catholic as you; he succeeds greatly with the devout beauties here; his first overtures in gallantry are disguised under the luscious strains of spiritual love, that were sung formerly by the sublimely voluptuous Fenelon, and the tender Madam Guion, who turned the fire of carnal love to divine objects; thus the Count begins with the spirit, and ends generally with the flesh, when he makes his addresses to holy virgins.

I made acquaintance yesterday with the famous poet Rousseau, who lives here under the peculiar protection of Prince Eugene, by whose liberality he subsists. He passes here for a free-thinker, and, what is still worse in my esteem, for a man whose heart does not feel the encomiums he gives to virtue and honour in his poems. I like his odes mightily, they are much superior to the lyrick productions of our English poets, few of whom have

made any figure in that kind of poetry. I don't find that learned men abound here; there is indeed a prodigious number of alcymists at Vienna; the philosopher's stone is the great object of zeal and science; and those who have more reading and capacity than the vulgar, have transported their superstition (shall I call it?) or fanaticism from religion to chymistry; and they believe in a new kind of transubstantiation, which is designed to make the laity as rich as the other kind has made the priesthood. This pestilential passion has already ruined several great houses. There is scarcely a man of opulence or fashion, that has not an alcymist in his service, and even the Emperor is supposed to be no enemy to this folly in secret, though he has pretended to discourage it in publick.

Prince Eugene was so polite as to shew me his library yesterday; we found him attended by Rousseau, and his favourite Count Bonneval, who is a man of wit, and is here thought to be a very bold and enterprizing spirit. The library, though not very ample, is well chosen; but as the Prince will admit into it no editions but what are beautiful and pleasing to the eye, and there are nevertheless numbers of excellent books that are but indifferently printed, this finikin and foppish taste makes many disagreeable chasms in this collection. The books are pompously bound in Turkey leather, and two of the most famous bookbinders of Paris were expressly sent for to do this work. Bonneval pleasantly

told me that there were several quartos on the art of war, that were bound with the skins of spahis and janissaries; and this jest, which was indeed elegant, raised a smile of pleasure on the grave countenance of the famous warrior. The Prince, who is a connoisseur in the fine arts, shewed me, with particular pleasure, the famous collection of portraits, that formerly belonged to Fouquet, and which he purchased at an excessive price. He has augmented it with a considerable number of new acquisitions, so that he has now in his possession such a collection in that kind as you will scarcely find in any ten cabinets in Europe. If I told you the number, you would say that I make an indiscreet use of the permission to lye, which is more or less given to travellers by the indulgence of the candid.

Count Tarrocco is just come in—he is the only person I have excepted this morning in my general order to receive no company.—I think I see you smile,—but I am not so far gone as to stand in need of absolution; tho' as the human heart is deceitful, and the Count very agreeable, you may think that even though I should not want an absolution, I would nevertheless be glad to have an indulgence.—No such thing.—However, as I am an heretick, and you no confessor, I shall make no declarations on this head.—The design of the Count's visit is a ball;—more pleasure.—I shall be surfeited. . . . . Adieu, &c.

TO MR. POPE.

Sept. 1, 1717.

When I wrote to you last, Belgrade was in the hands of the Turks; but at this present moment, it has changed masters, and is in the hands of the Imperialists. A janissary, who in nine days, and yet without any wings but what a panick terror seems to have furnished, arrived at Constantinople from the army of the Turks before Belgrade, brought Mr. W. the news of a compleat victory obtained by the Imperialists, commanded by Prince Eugene, over the Ottoman troops. It is said, the Prince has discovered great conduct and valour in this action, and I am particularly glad that the voice of glory and duty has called him from the— *(here several words of the manuscript are effaced)*.— Two days after the battle the town surrendered. The consternation which this defeat has occasioned here, is inexpressible; and the Sultan apprehending a revolution from the resentment and indignation of the people, fomented by certain leaders, has begun his precautions, after the goodly fashion of this blessed government, by ordering several persons to be strangled who were the objects of his royal suspicion. He has also ordered his treasurer to advance some months' pay to the janissaries, which seems the less necessary, as their conduct has been bad in this campaign, and their licentious ferocity seems pretty well tamed by the publick

contempt. Such of them as return in straggling and fugitive parties to the metropolis, have not spirit nor credit enough to defend themselves from the insults of the mob; the very children taunt them, and the populace spit in their faces as they pass. They refused during the battle to lend their assistance to save the baggage and the military chest, which however were defended by the bashaws and their retinue, while the janissaries and spahis were nobly employed in plundering their own camp.

You see here that I give you a very handsome return for your obliging letter. You entertain me with a most agreeable account of your amiable connections with men of letters and taste, and of the delicious moments you pass in their society under the rural shade; and I exhibit to you in return, the barbarous spectacle of Turks and Germans cutting one another's throats. But what can you expect from such a country as this, from which the Muses have fled, from which letters seem eternally banished, and in which you see, in private scenes, nothing pursued as happiness but the refinements of an indolent voluptuousness, and where those who act upon the public theatre live in uncertainty, suspicion, and terror! Here pleasure, to which I am no enemy, when it is properly seasoned and of a good composition, is surely of the cloying kind. Veins of wit, elegant conversation, easy commerce, are unknown among the Turks; and yet they seem capable of all these, if the vile spirit of their go-

vernment did not stifle genius, damp curiosity, and suppress an hundred passions, that embellish and render life agreeable. The luscious passion of the seraglio is the only one almost that is gratified here to the full, but it is blended so with the surly spirit of despotism in one of the parties, and with the dejection and anxiety which this spirit produces in the other, that to one of my way of thinking it cannot appear otherwise than as a very mixed kind of enjoyment. The women here are not, indeed, so closely confined as many have related; they enjoy a high degree of liberty, even in the bosom of servitude, and they have methods of evasion and disguise that are very favourable to gallantry; but after all, they are still under uneasy apprehensions of being discovered; and a discovery exposes them to the most merciless rage of jealousy, which is here a monster that cannot be satiated but with blood. The magnificence and riches that reign in the apartments of the ladies of fashion here, seem to be one of their chief pleasures, joined with their retinue of female slaves, whose musick, dancing and dress amuse them highly;—but there is such an air of form and stiffness amidst this grandeur, as hinders it from pleasing me at long run, however I was dazzled with it at first sight. This stiffness and formality of manners are peculiar to the Turkish ladies; for the Grecian belles are of quite another character and complexion; with them pleasure appears in more engaging forms, and their persons,

manners, conversation and amusements are very far from being destitute of elegance and ease.

I received the news of Mr. Addison's being declared secretary of state with the less surprise, in that I know that post was almost offered to him before. At that time he declined it, and I really believe that he would have done well to have declined it now. Such a post as that, and such a wife as the Countess, do not seem to be, in prudence, eligible for a man that is asthmatick, and we may see the day when he will be heartily glad to resign them both. It is well that he laid aside the thoughts of the voluminous dictionary, of which I have heard you or somebody else frequently make mention. But no more on that subject; I would not have said so much, were I not assured that this letter will come safe and unopened to hand. I long much to tread upon English ground, that I may see you and Mr. Congreve, who render that ground classick ground; nor will you refuse our present secretary a part of that merit, whatever reasons you may have to be dissatisfied with him in other respects. You are the three happiest poets I ever heard of; one a secretary of state, the other enjoying leisure with dignity in two lucrative employments; and you, though your religious profession is an obstacle to court promotion, and disqualifies you from filling civil employments, have found the philosopher's stone, since by making the Iliad pass through your poetical crucible into an English

form, without losing aught of its original beauty, you have drawn the golden current of Pactolus to Twickenham. I call this finding the philosopher's stone, since you alone found out the secret, and nobody else has got into it. Addison and Tickell tried it, but their experiments failed; and they lost, if not their money, at least a certain portion of their fame in the trial;—while you touched the mantle of the divine bard, and imbibed his spirit. I hope we shall have the Odyssey soon from your happy hand, and I think I shall follow with singular pleasure the traveller Ulysses, who was an observer of men and manners, when he travels in your harmonious numbers. I love him much better than the hot-headed son of Peleus, who bullied his general, cried for his mistress, and so on. It is true, the excellence of the Iliad does not depend upon his merit or dignity, but I wish, nevertheless, that Homer had chosen a hero somewhat less pettish and less fantastick: a perfect hero is chimerical and unnatural, and consequently uninstructive; but it is also true that while the epic hero ought to be drawn with the infirmities that are the lot of humanity, he ought never to be represented as extremely absurd. But it becomes me ill to play the critick; so I take my leave of you for this time, and desire you will believe me, with the highest esteem, Yours, &c.

TO MR. POPE.

1718.

I HAVE been running about Paris at a strange rate with my sister, and strange sights have we seen. They are, at least, strange sights to me, for after having been accustomed to the gravity of the Turks, I can scarcely look with an easy and familiar aspect at the levity and agility of the airy phantoms that are dancing about me here, and I often think that I am at a puppet-shew amidst the representations of real life. I stare prodigiously, but nobody remarks it, for every body stares here; staring is à-la-mode—there is stare of attention and *interêt*, a stare of curiosity, a stare of expectation, a stare of surprize, and it would greatly amuse you to see what trifling objects excite all this staring. This staring would have rather a solemn kind of air, were it not alleviated by grinning, for at the end of a stare there comes always a grin, and very commonly the entrance of a gentleman or a lady into a room is accompanied with a grin, which is designed to express complacence and social pleasure, but really shews nothing more than a certain contortion of muscles that must make a stranger laugh really, as they laugh artificially. The French grin is equally remote from the chearful serenity of a smile, and the cordial mirth of an honest English horse-laugh. I shall not perhaps stay here long enough to form a just idea of French manners and characters, tho' this, I believe, would

require but little study, as there is no great depth in either. It appears on a superficial view, to be a frivolous, restless, and agreeable people. The Abbot is my guide, and I could not easily light upon a better; he tells me that here the women form the character of the men, and I am convinced in the persuasion of this by every company into which I enter. There seems here to be no intermediate state between infancy and manhood; for as soon as the boy has quit his leading-strings, he is set agog in the world; the ladies are his tutors, they make the first impressions, which generally remain, and they render the men ridiculous by the imitation of their humours and graces, so that dignity in manners is a rare thing here before the age of sixty. Does not King David say somewhere, that *Man walketh in a vain shew?* I think he does, and I am sure this is peculiarly true of the Frenchman—but he walks merrily and seems to enjoy the vision, and may he not therefore be esteemed more happy than many of our solid thinkers, whose brows are furrowed by deep reflection, and whose wisdom is so often cloathed with a rusty mantle of spleen and vapours?

What delights me most here is a view of the magnificence, often accompanied with taste, that reigns in the King's palaces and gardens; for tho' I don't admire much the architecture, in which there is great irregularity and want of proportion, yet the statues, paintings, and other decorations afford me high entertainment. One of the pieces

of antiquity that struck me most in the gardens of Versailles, was the famous collossean statue of Jupiter, the workmanship of Myron, which Mark Anthony carried away from Samos, and Augustus ordered to be placed in the Capitol. It is of Parian marble, and tho' it has suffered in the ruin of time, it still preserves striking lines of majesty. But surely, if marble could feel, the god would frown with a generous indignation to see himself transported from the Capitol into a French garden; and after having received the homage of the Roman emperors, who laid their laurels at his feet when they returned from their conquests, to behold now nothing but frizzled beaus passing by him with indifference.

I propose setting out soon from this place, so that you are to expect no more letters from this side of the water; besides, I am hurried to death, and my head swims with that vast variety of objects which I am obliged to view with such rapidity, the shortness of my time not allowing me to examine them at my leisure. There is here an excessive prodigality of ornaments and decorations, that is just the opposite extreme to what appears in our royal gardens; this prodigality is owing to the levity and inconstancy of the French taste, which always pants after something new, and thus heaps ornament upon ornament without end or measure. It is time, however, that I should put an end to my letter; so I wish you good night, And am, &c.

TO THE COUNT ——.

(Translated from the French.)

I AM charmed, sir, with your obliging letter; and you may perceive by the largeness of my paper, that I intend to give punctual answers to all your questions, at least if my French will permit me; for as it is a language I do not understand to perfection, so I much fear, that, for want of expressions, I shall be quickly obliged to finish. Keep in mind, therefore, that I am writing in a foreign language; and be sure to attribute all the impertinences and triflings dropping from my pen, to the want of proper words for declaring my thoughts, but by no means to dulness, or natural levity.

These conditions being thus agreed and settled, I begin with telling you, that you have a true notion of the Alcoran, concerning which, the Greek priests (who are the greatest scoundrels in the universe) have invented out of their own heads a thousand ridiculous stories, in order to decry the law of Mahomet; to run it down, I say, without any examination, or so much as letting the people read it; being afraid that if once they began to sift the defects of the Alcoran, they might not stop there, but proceed to make use of their judgment, about their own legends and fictions. In effect, there is nothing so like as the fables of the Greeks and of the Mahometans; and the last have multitudes of saints, at whose tombs miracles are by them said to

be daily performed; nor are the accounts of the lives of those blessed Mussulmans much less stuffed with extravagancies, than the spiritual romances of the Greek Papas.

As to your next enquiry, I assure you it is certainly false, though commonly believed in our parts of the world, that Mahomet excludes women from any share in a future happy state. He was too much a gentleman, and loved the fair sex too well, to use them so barbarously. On the contrary, he promises a very fine paradise to the Turkish women. He says, indeed, that this paradise will be a separate place from that of their husbands; but I fancy the most part of them won't like it the worse for that; and that the regret of this separation will not render their paradise the less agreeable. It remains to tell you, that the virtues which Mahomet requires of the women, to merit the enjoyment of future happiness, are not to live in such a manner as to become useless to the world, but to employ themselves, as much as possible, in making little Mussulmans. The virgins who die virgins, and the widows who marry not again, dying in mortal sin, are excluded out of paradise; for women, says he, not being capable to manage the affairs of state, nor to support the fatigues of war, God has not ordered them to govern or reform the world; but he has entrusted them with an office which is not less honourable, even that of multiplying the human race, and such as, out of malice or laziness, do not

make it their business to bear or to breed children, fulfil not the duty of their vocation, and rebel against the commands of God. Here are maxims for you, prodigiously contrary to those of your convents. What will become of your St. Catharines, your St. Theresas, your St. Claras, and the whole bead-roll of your holy virgins and widows? who, if they are to be judged by this system of virtue, will be found to have been infamous creatures, that passed their whole lives in a most abominable libertinism.

I know not what your thoughts may be concerning a doctrine so extraordinary with respect to us; but I can truly inform you, sir, that the Turks are not so ignorant as we fancy them to be, in matters of politicks, or philosophy, or even of gallantry. It is true, that military discipline, such as now practised in Christendom, does not mightily suit them. A long peace has plunged them into an universal sloth. Content with their condition, and accustomed to boundless luxury, they are become great enemies to all manner of fatigues. But to make amends, the sciences flourish among them. The effendis (that is to say, the learned) do very well deserve this name: they have no more faith in the inspiration of Mahomet, than in the infallibility of the Pope. They make a frank profession of deism among themselves, or to those they can trust, and never speak of the law but as of a politick institu-

tion, fit now to be observed by wise men, however at first introduced by politicians and enthusiasts.

If I remember right, I think I have told you in some former letter, that at Belgrade we lodged with a great and rich effendi, a man of wit and learning, and of a very agreeable humour. We were in his house about a month, and he did constantly eat with us, drinking wine without any scruple. As I rallied him a little on this subject, he answered me, smiling, that all creatures in the world were made for the pleasure of man; and that God would not have let the vine grow, were it a sin to taste of its juice: but that nevertheless the law, which forbids the use of it to the vulgar, was very wise, because such sort of folks have not sense enough to take it with moderation. This effendi appeared no stranger to the parties that prevail among us; nay, he seemed to have some knowledge of our religious disputes, and even of our writers: and I was surprised to hear him ask, among other things, how Mr. Toland did?

My paper, large as it is, draws towards an end. That I may not go beyond its limits, I must leap from religion to tulips, concerning which you ask me news. Their mixture produces surprising effects. But what is to be observed most surprising, is the experiment of which you speak concerning animals, and which is tried here every day. The suburbs of Pera, Tophana, and Galata, are collec-

tions of strangers from all countries of the universe. They have so often intermarried, that this forms several races of people, the oddest imaginable. There is not one single family of natives, that can value itself on being unmixed. You frequently see a person whose father was born a Grecian, the mother an Italian, the grandfather a Frenchman, the grandmother an Armenian, and their ancestors English, Muscovites, Asiaticks, &c.

This mixture produces creatures more extraordinary than you can imagine; nor could I ever doubt, but there were several different species of men; since the whites, the woolly and the long-haired blacks, the small-eyed Tartars and Chinese, the beardless Brasilians, and (to name no more) the oily-skinned yellow Nova Zemblians, have as specific differences under the same general kind, as greyhounds, mastiffs, spaniels, bull-dogs, or the race of my little Diana, if nobody is offended at the comparison. Now, as the various intermixing of these latter animals causes mungrels, so mankind have their mungrels too, divided and subdivided into endless sorts. We have daily proofs of it here, as I told you before. In the same animal is not seldom remarked the Greek perfidiousness, the Italian diffidence, the Spanish arrogance, the French loquacity, and all of a sudden he is seized with a fit of English thoughtfulness, bordering a little upon dulness, which many of us have inherited from the stupidity of our Saxon progeni-

tors. But the family which charms me most, is that which proceeds from the fantastical conjunction of a Dutch male with a Greek female. As these are nature's opposite in extremes, 'tis a pleasure to observe how the differing atoms are perpetually jarring together in the children, even so as to produce effects visible in their external form. They have the large black eyes of the country, with the fat, white, fishy flesh of Holland, and a lively air streaked with dulness. At one and the same time, they shew that love of expensiveness, so universal among the Greeks, and an inclination to the Dutch frugality. To give an example of this; young women ruin themselves to purchase jewels for adorning their heads, while they have not the heart to buy new shoes, or rather slippers for their feet, which are commonly in a tattered condition; a thing so contrary to the taste of our English women, that it is for shewing how neatly their feet are dressed, and for shewing this only, they are so passionately enamoured with their hoop petticoats. I have abundance of their singularities to communicate to you, but I am at the end both of my French and my paper.

TO LADY M. W. MONTAGUE.

MADAM,

MY lord says, in reading your most ingenious descriptions, he observed that your ladyship had the art of making common circumstances agreeable; as the lady's care of her lace in the storm, &c.* You have also made learned things instructive, as the copy of the Greek inscription; the which my lord desires that your ladyship will be pleased to send him again by the bearer, that he may better understand it than by the one he has; care will be taken to return it safe again. Though this is my lord's letter, yet I must beg leave to add to it, that I am, with the most unfeigned esteem, your ladyship's

Most obedient humble servant,

M. PEMBROKE.†

Friday evening.

* See p. 95.

† Mary Howe, daughter of Lord Viscount Howe, married to Thomas eighth Earl of Pembroke, 1725; the Lord Pembroke who collected the statues and medals at Wilton, and whose knowledge of classical antiquity might therefore make his praise flattering to Lady Mary Wortley. He had been a principal member of the Whig administrations under King William and Queen Anne, and the last person who held the office of Lord High Admiral; but now being old, and a great humourist, distinguished himself chiefly by odd whims and peculiarities; one of which was a fixed resolution not to believe that any thing he disliked, ever did or could happen. One must explain this by instances. He chose that his eldest son should always live in the house with him, while unmarried. The son, who

TO LADY M. W. MONTAGUE.

MADAM,

MY Lord Pembroke agrees with your ladyship, that it is a great surprize to him to know that you are the person that copied the inscription, but at the same time desires I will assure you that it is

was more than of age, and had a will of his own, often chose to live elsewhere. But let him be ever so distant, or stay away ever so long, his father still insisted on supposing him present; every day gravely bidding the butler tell Lord Herbert, dinner was ready; and the butler every day as gravely bringing word, that "his lordship dined abroad."

Marrying for the third time at seventy-five, he maintained strict dominion over a wife, whom other people thought safely arrived at years of discretion, and quite fit to take care of herself. She had leave to visit in an evening, but must never on any account stay out a minute later than ten o'clock, his supper hour. One night, however, she stayed till past twelve. He declined supping, telling the servants it could not be ten o'clock, as their lady was not come home. When at last she came in a terrible fright, and began making a thousand apologies, "My dear," said he very coolly, "you are under a mistake, it is but just ten,—your watch, I see, goes too fast, and so does mine: we must have the man to-morrow to set them to rights; meanwhile let us go to supper."

His example on another occasion might be worth following. Of all the Mede-and-Persian laws established in his house, the most peremptory was, that any servant who once got drunk should be instantly discharged, no pardon granted, no excuse listened to. Yet an old footman who had lived with him many years, would sometimes indulge in a pot of ale extraordinary, trusting to the wilful blindness which he saw assumed when convenient. One fatal day even this could not avail. As my lord crossed the hall, John appeared in full view; not rather

the most agreeable one he ever met with; and, if you will give him leave, with the utmost pleasure will wait on you this evening, betwixt six and seven o'clock; and though I know nothing of inscriptions, yet I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of going with him to the most agreeable conversation in the world; there being no one more sensible to your merits than your ladyship's

Most obedient humble servant,

M. PEMBROKE.

tipsy, or a little disguised, but dead drunk and unable to stand. Lord P. went up to him:—"My poor fellow, what ails you? you seem dreadfully ill,—let me feel your pulse.—God bless us, he is in a raging fever,—get him to bed directly, and send for the apothecary." The apothecary came; not to be consulted, for his lordship was physician-general in his own family; but to obey orders,—to bleed the patient copiously, clap a huge blister on his back, and give him a powerful dose of physic. After a few days of this treatment, when the fellow emerged weak and wan, as the severest illness could have left him,—"Hah, honest John," cried his master, "I am truly glad to see thee alive; you have had a wonderful escape though, and ought to be thankful—very thankful indeed. Why, man, if I had not passed by, and spied the condition you were in, you would have been dead before now. But John! John!" (lifting up his finger) "NO MORE OF THESE FEVERS."

LETTERS

TO

THE COUNTESS OF MAR

AT PARIS.

LETTERS

TO

THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[No date.]

I AM heartily sorry, dear sister, without any affectation, for any uneasiness that you suffer, let the cause be what it will, and I wish it was in my power to give you some more essential mark of it than mere pity; but I am not so fortunate; and 'till a fit occasion of disposing of some superfluous diamonds, I shall remain in this sinful seacoal town; and all that remains for me to do, to shew my willingness at least to divert you, is to send you faithful accounts of what passes among your acquaintance in this part of the world. My Lord Clare attracts the eyes of all the ladies, and gains all the hearts of those who have no other way of disposing of them but through their eyes. I have dined with him twice, and had he been dumb, I believe I should have been in the number of his admirers; but he lessened his beauty every time he spoke, 'till he left himself as few charms as Mr. Vane; though I confess his outside very like Mrs.

Duncombe, but that the lovely lines are softer there, with wit and spirit, and improved by learning.

The Duke of Wharton has brought his Duchess to town, and is fond of her to distraction; to break the hearts of all the other women that have any claim upon his.* He has public devotions twice a day, and assists at them in person with exemplary devotion; and there is nothing pleasanter than the remarks of some pious ladies on the conversion of so great a sinner. For my own part I have some coteries where wit and pleasure reign, and I should not fail to amuse myself tolerably enough, but for the horrid quality of growing older and older every day, and my present joys are made imperfect by my fears of the future.

Twickenham, 1720.

I HAVE had no answer, dear sister, to a long letter that I writ to you a month ago; however, I shall continue letting you know (*de temps en temps*) what passes in this corner of the world 'till you tell me 'tis disagreeable. I shall say little of the death of our great minister, because the papers

* This passage does not help us to fix the date of this letter, unless we suppose it to have been written very early after his first marriage, in the year 1716. His second wife, as it appears by the account in Chalmers' Biographical Dictionary, did not come to England 'till after his death. His first wife died 1726.

say so much.* I suppose that the same faithful historians give you regular accounts of the growth and spreading of the inoculation for the small-pox, which is become almost a general practice, attended with great success. I pass my time in a small snug set of dear intimates, and go very little into the *grande monde*, which has always had my hearty contempt. I see sometimes Mr. Congreve, and very seldom Mr. Pope, who continues to embellish his house at Twickenham. He has made a subterranean grotto, which he has furnished with looking-glasses, and *they tell me* it has a very good effect. I here send you some verses addressed to Mr. Gay, who wrote him a congratulatory letter on the finishing his house. I stifled them here, and I beg they may die the same death at Paris, and never go further than your closet:

" Ah, friend, 'tis true—this truth you lovers know—
In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow,
In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes
Of hanging mountains, and of sloping greens:
Joy lives not here; to happier seats it flies,
And only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes.

What are the gay parterre, the chequer'd shade,
The morning bower, the ev'ning colonade,
But soft recesses of uneasy minds,
To sigh unheard in, to the passing winds?
So the struck deer in some sequester'd part
Lies down to die, the arrow at his heart;

* James Craggs, esq. secretary of state, died February 15, 1720, aged 35.

There, stretch'd unseen in coverts hid from day,
Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away." *

My paper is done, and I beg you to send my lute-string of what colour you please.

[No date.]

I WISH to see you, dear sister, more than ever I did in my life; a thousand things pass before my eyes that would afford me infinite pleasure in your conversation, and that are lost for want of such a friend to talk them over. Lechmere is to be Lord Hungerford; but the most considerable incident that has happened a good while, was the ardent affection that Mrs. Harvey and her dear spouse took to me.† They visited me twice or thrice a day, and were perpetually cooing in my rooms. I was complaisant a great while; but (as you know) my talent has never lain much that way, I grew at last so weary of those birds of Paradise, I fled to Twick-'nam, as much to avoid their persecutions as for my own health, which is still in a declining way. I fancy the Bath would be a good remedy, but my affairs lie so oddly I cannot easily resolve upon it. If you please, dear sister, to buy twenty yards of the

* In Pope's Works the last eight lines only are published as a fragment. After his quarrel with Lady M. W. M. he disingenuously suppressed the compliment conveyed in the preceding.

† John, afterwards Lord Hervey, and Mary Lepell. Mr. Hervey married Miss Lepell in October 1720.

lutestring I have bespoke (black), and send it by the first opportunity; I suppose you know we are in mourning for Lady Pierrepont. Lady Loudown and Lady Stair are in my neighbourhood. The first of those ladies is on the brink of Scotland for life. She does not care; to say truth, I see no very lively reasons why she should.

I am affectionately yours.

DEAR SISTER, Twickenham, 1721.

MY eyes are very bad to-day, from having been such a beast to sit up late last night; however, I will write to enquire after your health, though at the expence of my own. I forgot whether I told you Lord Dorchester * and our sister Caroline have been inoculated, and are perfectly well after it. I saw her grace the Duchess of Kingston yesterday, who told me that she heard from you last post, and that you have been ill, but are recovered. My father is going to the Bath, Sir William Wyndham is dying of a fistula, Lady Darlington † and

* Afterward the late Duke of Kingston.

† Countess Platen, one of the German favourites of George I., created by him Countess of Darlington; Lady Howe, her daughter by the King, decorously called her niece, was lady of the bedchamber to Augusta, Princess of Wales; and the Prince used constantly to call her *aunt*. The three successive Lords Howe, whose names will remain in history, were the sons of this Lady Howe.

Lady Mohun* are packing up for the next world, and the rest of our acquaintance playing the fool in this *à l'ordinaire*. Among the rest a very odd whim has entered the little head of Mrs. Murray;† do you know that she won't visit me this winter? I, according to the usual integrity of my heart, and simplicity of my manners, with great *naïveté* desired to explain with her on the subject, and she answered that she was convinced that I had made the ballad upon her, and was resolved never to speak to me again. I answered (which was true) that I utterly defied her to have any one single proof of my making it, without being able to get any thing from her, but repetitions that she knew it. I cannot suppose that any thing you have said should occasion this rupture, and the reputation of a quarrel is always so ridiculous on both sides, that you would oblige me in mentioning it to her, for 'tis now at that pretty pass, she won't curtesy to me wherever she meets me, which is superlatively silly (if she really knew it), after a suspension of resentment for two years together. To turn the discourse on something more amusing, we had a masquerade last night, where I did not fail to trifle away a few hours agreeably enough, and fell into company with a quite new man, that has a great deal of wit, joined to a diabolical person: 'tis my Lord I——e,‡ whom 'tis

* Widow of the Lord Mohun who was killed in the famous duel with the Duke of Hamilton.

† Griselda Baillie, married in 1710 to Mr. Murray of Stanhope.

‡ Irwin.

impossible to love, and impossible not to be entertained with; that species are the most innocent part of the creation, *et ne laisse pas de faire plaisir*. I wish all mankind were of that class.——Dear sister, I would give the world to converse with you; *mais, helas!* the sea is between us.

Twickenham, 1721.*

I HAVE already writ you so many letters, dear sister, that if I thought you had silently received them all, I don't know whether I should trouble you with any more; but I flatter myself, that they have most of them miscarried: I had rather have my labours lost, than accuse you of unkindness. I send this by Lady Lansdown,† who I hope will have no curiosity to open my letter, since she will find in it, that I never saw any thing so miserably altered in my life: I really did not know her:—

* The date affixed to this letter is probably incorrect; as among the Suffolk letters there is one from Lady Lansdowne to Mrs. Howard, dated Paris, Oct. 9, 1720, and the very next letter in this collection, dated likewise 1721, speaks of Lady Lansdowne as in London. None of Lady Mary Wortley's letters to Lady Mar have any date affixed by herself.

† Mary, daughter of the first Earl of Jersey; widow of Mr. Thynne (her son by whom became Lord Weymouth); and married secondly to George Granville, Lord Lansdowne (the poet), one of Queen Anne's twelve peers. Their unmarried daughter, called Mrs. Betty Granville, was still living in 1789, and (it is believed) was the last Granville of the male line.

So must the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown;
So sinks the pride of the parterre,
When something over-blown.

My daughter makes such a noise in the room, 'tis impossible to go on in this heroic style. I hope yours is in great bloom of beauty. I fancy to myself we shall have the pleasure of seeing them co-toasts of the next age. I don't at all doubt but they will outshine all the little Auroras of this, for there never was such a parcel of ugly girls as reign at present. In recompence, they are very kind, and the men very merciful, and content in this dearth of charms with the poorest stuff in the world. This you'd believe, had I but time to tell you the tender loves of Lady Romney* and Lord Carmichael;† they are so fond, it does one's heart good to see them. There are some other pieces of scandal not unentertaining, particularly the Earl of S***r ‡ and Lady M. H****d,§ who, being your acquaintance, I thought would be some comfort to you. The town improves daily, all people seem to make the best of the talent God has given 'em.

The race of Roxbourghs, Thanets, and Suffolks,‖

* Lady Romney was Elizabeth, one of the daughters and co-heirs of Sir Cloudesly Shovel.

† Lord Carmichael, the eldest son of Lord Hyndford.

‡ Stair. § Howard.

‖ Roxburghs, Thanets, and Suffolks—elderly ladies distinguished for prudery and stateliness. The Roxana of Lady M. Wortley's Town-eclogue was meant for the Duchess of Roxburgh.

are utterly extinct; and every thing appears with that edifying plain dealing, that I may say, in the words of the Psalmist, "there is no sin in Israel."

I have already thanked you for my night-gown, but 'tis so pretty it will bear being twice thanked for. M. W. M.

Twickenham, 1721.

I CANNOT help being very sorry, for your sake, to hear that you persist in your design of retiring; though, as to my own part, I have no view of conversing with you where you now are, and ninety leagues are but a small addition to the distance between us. London was never more gay than it is at present; but I don't know how, I would fain be ten years younger; I love flattery so well, I would fain have some circumstances of probability added to it, that I might swallow it with comfort. The reigning Duchess of Marlborough* has entertained the town with concerts of Bononcini's composition very often: but she and I are not in that degree of friendship to have *me* often invited: we continue to see one another like two people who are resolved to hate with civility. Sophia is going to Aix la Chapelle, and from thence to Paris. I dare swear she'll endeavour to get acquainted with

* Henrietta, eldest daughter of the great Duke of Marlborough, inherited his title; she was married to Lord Godolphin.

you. We are broke to an irremediable degree. Various are the persecutions I have endured this winter, in all which I remain neuter, and shall certainly go to Heaven from the passive meekness of my temper. Lady Lansdown is in that sort of figure here, nobody cares to appear with her. Madame Villette has been the favourite of the town, and by a natural transition is grown the aversion; she has now nobody attached to her suite but the vivacious Lord Bathurst,* with whom I have been well and ill ten times within two months: we now hardly speak to one another.—I wish you would lay out part of my money in a made-up mantua and petticoat of Rat de St. Martin. It will be no trouble to you to send a thing of that nature by the first travelling lady. I give you many thanks for the good offices you promise me with regard to Mrs. Murray, and I shall think myself sincerely obliged to you, as I already am on many accounts. 'Tis very disagreeable in her to go about behaving and talking as she does, and very silly into the bargain. I am ever affectionately yours,

M. W. M.

* Allen Lord Bathurst, the well-known friend and patron of Pope, Swift, and Gay. He died in 1774, at the age of ninety-one; having enjoyed health, genius, and prosperity, in a very singular degree.

DEAR SISTER, 1722.

I AM surprized at your silence, which has been very long, and I am sure it is very tedious to me. I have writ three times; one of my letters I know you received long since, for Charles Churchill told me so at the Opera. At this instant I am at Twickenham; Mr. Wortley has purchased the small habitation where you saw me. We propose to make some small alterations. That and the education of my daughter are my chief amusements. I hope yours is well, *et ne fait que croître et embellir*. I beg you would let me hear soon from you; and particularly if the approaching coronation at Paris raises the price of diamonds. I have some to sell, and cannot dispose of them here. I am afraid you have quite forgot my plain lutestring, which I am in great want of; and I can hardly think you miss of opportunities to send it. At this dead season 'tis impossible to entertain you with news; and yet more impossible (with my dulness) to entertain you without it. The kindest thing I can do is to bring my letter to a speedy conclusion. I wish I had some better way of shewing you how sincerely I am yours. I am sure I never will slip any occasion of convincing you of it.

To the Countess of Mar.

Dear Sister,

I give you ten thousand thanks for the trouble you have given yourself. I hope you will continue to take some care of my affairs, because I do not hear they are finished, and I cannot yet get rid of my fears. You have not told me that you have received what I sent you by Lady Lansdown, as also three guineas that she took for you; one of which I beg you to lay out in the same narrow minunet which you sent Mrs. Murray; and send it me by the next opportunity, for the use of my daughter, who is very much your humble servant and grows a little woman. I suppose you know our sister Gower has lain-in in the country of a son. The Duchess of Kingston is preparing for the Bath. I live in a sort of solitude, which wants very little of being such as I would have it. Lady J. Wharton is to be married to Mr. Holt,* which I am sorry for;—to see a young woman that I really think one of the agreeablest girls upon earth so vilely misplaced — but where are people matched! — I suppose we shall all come right in Heaven; as in a country dance, the hands are strangely given and taken, while they are in motion, at last all meet their partners when the jig is done.

* This marriage took place July 3, 1723. Lady Jane Wharton was sister to Philip Duke of Wharton.

Twickenham, 1723.

I DO verily believe, my dear sister, that this is the twelfth if not the thirteenth letter I have written since I had the pleasure of hearing from you. It is an uncomfortable thing to have precious time spent, and one's wit neglected in this manner. Sometimes I think you are fallen into that utter indifference for all things on this side the water, that you have no more curiosity for the affairs of London than for those of Pekin; and if that be the case, 'tis downright impertinence to trouble you with news. But I cannot cast off the affectionate concern I have for you, and consequently must put you in mind of me whenever I have any opportunity. The bearer of this epistle is our cousin,*—and a consummate puppy, as you will perceive at first sight; his shoulder-knot last birth-day made many a pretty gentleman's heart ache with envy, and his addresses have made Miss Howard the happiest of her highness's honourable virgins;† besides the glory of thrusting the Earl of Deloraine from the post he held in her affections. But his relations are so ill bred as to be quite insensible of the honour arising from this conquest, and fearing that so much gallantry may conclude in

* This cousin probably was Lord Fielding.

† Miss Howard was daughter of Colonel Philip Howard, and was married, in 1726, to Henry Scott Earl of Deloraine, third son of James Duke of Monmouth.

captivity for life, pack him off to you, where 'tis to be hoped there is no such killing fair as Miss Howard. I made a sort of resolution at the beginning of my letter not to trouble you with the mention of what passes here, since you receive it with so much coldness. But I find it is impossible to forbear telling you the metamorphoses of some of your acquaintance, which appear as wondrous to me as any in Ovid. Would any one believe that Lady H*****ss† is a beauty, and in love? and that Mrs. Robinson is at the same time a prude and a kept mistress? and these things in spite of nature and fortune. The first of these ladies is tenderly attached to the polite Mr. M***,‡ and sunk in all the joys of happy love, notwithstanding she wants the use of her two hands by a rheumatism, and he has an arm that he cannot move. I wish I could tell you the particulars of this amour, which seems to me as curious as that between two oysters, and as well worth the serious attention of the naturalists. The second heroine has engaged half the town in arms, from the nicety of her virtue, which was not able to bear the too near approach of Senesino in the

† Holdernesse.

‡ Mildmay.—Benjamin Mildmay, Esq., brother of Charles Mildmay Lord Fitzwalter, (and afterwards Lord Fitzwalter,) was married to Lady Frederica Schomberg, eldest daughter of Meynhart Duke of Schomberg, and widow of Robert D'Arcy Earl of Holdernesse, 18 June, 1724.—*Historical Register.*

opera; and her condescension in her accepting of Lord Peterborough* for a champion, who has signalised both his love and courage upon this occasion in as many instances as ever Don Quixote did for Dulcinea. Poor Senesino, like a vanquished giant, was forced to confess upon his knees that Anastasia was a nonpareil of virtue and beauty. Lord Stanhope,† as dwarf to the said giant, joked on his side, and was challenged for his pains. Lord Delawar was Lord Peterborough's second; my lady miscarried — the whole town divided into parties on this important point. Innumerable have been the disorders between the two sexes on so great an account, besides half the house of peers being put under an arrest. By the providence of Heaven, and the wise cares of his Majesty, no bloodshed ensued. However, things are now tolerably accommodated; and the fair lady rides through the town in triumph in the shining berlin of her hero, not to reckon the more solid advantage of 100*l.* a-month, which 'tis said he allows her.

In general, gallantry was never in so elevated a figure as at present. Twenty very pretty fellows (the Duke of Wharton being president and chief director) have formed themselves into a committee

* He married Mrs. Anastasia Robinson in 1735, and died at Lisbon in the same year, aged seventy-seven.

† The celebrated Philip Dormer Stanhope, Lord Stanhope 1713—Lord Chesterfield 1726.

of gallantry, who call themselves *Schemers;* and meet regularly three times a-week, to consult on gallant schemes for the advancement and advantage of that branch of happiness. I consider the duty of a true Englishwoman is to do honour to her native country; and that it would be a sin against the pious love I bear to the land of my nativity, to confine the renown due to the schemers within the small extent of this little island, which ought to be spread wherever men can sigh, or women can wish. 'Tis true they have the envy and the curses of the old and ugly of both sexes, and a general persecution from all *old* women; but this is no more than all reformations must expect in their beginning. M. W. M.

The enclosed, as you will very well perceive, was writ to be sent by Mr. Vane, but he was posted off a day sooner than I expected, and it was left upon my hands; since which time the schemers got hold of it amongst them, and I had much ado to get it from them. I have also had a delightful letter from you, to let me know you are coming over; and I am advised not to write; but you having not named the time (which is expected with the utmost impatience by me and many more,) I am determined to send my epistle; but trouble you with no further account, though you will find here a thousand new and consequently amusing scenes.

Among our acquaintance things strangely are carry'd—
Lord Tenham is shot,* Mrs. Strickland is marry'd,
and —— with child and her husband is dying.

TO THE HONOURABLE MRS. CALTHORPE.†

My knight-errantry is at an end, and I believe I shall henceforward think freeing of galley-slaves, and knocking down windmills, more laudable undertakings than the defence of any woman's reputation whatever. To say truth, I have never had any great esteem for the generality of the fair sex, and my only consolation for being of that gender has been the assurance it gave me of never being married to any one among them. But I own at present I am so much out of humour with the actions of Lady Holdernesse that I never was so heartily ashamed of my petticoats before. You know, I suppose, that by this discreet match she renounces the care of her children, and I am laughed at by all my acquaintance for my faith in her honour and understanding. My only refuge is the

* Henry Roper Lord Teynham shot himself at his house in the Haymarket, 16th May 1723.

† This letter was inserted by Mr. Dallaway among those addressed to Mrs. Wortley; but Mrs. Wortley was dead before Lady Mary's marriage,—and the original letter is directed as above. Who Mrs. Calthorpe was, is not known to this Editor; but the letter is inserted in this place because it refers to the marriage of Lady Holdernesse to Mr. Mildmay; which took place in 1724.

sincere hope that she is out of her senses; and taking herself for the Queen of Sheba, and Mr. Mildmay for King Solomon, I do not think it quite so ridiculous. But the men, you may well imagine, are not so charitable; and they agree in the kind reflection, that nothing hinders women from playing the fool, but not having it in their power. The many instances that are to be found to support this opinion ought to make the few reasonable men valued,—but where are the reasonable ladies?—Dear madam, come to town that I may have the honour of saying there is one in St. James's Place.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

DEAR SISTER, Twickenham, 17—.

I WAS very glad to hear from you, though there was something in your letters very monstrous and shocking. I wonder with what conscience you can talk to me of your being an old woman; I beg I may hear no more on't. For my part I pretend to be as young as ever, and really am as young as needs to be, to all intents and purposes. I attribute all this to your living so long at Chatton, and fancy a week at Paris will correct such wild imaginations, and set things in a better light. My cure for lowness of spirits is not drinking nasty water, but galloping all day, and a moderate

glass of Champaigne at night in good company; and I believe this regimen, closely followed, is one of the most wholesome that can be prescribed, and may save one a world of filthy doses, and more filthy doctor's fees at the year's end. I rode to Twickenham last night, and, after so long a stay in town, am not sorry to find myself in my garden; our neighbourhood is something improved by the removal of some old maids, and the arrival of some fine gentlemen, amongst whom are Lord Middleton and Sir J. Gifford, who are, perhaps, your acquaintances: they live with their aunt, Lady Westmoreland, and we endeavour to make the country agreeable to one another.

Doctor Swift and Johnny Gay are at Pope's, and their conjunction has produced a ballad,* which, if nobody else has sent you, I will, being never better pleased than when I am endeavouring to amuse my dear sister, and ever yours.

M. W. M.

DEAR SISTER, Twickenham, 1723.

I SENT you a long letter by the Duchess of Montague; though I have had no answer, I cannot resolve to leave London without writing another. I go to-morrow to Twickenham, where I am occupied in some alterations of my house and gardens. I believe I have told you we bought it last year, and

* Published in Swift's Works.

there is some sort of pleasure in shewing one's own fancy upon one's own ground. If you please to send my night-gown to Mr. Hughes, an English banquier at Paris, directed for Madame Cantillon, it will come safe to my hands; she is a new neighbour of mine, has a very handsome house in the village, and herself eclipses most of our London beauties: you know how fond we are of novelty, besides that she is really very pretty and does not want understanding, and I have a thousand commodities in her acquaintance. Mrs. Davenant is returned from Genoa, and I have the pleasure of an agreeable intimacy with her; so much for my acquaintance. Lady Byng has inoculated both her children, and is big with child herself; the operation is not yet over, but I believe they will do very well. Since that experiment has not yet had any ill effect, the whole town are doing the same thing, and I am so much pulled about and solicited to visit people, that I am forced to run into the country to hide myself. There is a ridiculous marriage on the point of conclusion that diverts me much. You know Lady Mary Sanderson; she is making over her discreet person and 1500*l.* a-year jointure to the tempting embrace of the noble Earl of Pembroke, aged 73.*

M. W. M.

* This marriage never took place.

[No date.]

I HAVE writ to you at least five-and-forty letters, dear sister, without receiving any answer, and resolved not to confide in post-house fidelity any more; being firmly persuaded that they never came to your hands, or you would not refuse one line to let me know how you do, which is and ever will be of great importance to me. The freshest news in town is the fatal accident happened three nights ago to a very pretty young fellow, brother to Lord Finch, who was drinking with a dearly beloved drab, whom you may have heard of by the name of Sally Salisbury. In a jealous pique she stabbed him to the heart with a knife. He fell down dead immediately, but a surgeon being called for, and the knife drawn out of his body, he opened his eyes, and his first words were to beg her to be friends with him, and kissed her. She has since staid by his bed-side 'till last night, when he begged her to fly, for he thought he could not live; and she has taken his advice, and perhaps will honour you with her residence at Paris. Adieu, dear sister. I send you along with this letter the Count of Caÿlus, who if you do not know already you will thank me for introducing to you; he is a Frenchman, and no fop; which, besides the curiosity of it, is one of the prettiest things in the world.

Since you find it so difficult to send me the lutestring that I asked for, I beg you would lay out my

money in a night-gown ready made, there can be no difficulty in sending that by the first person that comes over; I shall like it the better for your having worn it one day, and then it may be answered for that it is not new. If this is also impossible, pray return me my money, deducting for the minunet which I have received.

DEAR SISTER, Twickenham, 1722.

I HAVE writ you so many letters which you say you have not received, that I suppose you won't receive this; however, I will acquit myself to my own conscience as a good Christian ought to do. I am sure I can never be really wanting in any expression of affection to you, to whom I can never forget what I owe in many respects. Our mutual acquaintance are exceedingly dispersed, and I am engaged in a new set, whose ways would not be entertaining to you, since you know not the people. Mrs. Murray is still at Castle-Howard: I am at Twickenham, where there is, at this time, more company than at London. Your poor soul Mrs. Johnston is returned into our neighbourhood, and sent to me to carry her to Richmond-court to-morrow, but I begged to be excused: she is still in sad pickle. I think Mr. and Madame Harvey are at Lord Bristol's. *A propos* of that family: the Countess is come out a new creature; she has left off the dull occupations of hazard and basset, and is grown

young, blooming, coquet, and gallant; and, to shew she is fully sensible of the errors of her past life, and resolved to make up for time misspent, she has two lovers at a time, and is equally wickedly talked of for the gentle Colonel Cotton and the superfine Mr. Braddocks. Now I think this the greatest compliment in nature to her own lord; since it is plain that when she will be false to him, she is forced to take two men in his stead, and that no one mortal has merit enough to make up for him. Poor Lady G***† is parting from her discreet spouse for a mere trifle. She had a mind to take the air this spring in a new yacht (which Lord Hillsborough‡ built for many good uses, and which has been the scene of much pleasure and pain): she went in company with his Lordship, Fabrice, Mr. Cook, Lady Litchfield,§ and her sister, as far as Greenwich, and from thence as far as the buoy of the Nore; when to the great surprise of the good company, who thought it impossible the wind should not be as fair to bring them back as it was to carry them thither, they found there was no possibility of returning that night. Lady G***, in all the

† Gage.—Benedicta Maria, daughter and sole heir of Benedict Hall, of High Meadow in the county of Gloucester, Esq.

‡ Lord Hillsborough, father of the Lord Hillsborough who was Secretary of State under George the Third, and ancestor to the Marquis of Downshire, had the fame both in England and Ireland of being the wildest and most scandalous libertine of the age.

§ Frances, daughter of Sir John Hales, of Wood-church, Kent.

concern of a good wife, desired her lord might be informed of her safety, and that she was no way blameable in staying out all night. Fabrice writ a most gallant letter to Lord G*** ;† concluding that Mr. Cook presents his humble service to him, and let him know (in case of necessity) "*Lady Margaret was in town:*" ‡ but his lordship not liking the change, I suppose, carried the letter strait to the King's Majesty, who not being at leisure to give him an audience, he sent it in open by Mahomet; though it is hard to guess what sort of redress he intended to petition for — the nature of the thing being such, that had he complained he was no cuckold, his Majesty at least might have prevailed that some of his court might confer that dignity upon him, but if he was, neither King, council, nor the two houses of parliament, could make it null and of none effect. This public rupture is succeeded by a treaty of separation, and here is all the scandal that is uppermost in my head. I should be glad to contribute any way to your entertainment, and am very sorry to stand in so much need of it. I am ever yours. M. W. M.

I wish you would think of my lutestring, for I am in terrible want of linings.

† Thomas, first Lord Gage.

‡ Lady Margaret Tufton, daughter of the Earl of Thanet, was married to Thomas Coke of Norfolk, Esq. July 2, 1718.

DEAR SISTER, Cavendish-square, 1723.

I HAVE written to you twice since I received yours in answer to that I sent by Mr. De Caylus, but I believe none of what I send by the post ever come to your hands, nor ever will while they are directed to Mr. Waters, for reasons that you may easily guess. I wish you would give me a safer direction; it is very seldom I can have the opportunity of a private messenger, and it is very often that I have a mind to write to my dear sister. If you have not heard of the Duchess of Montague's intended journey, you will be surprised at your manner of receiving this, since I send it by one of her servants: she does not design to see any body nor any thing at Paris, and talks of going from Montpellier to Italy. I have a tender esteem for her, and am heartily concerned to lose her conversation, yet I cannot condemn her resolution. I am yet in this wicked town, but purpose to leave it as soon as the parliament rises. Mrs. Murray and all her satellites have so seldom fallen in my way, I can say little about them. Your old friend Mrs. Louther is still fair and young, and in pale pink every night in the parks; but, after being highly in favour, poor I am in utter disgrace, without my being able to guess wherefore, except she fancied me the author or abettor of two vile ballads written on her dying adventure, which I am so innocent of

that I never saw it.* *A propos* of ballads, a most delightful one is said or sung in most houses about our dearly beloved plot, which has been laid first to Pope, and secondly to me, when God knows we have neither of us wit enough to make it. Mrs. Harvey lies-in of a female child. Lady Rich is happy in dear Sir Robert's absence, and the polite Mr. Holt's return to his allegiance, who, though in a treaty of marriage with one of the prettiest girls in town (Lady J. Wharton), appears better with her than ever. Lady B. Manners is on the brink of matrimony with a Yorkshire Mr. Monkton of 3000*l.* per annum: it is a match of the young Duchess's making, and she thinks matter of great

* Mrs. Lowther was a respectable woman, single, and, as it appears by the text, not willing to own herself middle-aged. Another lady happened to be sitting at breakfast with her when an awkward country lad, new in her service, brought word that "there was one as begged to speak to her." — "What is his name?"—"Don't know."—"What sort of person? a gentleman?"—"Can't say rightly."—"Go and ask him his business."—The fellow returned grinning. "Why, madam, he says as how—he says he is—"—"Well, what does he say, fool?"—"He says he is one as dies for your ladyship." — "Dies for me!" exclaimed the lady, the more incensed from seeing her friend inclined to laugh as well as her footman,—"was there ever such a piece of insolence? Turn him out of my house this minute. And hark ye, shut the door in his face." The clown obeyed; but going to work more roughly than John Bull will ever admit of, produced a scuffle that disturbed the neighbours and called in the constable. At last the audacious lover driven to explain himself proved nothing worse than an honest tradesman, a dyer, whom her ladyship often employed to refresh her old gowns.

triumph over the two coquet beauties, who can get nobody to have and to hold; they are decayed to a piteous degree, and so neglected that they are grown constant and particular to the two ugliest fellows in London. Mrs. P——* condescends to be publicly kept by the noble Earl of Cadogan; whether Mr. P——† has a pad nag deducted out of the profits for his share I cannot tell, but he appears very well satisfied with it. This is, I think, the whole state of love; as to that of wit, it splits itself into ten thousand branches; poets increase and multiply to that stupendous degree, you see them at every turn, even in embroidered coats and pink-coloured top-knots; making verses is become almost as common as taking snuff, and God can tell what miserable stuff people carry about in their pockets, and offer to all their acquaintances, and you know one cannot refuse reading and taking a pinch. This is a very great grievance, and so particularly shocking to me, that I think our wise lawgivers should take it into consideration, and appoint a fast-day to beseech Heaven to put a stop to this epidemical disease, as they did last year for the plague with great success.

Dear sister, adieu. I have been very free in this letter, because I think I am sure of its going safe. I wish my night-gown may do the same:—I only

* Poultney.

† Daniel Poulteney Esq. married to Mrs. Titchbourne, sister to the Countess of Sunderland, 14th December 1717.

choose that as most convenient to you; but if it was equally so, I had rather the money was laid out in plain lutestring, if you could send me eight yards at a time of different colours, designing it for linings; but if this scheme is impracticable, send me a night-gown *à-la-mode*.

DEAR SISTER, 1723.

I AM now so far recovered from the dangerous illness which I had when I received your letter, that I hope I may think of being once more a woman of this world. But I know not how to convey this letter to you. I intend to send it to Mrs. Murray. I have a great many reasons to believe the present direction you have given me a very bad one; especially since you say that you have never received one of the number of letters that I really have sent you. I suppose the public prints (if nobody else) have informed you of the sudden death of poor Lady Dowager Gower,* which has made a large addition to Lord Gower's fortune, and utterly ruined Mrs. Proby's,† who is now in very deplorable cir-

* Lady Gower, relict of John Leveson Gower, the first Peer, Baron Gower of Sittenham, died 8th March 1723.

† Mrs. Proby was the wife of John Proby of Elton Hall, in the county of Huntingdon, Esq., and sister of John Leveson Gower, Lord Gower—the first Earl. Her son John Proby was the first Lord Carysfort.

cumstances. I see Mrs. Murray so seldom I can give little account of her, but I suppose her house is the same place it used to be. Operas flourish more than ever, and I have been in a tract of going every time. The people I live most with are none of your acquaintance; the Duchess of Montague excepted, whom I continue to see often. Her daughter Belle is at this instant in the paradisal state of receiving visits every day from a passionate lover, who is her first love; whom she thinks the finest gentleman in Europe, and is, besides that, Duke of Manchester.* Her mamma and I often laugh and sigh reflecting on her felicity, the consummation of which will be in a fortnight. In the mean time they are permitted to be alone together every day. These are lawful matters that one may talk of; letters are so surely opened, I dare say nothing to you either of our intrigues or duels, both which would afford great matter of mirth and speculation. Adieu, dear sister. Pray don't forget the night-gown, and let it be what you please.

Twickenham, 1723.

I AM very sorry, dear sister, that you are in so melancholy a way, but I hope a return to Paris will

* William Montague, Duke of Manchester, married to the Lady Isabella Montague, eldest daughter of John Duke of Montague, April 16, 1723.

revive your spirits; I had much rather have said London, but I do not presume upon so much happiness. I was last night at the play *en famille*, in the most literal sense; my sister Gower dragged me thither in company of all our children, with Lady F. Pierrepoint at their head. My third niece Leveson, Jenny by name,* will come out an errant beauty; she is really like the Duchess of Queensborough.

As for news, the last wedding is that of Peg Pelham,† and I think I have never seen so comfortable a prospect of happiness; according to all appearance she cannot fail of being a widow in six weeks at farthest, and accordingly she has been so good a house-wife as to line her wedding-clothes with black. Assemblies rage in this part of the world; there is not a street in town free from them, and some spirited ladies go to seven in a night. You need not question but love and play flourish under these encouragements: I now and then peep upon these things with the same coolness I would do on a moving picture; I laugh at some of the motions, wonder at others, &c. and then retire to the elected few, that have ears and hear, but mouths have they and speak not. One of these chosen, to my great sorrow, will soon be at Paris; I mean

* The Hon. Jane Leveson Gower, who died unmarried in May 1737.

† Hon. Margaret Pelham, married to Sir John Shelley, Bart. of Michel Grove, in Sussex, and died in 1758.

Lady Stafford, who talks of removing next April: she promises to return, but I had rather she did not go.

Twickenham, Oct. 20, 1723.

I AM heartily sorry to have the pleasure of hearing from you lessened by your complaints of uneasiness, which I wish with all my soul I was capable of relieving, either by my letters or any other way. My life passes in a kind of indolence which is now and then awakened by agreeable moments; but pleasures are transitory, and the ground-work of every thing in England stupidity, which is certainly owing to the coldness of this vile climate. I envy you the serene air of Paris, as well as many other conveniences there: what between the things one cannot do, and the things one must not do, the time but dully lingers on, though I make as good a shift as many of my neighbours. To my great grief, some of my best friends have been extremely ill; and, in general, death and sickness have never been more frequent than now. You may imagine poor gallantry droops; and, except in the elysian shades of Richmond, there is no such thing as love or pleasure. It is said there is a fair lady retired for having taken too much of it: for my part they are not at all cooked to my taste; and I have very little share in the diversions there, which, except seasoned with wit, or at least vivacity, will not go

down with me who have not altogether so voracious an appetite as I once had: I intend, however, to shine and be fine on the birth-night, and review the figures there. My poor friend the young Duchess of Marlborough,* I am afraid, has exposed herself to a most violent ridicule; she is as much embarrassed with the loss of her big belly, and as much ashamed of it, as ever a dairy maid was with the getting one.

I desire you would say something very pretty to your daughter in my name: notwithstanding the great gulph that is at present between us, I hope to wait on her to an opera one time or other. I suppose you know our uncle Fielding† is dead: I regret him prodigiously. M. W. M.

Oct. 31, 1723.

I WRITE to you at this time piping-hot from the birth-night; my brain warmed with all the agreeable ideas that fine clothes, fine gentlemen, brisk tunes, and lively dances, can raise there. It is to be hoped that my letter will entertain you; at least

* Henrietta, eldest daughter of John Duke of Marlborough, married to Francis Earl of Godolphin, and upon the death of her father in 1722, succeeded to his honours; she was the particular friend of Congreve, who bequeathed her 10,000*l.*

† William Fielding, Esq. second son of W. Earl of Denbigh, Gentleman of the Bedchamber and Deputy Comptroller of the Household, died in September 1723.

you will certainly have the freshest account of all passages on that glorious day. First you must know that I led up the ball, which you 'll stare at; but what is more, I believe in my conscience I made one of the best figures there; to say truth, people are grown so extravagantly ugly, that we old beauties are forced to come out on show-days, to keep the court in countenance. I saw Mrs. Murray there, through whose hands this epistle will be conveyed; I do not know whether she will make the same complaint to you that I do. Mrs. West was with her, who is a great prude, having but two lovers at a time: I think those are Lord Haddington and Mr. Lindsay; the one for use, the other for show.

The world improves in one virtue to a violent degree, I mean plain-dealing. Hypocrisy being, as the Scripture declares, a damnable sin, I hope our publicans and sinners will be saved by the open profession of the contrary virtue. I was told by a very good author, who is deep in the secret, that at this very minute there is a bill cooking-up at a hunting-seat in Norfolk,* to have *not* taken out of the commandments and clapped into the creed, the ensuing session of parliament. This bold attempt for the liberty of the subject is wholly projected by Mr. Walpole, who proposed it to the secret committee in his parlour. William Young† seconded

* Houghton; Mr. (afterward Sir Robert) Walpole's, then prime-minister.

† Sir William Young.

it, and answered for all his acquaintance voting right to a man: Doddington* very gravely objected, that the obstinacy of human nature was such, that he feared when they had positive commandments to do so, perhaps people would not commit adultery and bear false witness against their neighbours with the readiness and cheerfulness they do at present. This objection seemed to sink deep into the minds of the greatest politicians at the board, and I don't know whether the bill won't be dropped, though it is certain it might be carried on with great ease, the world being entirely "*revenue du bagatelle*," and honour, virtue, reputation, &c. which we used to hear of in our nursery, is as much laid aside and forgotten as crumpled ribands. To speak plainly, I am very sorry for the forlorn state of matrimony, which is as much ridiculed by our young ladies as it used to be by young fellows: in short, both sexes have found the inconveniences of it, and the appellation of rake is as genteel in a woman as a man of quality; it is no scandal to say Miss ——, the maid of honour, looks very well now she is up again, and poor Biddy Noel has never been quite well since her last confinement. You may imagine we married women look very silly; we have nothing to excuse ourselves, but that it was done a great while ago, and we were very young when we did it. This is the general state of affairs: as to particulars, if

* George Bubb Doddington, afterward Lord Melcomb-Regis, whose Diary has been published.

you have any curiosity for things of that kind, you have nothing to do but to ask me questions, and they shall be answered to the best of my understanding; my time never being passed more agreeably than when I am doing something obliging to you: this is truth, in spite of all the beaus, wits, and witlings, in Great Britain.

M. W. M.

DEAR SISTER, Cavendish-square, 1724.

I CANNOT positively fix a time for my waiting on you at Paris; but I do verily believe I shall make a trip thither, sooner or later. This town improves in gaiety every day; the young people are younger than they used to be, and all the old are grown young. Nothing is talked of but entertainments of gallantry by land and water, and we insensibly begin to taste all the joys of arbitrary power. Politics are no more; nobody pretends to winch or kick under their burthens; but we go on cheerfully with our bells at our ears, ornamented with ribands, and highly contented with our present condition: so much for the general state of the nation. The last pleasure that fell in my way was Madame Sevigné's Letters; very pretty they are, but I assert, without the least vanity, that mine will be full as entertaining forty years hence. I advise you, therefore, to put none of them to the use of waste paper. You say nothing to me of the change of your ministry;

I thank you for your silence on that subject; I don't remember myself ever child enough to be concerned who reigned in any part of the earth. I am more touched at the death of poor Miss Chiswell, who is carried off by the small-pox. I am so oddly made, that I never forget the tenderness contracted in my infancy; and I think of any past play-fellow with a concern that few people feel for their present favourites. After giving you melancholy by this tragedy, 'tis but reasonable I should conclude with a farce, that I may not leave you in ill humour. I have so good an opinion of your taste, to believe Harlequin in person will never make you laugh so much as the Earl of S****'s† furious passion for Lady Walpole‡ (aged fourteen and some months). Mrs. M*****§ undertook to bring the business to bear, and provided the opportunity (a great ingredient you'll say); but the young lady proved skittish. She did not only turn this heroic flame into present ridicule, but exposed all his generous sentiments, to divert her husband and father-in-law. His lordship is gone to Scotland; and if there was any body wicked enough to write upon it, there is a subject worthy the pen of the best ballad-maker in Grub-street.

M. W. M.

† Stair's.

‡ Margaret, daughter and heir of Samuel Rolle, Esq. of Haynton, co. Devon, married to Robert Lord Walpole, March 26, 1724.

§ Murray.

Cavendish-square, 1725.

I THINK this is the first time of my life that a letter of yours has lain by me two posts unanswered. You 'll wonder to hear that short silence is occasioned by not having a moment unemployed at Twickenham; but I pass many hours on horseback, and I 'll assure you, ride stag hunting, which I know you 'll stare to hear of. I have arrived to vast courage and skill that way, and am as well pleased with it as with the acquisition of a new sense: his Royal Highness hunts in Richmond Park, and I make one of the *beau monde* in his train. I desire you after this account not to name the word old woman to me any more: I approach to fifteen nearer than I did ten years ago, and am in hopes to improve every year in health and vivacity. Lord Bolingbroke is returned to England, and is to do the honours at an assembly at Lord Berkley's the ensuing winter. But the most surprising news is Lord B****t's† assiduous court to their Royal Highnesses, which fills the coffee-houses with profound speculations. But I, who smell a rat at a considerable distance, do believe in private that Mrs. H****d ‡ and his lordship have a friendship that borders upon "the tender;" and though in histories, learned ignorance attributes all to cunning or to chance,

† Bathurst's. ‡ Howard.

Love in that grave disguise does often smile,
Knowing the cause was kindness all the while.

I am in hopes your King of France behaves better than our Duke of B*****d;† who, by the care of a pious mother, certainly preserved his virginity to his marriage-bed, where he was so much disappointed in his fair bride, who (though his own inclinations‡) could not bestow on him those expressless raptures he had figured to himself, that he already pukes at the very name of her, and determines to let his estate go to his brother, rather than go through the filthy drudgery of getting an heir to it.

N.B. This is true history, and I think the most extraordinary has happened in this last age. This comes of living till sixteen without a competent knowledge either of practical or speculative anatomy, and literally thinking fine ladies composed of lilies and roses. *A propos* of the best red and white to be had for money; Lady Hervey is more delightful than ever, and such a politician, that if people were not blind to merit, she would govern the nation. Mrs. Murray has got a new lover in the most accomplished Mr. Doddington —so far for the progress of love. That of wit has taken a very odd course, and is making the tour of Ireland, from whence we have packets of ballads, songs, petitions, panegyrics, &c.: so powerful is the influence of Lord Carteret's wit, and

† Bedford. ‡ His own inclinations, *his own choice.*

my lady's beauty, the Irish rhime that never rhimed before.

Adieu, dear sister, I take a sincere part in all that relates to you, and am ever yours. I beg, as the last favour, that you would make some small enquiry, and let me know the minute Lord Finch* is at Paris.

M. W. M.

Twickenham, 1725.

I AM now at the same distance from London that you are from Paris, and could fall into solitary amusements with a good deal of taste; but I resist it, as a temptation of Satan, and rather turn my endeavours to make the world as agreeable to me as I can, which is the true philosophy; that of despising it is of no use but to hasten wrinkles. I ride a good deal, and have got a horse superior to any two-legged animal, he being without a fault. I work like an angel. I receive visits upon idle days, and I shade my life as I do my tent-stitch, that is, make as easy transitions as I can from business to pleasure; the one would be too flaring and gaudy without some dark shades of t'other; and if I worked altogether in the grave colours, you know 'twould be quite dismal. Miss Skerret is in the house with

* Afterward Earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham, Comptroller of the household to George II.

me, and Lady Stafford has taken a lodging at Richmond: as their ages are different, and both agreeable in their kind, I laugh with the one, or reason with the other, as I happen to be in a gay or serious humour; and I manage my friends with such a strong yet with a gentle hand, that they are both willing to do whatever I have a mind to.

My daughter presents her duty to you, and service to Lady Frances,* who is growing to womanhood apace: I long to see her and you, and am not destitute of wandering designs to that purpose. M. W. M.

Cavendish-square, 1725.

I AM heartily sorry, dear sister, for all that displeases you, and for this time admit of your excuses for silence; but I give you warning, *c'est pour la dernière fois:* to say truth, they don't seem very reasonable; whatever keeps one at home naturally inclines one to write, especially when you can give a friend so much pleasure as your letters always do to me. Miss Skerret† staid all the remainder of the summer with me, and we are now come to town, where variety of things happen every day.

* Who afterward was the wife of her cousin, John Erskine, Esq.

† Maid of honour to Queen Caroline, and afterward the second wife of Sir Robert Walpole.

Sophia and I have an immortal quarrel; which, though I resolve never to forgive, I can hardly forbear laughing at. An acquaintance of mine is married, whom I wish very well to: Sophia has been pleased, on this occasion, to write the most infamous ballad that ever was written; wherein both the bride and bridegroom are intolerably mauled, especially the last, who is complimented with the hopes of cuckoldom, and forty other things equally obliging. Sophia has distributed this ballad in such a manner, as to make it pass for mine, on purpose to plague the poor innocent soul of the new-married man, whom I should be the last of creatures to abuse. I know not how to clear myself of this vile imputation, without a train of consequences I have no mind to fall into. In the mean time Sophia enjoys the pleasure of heartily plaguing both me and that person.

Perhaps I may pass the Christmas holidays at Paris. Adieu, dear sister. The new opera is execrable. M. W. M.

DEAR SISTER, Cavendish-square, 1725.

I AM extremely sorry for your indisposition, and did not wait for a letter to write to you, but my Lord C***e† has been going every day this three weeks, and I intended to charge him with a

† Clare.

pacquet. Nobody ever had such ineffectual charms as his lordship; beauty and money are equally ill bestowed, when a fool has the keeping of them; they are incapable of happiness, and every blessing turns useless in their hands. You advise a change of taste, which I confess I have no notion of; I may, with time, change my pursuit, for the same reason that I may feed upon butcher's meat when I am not able to purchase greater delicacies, but I am sure I shall never forget the flavour of *gibier*. In the mean time I divert myself passably enough, and take care to improve as much as possible that stock of vanity and credulity that Heaven in its mercy has furnished me with; being sensible that to those two qualities, simple as they appear, all the pleasures of life are owing. My sister Gower is in town, on the point of lying-in. I see every body, but converse with nobody but *des amies choisies;* in the first rank of these are Lady Stafford and dear Molly Skerret, both of which have now the additional merit of being old acquaintances, and never having given me any reason to complain of either of 'em. I pass some days with the Duchess of Montague,* who might be a reigning beauty if she pleased. I see the whole town every Sunday, and select a few that I retain to supper; in short, if life could be always what it is, I believe I have so much humility in my temper that I could be con-

* Lady Mary Churchill, fourth and youngest daughter of John Duke of Marlborough; she died in May 1757.

tented without any thing better, this two or three hundred years: but alas!

> Dullness, and wrinkles, and disease, must come,
> And age and death's irrevocable doom.

M. W. M.

Cavendish-square, 1725.

I BELIEVE you have by this time, dear sister, received my letter from the hand of that thing my Lord Clare; however, I love you well enough to write again, in hopes you will answer my letters one time or other. All our acquaintances are run mad; they do such things! such monstrous and stupendous things! Lady Hervey and Lady Bristol have quarrelled in such a polite manner, that they have given one another all the titles so liberally bestowed amongst the ladies at Billingsgate. Sophia and I have been quite reconciled, and are now quite broke, and I believe not likely to piece up again. Ned Thompson* is as happy as the money and charms of Belle Dunch can make him, and a miserable dog for all that. Public places flourish more than ever: we have assemblies for every day in the week, besides court, operas, and masquerades; with youth and money, 'tis certainly pos-

* Edward Thompson, Esq., of Marsden in the county of York, was married, 6th Feb. 1725, to Mrs. Arabella Dunch, daughter of Edward Dunch, of Wittenham in the county of Berks, Esq.—*Historical Register.*

sible to be very well diverted in spite of malice and ill-nature, though they are more and more powerful every day. For my part, as it is my established opinion that this globe of ours is no better than a Holland cheese, and the walkers about in it mites, I possess my mind in patience, let what will happen; and should feel tolerably easy, though a great rat came and eat half of it up. My sister Gower has got a sixth daughter * by the grace of God, and is as merry as if nothing had happened. My poor love Mr. Cook has fought and been disarmed by J. Stapleton on a national quarrel; in short, he was born to conquer nothing in England, that's certain, and has good luck neither with our ladies nor gentlemen. B. Noel† is come out Lady Milsington, to the encouragement and consolation of all the coquets about town; and they make haste to be as infamous as possible, in order to make their fortunes. I have this moment received from Mrs. Peling a very pretty cap for my girl; I give you many thanks for the trouble you have had in sending it, and desire you would be so good to send the other things when you have opportunity. I have another favour to ask, that you would make

* Honourable Evelyn Leveson Gower, who married John Fitzpatrick, Earl of Upper Ossory.

† This marriage took place 30th November 1724. Lord Milsington was eldest son of David Collier Earl of Portmore. She was the daughter of John Noel, of Walcote in the county of Northampton, Esquire. She survived Lord Milsington, and died in 1729.

my compliments to our English embassador when you see him. I have a constancy in my nature that makes me always remember my old friends.

M. W. M.

Twickenham, 1725.

I WROTE to you very lately, my dear sister; but ridiculous things happening, I cannot help (as far as in me lies) sharing all my pleasures with you. I own I enjoy vast delight in the folly of mankind; and, God be praised, that is an inexhaustible source of entertainment. You may remember that I mentioned in my last, some suspicions of my own in relation to Lord Bat—,* which I really never mentioned, for fifty reasons, to any one whatever; but as there is very rarely smoke without some fire, there is never fire without some smoke. These smothered flames, though admirably covered with whole heaps of politics laid over them, were at length seen, felt, heard, and understood; and the fair lady given to understand by her commanding officer, that if she served under other colours, she must expect to have her pay retrenched. Upon which the good lord was dismissed, and has not attended in the drawing-room since. You know one cannot help laughing, when one sees him next, and I own I long for that pleasurable moment.

I am sorry for another of our acquaintance,

* Bathurst.

whose follies (for it is not possible to avoid that word) are not of a kind to give mirth to those who wish her well. The discreet and sober Lady L***re† has lost such furious sums at the Bath, that it may be questioned, whether all the sweetness the waters can put into my lord's blood, can make him endure it, particularly 700*l.* at one sitting, which is aggravated with many astonishing circumstances. This is as odd to me as my Lord T——m's‡ shooting himself; and another demonstration of the latent fire that lies under cold countenances. We wild girls always make your prudent wives and mothers.

I hear some near relations of ours are at Paris, with whom I think you are not acquainted. I mean Lord Denbigh and his Dutch lady,§ who, I am very certain, is the produce of some French valet de chambre. She is entertaining enough,

> ———extremely gay,
> Loves music, company, and play—

I suppose you will see her.

M. W. M.

† Letchmere.—Lady Letchmere was Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Charles Howard Earl of Carlisle, and wife of Nicholas Letchmere, Lord Letchmere of Evesham; she afterwards married Thomas Robinson, Esq. of Rokeby Park, and died at Bath, April 10, 1739.

‡ Tenham's.

§ Isabella, daughter of Peter de Yong of Utrecht, in Holland, and sister of the Marchioness of Blandford.

Cavendish-square, 1725.

I AM very glad, dear sister, to hear you mention our meeting in London. We are much mistaken here as to our ideas of Paris:—to hear that gallantry has forsaken it, sounds as extraordinary to me as a want of ice in Greenland. We have nothing but ugly faces in this country, but more lovers than ever. There are but three pretty men in England, and they are all in love with me, at this present writing. This will surprise you extremely; but if you were to see the reigning girls at present, I will assure you, there is little difference between them and old women. I have been *embourbé* in family affairs for this last fortnight. Lady F. Pierrepoint having 400*l.* per annum for her maintenance, has awakened the consciences of half her relations to take care of her education; and (excepting myself) they have all been squabbling about her; and squabble to this day. My sister Gower carries her off to-morrow morning to Staffordshire. The lies, twattles, and contrivances about this affair, are innumerable. I should pity the poor girl, if I saw she pitied herself. The Duke of Kingston is in France, but is not to go to the capital; so much for that branch of your family. My blessed offspring has already made a great noise in the world. That young rake, my son, took to his heels t'other day and transported his person to Oxford; being in his own opinion

thoroughly qualified for the University. After a good deal of search we found and reduced him, much against his will, to the humble condition of a schoolboy. It happens very luckily that the sobriety and discretion is of my daughter's side; I am sorry the ugliness is so too, for my son grows extream handsome.

I don't hear much of Mrs. Murray's despair on the death of poor Gibby, and I saw her dance at a ball where I was two days before his death. I have a vast many pleasantries to tell you, and some that will make your hair stand on an end with wonder. Adieu, dear sister: "conservez-moi l'honneur de votre amitié, et croyez que je suis toute à vous."

Dear Sister,

I have received by Lady Lansdown a very pretty night-gown you sent me; I give you many thanks for it; but I should have thought it much more valuable if it had been accompanied with a letter. I can hardly persuade myself you have received all mine, and yet can never spare time from the pleasures of Paris to answer one of them. I am sorry to inform you of the death of our nephew, my sister Gower's son, of the small-pox. I think she has a great deal of reason to regret it, in consideration of the offer I made her, two years together, of taking the child home to my house, where I would have inoculated him with the same care and safety

I did my own. I know nobody that has hitherto repented the operation; though it has been very troublesome to some fools, who had rather be sick by the doctor's prescriptions, than in health in rebellion to the college.

I am at present at Twickenham, which has become so fashionable, and the neighbourhood so much enlarged, 'tis more like Tunbridge or the Bath than a country retreat. Adieu, dear sister. I shall write longer letters when I am sure you receive them; but it really takes off very much from the pleasure of the correspondence, when I have no assurance of their coming to your hands. Pray let me know if this does, and believe me ever affectionately yours.

DEAR SISTER, Twickenham, Jan. 1726.

HAVING a few momentary spirits, I take pen in hand, though 'tis impossible to have tenderness for you, without having the spleen upon reading your letter, which will, I hope, be received as a lawful excuse for the dulness of the following lines; and I plead (as I believe I have on different occasions), that I should please you better if I loved you less. My Lord Carleton* has left this transitory world,

* Henry Boyle, fifth son of Richard Earl of Orrery, was Secretary of state to Queen Anne. Created Baron Carlton in 1714, and died in 1725.

and disposed of his estate as he did of his time, between Lady C****n† and the Duchess of Q****y.‡ Jewels to a great value he has given, as he did his affections, first to the mother and then to the daughter. He was taken ill in my company at a concert at the Duchess of Marlborough's, and died two days after, holding the fair Duchess by the hand, and being fed at the same time with a fine fat chicken; thus dying as he had lived, indulging his pleasures. Your friend Lady A. Bateman (every body being acquainted with her affair) is grown discreet; and nobody talks of it now but his family, who are violently piqued at his refusing a great fortune. Lady Gainsborough§ has stolen poor Lord Shaftesbury, *aged fourteen*, and chained him for life to her daughter, upon pretence of having been in love with her several years. But Lady Hervey‖ makes the top figure in town, and is so good as *to show* twice a-week at the drawing-room, and twice more at the opera, for the entertainment of the public. As for myself, having nothing to say, I say nothing. I insensibly dwindle into

† Clarendon. ‡ Queensberry.

§ Lady Gainsborough was Lady Dorothy Manners, second daughter of John first Duke of Rutland. Her daughter Lady Susanna was the first wife of Anthony fourth Earl of Shaftesbury. This marriage took place in 1725.

‖ Mary, daughter of Brigadier-general Nicholas Le Pel, formerly Maid of honour to the Princess of Wales, and Mistress of the robes to her when Queen Caroline. Married Oct. 25, 1720.

a spectatress, and lead a kind of — as it were.— I wish you here every day; and see, in the mean time, Lady Stafford and the Duchess of Montagu and Miss Skerret, and really speak to almost nobody else, though I walk about every where. Adieu, dear sister; if my letters could be any consolation to you, I should think my time best spent in writing.

When you buy the trifles that I desired of you, I fancy Mr. Walpole will be so good as to give you opportunity of sending them without trouble, if you make it your request and tell him they are for me. M. W. M.

DEAR SISTER, Cavendish-square, 1726.

I WRIT to you some time ago a long letter, which I perceive never came to your hands: very provoking; it was certainly a *chef d'œuvre* of a letter, and worth any of the Savignys or Grignans, crammed with news. And I can't find in my heart to say much in this, because I believe there is some fault in the direction: as soon as I hear you have received this, you shall have a full and true account of the affairs of this island; my own are in the utmost prosperity;

"Add but eternity, you make it heaven."

I shall come to Paris this summer without fail, and endeavour to put you out of your melancholy.

M. W. M.

DEAR SISTER, March 7, O.S. 1726.

THIS letter will be in a very different style from that which I hope you received last post. I have now to tell you the surprizing death of my father, and a great deal of surprizing management of the people about him, which I leave informing you 'till another time, being now under some hurry of spirits myself. I am unfeignedly sorry that I cannot send word of a considerable legacy for yourself. I suppose the trustees will, as soon as possible, send you a copy of the will. If you would have an abstract of it, Mr. Wortley will take care to get it for you.

I am affectionately yours.

DEAR SISTER, London, April 15, 1726.

I WOULD have writ to you some time ago, but Lord Erskine told me that you had been ill. So my Lord Mar has not acquainted you with my poor father's death. To be sure, the shock must be very great to you whenever you heard it; as indeed it was to us all here, being so sudden. It is to no purpose now to relate particulars, but only renewing our grief. I can't forbear telling you the Duchess has behaved very oddly in endeavouring to get the guardianship of the young Duke and his sister, contrary to her husband's

will; but the boy, when he was fourteen, confirmed the trustees his grandfather left; so that ends all disputes; and Lady Fanny* is to live with my aunt Cheyne.† There is a vast number of things that has happened, and some people's behaviour so extraordinary in this melancholy business that it would be great ease of mind if I could tell it you; but I must not *venture* to speak too freely in a letter. Pray let me hear from you soon, for I long to know how you do. I am but in an uneasy way myself; for I have been confined this fourteen-night to one floor, after my usual manner. I can send you no news, for I see very few people, and have hardly been any where since I came to town. Adieu.

1726.

I RECEIVED yours, dear sister, this minute, and am very sorry both for your past illness and affliction; though, *au bout du compte,* I don't know why filial piety should exceed fatherly fondness. So much by way of consolation. As to the management at the time—I do verily believe, if my

* Lady Frances, daughter of William Earl of Kingston, and sister to Evelyn the second Duke—m. s. p.; married in May 1734, to Philip Meadows, Esq., youngest son of Sir Philip Meadows; by whom she had Charles the first Earl Manvers. Lady Frances Meadows died in 1795.

† Lady Gertrude, sister to the first Duke of Kingston, married to William Cheyne, or Cheyney, Viscount Newhaven in the county of Edinburgh, and Lord Cheyney.

good aunt and sister had been less fools, and my dear mother-in-law less mercenary, things might have had a turn more to your advantage and mine too; when we meet, I will tell you many circumstances which would be tedious in a letter. I could not get my sister Gower to join to act with me, and mamma and I were in an actual scold when my poor father expired; she has shewn a hardness of heart upon this occasion that would appear incredible to any body not capable of it themselves. The addition to her jointure is, one way or other, 2000*l.* per annum; so her good grace remains a passable rich widow, and is already presented by the town with variety of young husbands; but I believe her constitution is not good enough to let her amorous inclinations get the better of her covetous.

Mrs. Murray is in open wars with me in such a manner as makes her very ridiculous without doing me much harm; my moderation having a very bright pretence of shewing itself. Firstly, she was pleased to attack me in very Billingsgate language at a masquerade, where she was as visible as ever she was in her own cloaths. I had the temper not only to keep silence myself, but enjoined it to the person with me; who would have been very glad to have shewn his great skill, in sousing upon that occasion. She endeavoured to sweeten him by very exorbitant praises of his person; which might even have been

mistaken for making love from a woman of less celebrated virtue; and concluded her oration with pious warnings to him, to avoid the company of one so unworthy his regard as myself, who to her certain knowledge loved another man. This last article, I own, piqued me more than all her preceding civilities. The gentleman she addressed herself to had a very slight acquaintance with me, and might possibly go away in the opinion that she had been confidante in some very notorious affair of mine. However, I made her no answer at the time, but you may imagine I laid up these things in my heart; and the first assembly I had the honour to meet her at, with a meek tone of voice, asked her how I had deserved so much abuse at her hands, which I assured her I would never return. She denied it in the spirit of lying; and in the spirit of folly owned it at length. I contented myself with telling her she was very ill advised, and thus we parted. But two days ago, when Sir G. K.'s* pictures were sold, she went to my sister Gower, and very civilly asked if she intended to bid for your picture; assuring her that, if she did, she would not offer at purchasing it. You know crimp and quadrille incapacitate that poor soul from ever buying any thing; but she told me this circumstance; and I expected the same civility from Mrs. Murray, having no way provoked her to the contrary. But

* Sir Godfrey Kneller: he died in 1723.

she not only came to the auction, but with all possible spite bid up the picture, though I told her that, if you pleased to have it, I would gladly part with it to you, though to no other person. This had no effect upon her, nor her malice any more on me than the loss of ten guineas extraordinary, which I paid upon her account. The picture is in my possession, and at your service if you please to have it. She went to the masquerade a few nights afterwards, and had the good sense to tell people there that she was very unhappy in not meeting me, being come there on purpose to abuse me. What profit or pleasure she has in these ways I cannot find out. This I know, that revenge has so few joys for me, I shall never lose so much time as to undertake it.

1726.

All I had to say to you, was that my father expressed a great deal of kindness to me at last, and even a desire of talking with me, which my Lady Duchess would not permit; nor my aunt and sister shew any thing but a servile complaisance to her. This is the abstract of what you desire to know, and is now quite useless. The Duke of Kingston has hitherto had so ill an education, 'tis hard to make any judgment of him; he has his spirit, but I fear will never have his father's sense. As young noblemen go, 'tis possible he may make a

good figure amongst them. Wars and rumours of wars make all the conversation at present. The tumbling of the stocks, one way or other, influences most people's affairs. For my part I have no concern there or any where, but hearty prayers that what relates to myself may ever be exactly as it is now. The mutability of sublunary things is the only melancholy reflection I have to make on my own account. I am in perfect health, and hear it said that I look better than ever I did in my life, which is one of those lies one is always glad to hear. However, in this dear minute, in this golden now, I am tenderly touched at your misfortunes, and can never call myself quite happy 'till you are so.

My daughter makes her compliments to yours, but has not yet received the letter Lord Erskine said he had for her. Adieu, dearest sister.

DEAR SISTER, 1726.

I TAKE this occasion of writing to you, though I have received no answer to my last; but 'tis always most agreeable to me to write when I have the conveniency of a private hand to convey my letter; though I have no dispositions to *politiquer*, but I have such a complication of things both in my head and heart that I do not very well know what I do, and if I can't settle my brains, your next news of

me will be that I am locked up by my relations; in the mean time I lock myself up, and keep my distraction as private as possible. The most facetious part of the history is, that my distemper is of such a nature that I know not whether to laugh or cry at it; I am glad and sorry, and smiling and sad;—but this is too long an account of so whimsical a being. I give myself sometimes admirable advice, but I am incapable of taking it. Mr. Baily, you know, is dismissed the Treasury, and consoled with a pension of equal value. Your acquaintance, D. Rodrigue, has had a small accident befallen him. Mr. Annesley found him in bed with his wife, prosecuted, and brought a bill of divorce into Parliament. Those things grow more fashionable every day, and in a little while won't be at all scandalous. The best expedient for the public, and to prevent the expence of private families, would be a general act of divorcing all the people of England. You know those that pleased might marry again; and it would save the reputations of several ladies, that are now in peril of being exposed every day. I saw Horace the other day, who is a good creature; he returns soon to France, and I will engage him to take care of any packet that you design for me.

1727.

I HAD writ you a long letter, dear sister, and only wanted sealing it, when I was interrupted by a summons to my sister Gower's,* whom I never left since. She lasted from Friday to Tuesday, and died about eight o'clock, in such a manner as has made an impression on me not easily shaken off. We are now but two in the world, and it ought to endear us to one another. I am sure whatever I can serve my poor nieces and nephews in, shall not be wanting on my part. I won't trouble you with melancholy circumstances; you may easily imagine the affliction of Lord Gower and Lady Cheyne. I hope you will not let melancholy hurt your own health, which is truly dear to your affectionate sister.

Cavendish-square, London, 1726.

I AM very sorry for your ill health, dear sister, but hope it is so entirely past, that you have by this time forgot it. I never was better in my life, nor ever past my hours more agreeably; I ride between London and Twickenham perpetually, and have little societies quite to my taste, and that is saying every thing. I leave the great world to girls that know no better, and do not think one bit the worse of myself for having out-lived

* Lady Gower died June 27, 1727.

a certain giddiness, which is sometimes excusable but never pleasing. Depend upon it, 'tis only the spleen that gives you those ideas; you may have many delightful days to come, and there is nothing more silly than to be too wise to be happy:

> If to be sad is to be wise,
> I do most heartily despise
> Whatever Socrates has said,
> Or Tully writ, or Montaigne read.

So much for philosophy.—What do you say to Pelham's* marriage? There's flame! there's constancy! If I could not employ my time better, I would write the history of their loves, in twelve tomes: Lord Hervey should die in her arms like the poor King of Assyria, she should be sometimes carried off by troops of Masques, and at other times blocked up in the strong castles of the Bagnio; but her honour should always remain inviolate by the strength of her own virtue, and the friendship of the enchantress Mrs. Murray, till her happy nuptials with her faithful Cyrus: 'tis a thousand pities I have not time for these vivacities. Here is a book come out,† that all our people of taste run mad about; 'tis no less than the united work of a dignified

* Henry Pelham, only brother to his grace the Duke of Newcastle, was married 17 Oct. 1726, to Lady Catherine, eldest daughter of John second Duke of Rutland by Catherine second daughter of William Lord Russell, and sister to Wriothesly Duke of Bedford.

† The Travels of Captain Lemuel Gulliver.

clergyman, an eminent physician, and the first poet of the age;* and very wonderful it is, God knows! —great eloquence have they employed to prove themselves beasts, and show such a veneration for horses, that since the Essex quaker, nobody has appeared so passionately devoted to that species; and to say truth, they talk of a stable with so much warmth and affection, I cannot help suspecting some very powerful motive at the bottom of it.

M. W. M.

Cavendish-square, 1727.

This is a vile world, dear sister, and I can easily comprehend, that whether one is at Paris or London, one is stifled with a certain mixture of fool and knave, that most people are composed of. I would have patience with a parcel of polite rogues, or your downright honest fools; but father Adam shines through his whole progeny. So much for our inside, —then our outward is so liable to ugliness and distempers, that we are perpetually plagued with feeling our own decays and seeing those of other people. Yet, sixpennyworth of common sense, divided among a whole nation, would make our lives roll away glibly enough; but then we make laws, and we follow customs. By the first we cut off our own pleasures, and by the second we are answerable for the faults and extravagances of others. All these

* Swift, Arbuthnot, and Pope.

things, and five hundred more, convince me (as I have the most profound veneration for the Author of nature) that we are here in an actual state of punishment; I am satisfied I have been one of *the condemned* ever since I was born; and in submission to the divine justice I don't at all doubt but I deserved it in some pre-existent state. I will still hope that I am only in purgatory; and that after whining and grunting a certain number of years, I shall be translated to some more happy sphere, where virtue will be natural, and custom reasonable; that is, in short, where common sense will reign. I grow very devout, as you see, and place all my hopes in the next life, being totally persuaded of the nothingness of this. Don't you remember how miserable we were in the little parlour, at Thoresby? we then thought marrying would put us at once into possession of all we wanted. Then came being with child, &c. and you see what comes of being with child. Though, after all, I am still of opinion, that it is extremely silly to submit to ill-fortune. One should pluck up a spirit, and live upon cordials when one can have no other nourishment. These are my present endeavours, and I run about, though I have five thousand pins and needles running into my heart. I try to console myself with a small damsel,* who is at present every thing I like—but, alas! she is yet

* Her daughter, afterward Countess of Bute.

in a white frock. At fourteen, she may run away with the butler:—there's one of the blessed consequences of great disappointments; you are not only hurt by the thing present, but it cuts off all future hopes, and makes your very expectations melancholy. *Quelle vie!!!*

M. W. M.

Cavendish-square, 1727.

I CANNOT deny, but that I was very well diverted on the Coronation day. I saw the procession much at my ease, in a house which I filled with my own company, and then got into Westminster-hall without trouble, where it was very entertaining to observe the variety of airs that all meant the same thing. The business of every walker there was to conceal vanity and gain admiration. For these purposes some languished and others strutted; but a visible satisfaction was diffused over every countenance, as soon as the coronet was clapped on the head. But she that drew the greatest number of eyes, was indisputably Lady Orkney.* She exposed behind a

* Lady Orkney, whom Swift calls the wisest woman he ever knew, must have been pretty old at the time of George the Second's coronation, since, in spite of her ugliness, also commemorated by Swift, she was King William's declared mistress after the death of Queen Mary. Mrs. Villiers originally, she married Lord Orkney, one of the sons of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton.

mixture of fat and wrinkles; and before, a very considerable protuberance which preceded her. Add to this, the inimitable roll of her eyes, and her grey hairs which by good fortune stood directly upright, and 'tis impossible to imagine a more delightful spectacle. She had embellished all this with considerable magnificence, which made her look as big again as usual; and I should have thought her one of the largest things of God's making if my Lady St. J**n† had not displayed all her charms in honour of the day. The poor Duchess of M***se ‡ crept along with a dozen of black snakes playing round her face, and my Lady P***nd § (who is fallen away since her dismission from court) represented very finely an Egyptian mummy embroidered over with hieroglyphics. In general, I could not perceive but that the old were as well pleased as

† St. John. ‡ Montrose.

§ Portland, a Temple by birth, widow of Lord Berkely of Stratton, and secondly of the Earl of Portland. She was his second wife, and had by him two sons, who settled in Holland, and from whom descends the Dutch branch of the Bentincks. George I. appointed her governess of his grandchildren, when he took them away from their parents, upon coming to an open breach with his son. The Prince and Princess one day going to visit them, and the latter desiring to see her daughter; Lady Portland, with many expressions of respect, lamented that she could not permit it, having his Majesty's strict orders to the contrary. Upon this, the Prince flew into such a rage that he would literally and truly actually have kicked her out of the room, if the Princess had not thrown herself between them. Of course he made haste to dismiss her as soon as he came to the crown.

the young; and I, who dread growing wise more than any thing in the world, was overjoyed to find that one can never outlive one's vanity. I have never received the long letter you talk of, and am afraid that you have only fancied that you wrote it. Adieu, dear sister; I am affectionately yours.

M. W. M.

Cavendish-square, 1727.

My Lady Stafford* set out towards France this morning, and has carried half the pleasures of my life along with her; I am more stupid than I can describe, and am as full of moral reflections as either Cambray or Pascal. I think of nothing but the nothingness of the good things of this world, the transitoriness of its joys, the pungency of its sorrows, and many discoveries that have been made these three thousand years, and committed to print ever since the first erecting of presses. I advise you, as the best thing you can do that day, let it happen as it will, to visit Lady Stafford: she has the goodness to carry with her a true-born Englishwoman, who is neither good nor bad, nor capable of being either; Lady Phil Prat by name, of the Hamilton

* Claude Charlotte, daughter of Philibert, Count of Grammont (author of the celebrated Memoirs), and "La Belle Hamilton," eldest daughter of Sir George Hamilton, Bart. was married to Henry Stafford Howard, Earl of Stafford, at St. Germain's-en-laye, 1694.

family, and who will be glad of your acquaintance, and you can never be sorry for hers.*

Peace or war, cross or pile, makes all the conversation; this town never was fuller, and, God be praised, some people *brille* in it who *brilled* twenty years ago. My cousin Buller is of that number, who is just what she was in all respects when she inhabited Bond-street. The sprouts of this age are such green withered things, 'tis a great comfort to us grown up people: I except my own daughter, who is to be the ornament of the ensuing court. I beg you will exact from Lady Stafford a particular of her perfections, which would sound suspected from my hand; at the same time I must do justice to a little twig belonging to my sister Gower. Miss Jenny is like the Duchess of Queensberry both in face and spirit. *A propos* of family affairs: I had almost forgot our dear and amiable cousin Lady Denbigh, who has blazed out all this winter; she has brought with her from Paris cart-loads of riband, surprising fashion, and of a complexion of the last edition, which naturally attracts all the she and he fools in London; and accordingly she is surrounded with a little court of both, and keeps a Sunday assembly to shew she has learned to play at cards on that day. Lady Frances Fielding† is

* Lady Philippa Hamilton, daughter of James Earl of Abercorn, and wife of Dr. Pratt, Dean of Downe.

† Youngest daughter of Basil fourth Earl of Denbigh; married to Daniel seventh Earl of Winchelsea; died Sept. 17, 1734.

really the prettiest woman in town, and has sense enough to make one's heart ache to see her surrounded with such fools as her relations are. The man in England that gives the greatest pleasure, and the greatest pain, is a youth of royal blood, with all his grandmother's beauty, wit, and good qualities. In short, he is Nell Gwin in person, with the sex altered, and occasions such fracas amongst the ladies of gallantry that it passes description. You'll stare to hear of her Grace of Cleveland at the head of them.* If I was poetical I would tell you—

1.

The god of love, enrag'd to see
The nymph despise his flame,
At dice and cards misspend her nights,
And slight a nobler game;

2.

For the neglect of offers past
And pride in days of yore,
He kindles up a fire at last,
That burns her at threescore.

3.

A polish'd wile is smoothly spread
Where whilome wrinkles lay;
And, glowing with an artful red,
She ogles at the play.

* Anne, daughter of Sir W. Pulteney of Misterton, in the county of Stafford; remarried to Philip Southcote, Esq. Died in 1746.

4.

Along the Mall she softly sails,
In white and silver drest;
Her neck expos'd to Eastern gales,
And jewels on her breast.

5.

Her children banish'd, age forgot,
Lord Sidney is her care;
And, what is much a happier lot,
Has hopes to be her *heir*.

This is all true history, though it is doggrel rhyme: in good earnest she has turned Lady D——* and family out of doors to make room for him, and there he lies like leaf-gold upon a pill; there never was so violent and so indiscreet a passion. Lady Stafford says nothing was ever like it, since Phædra and Hippolitus.—"Lord ha' mercy upon us! See what we may all come to!"

M. W. M.

[No date.]

I AM always pleased to hear from you, dear sister, particularly when you tell me you are well. I believe you will find upon the whole my sense is right; that air, exercise, and company are the best medicines, and physic and retirement good for nothing but to break hearts and spoil constitutions. I was glad to hear Mr. Remond's history

* Lady Grace Fitzroy, third daughter of Charles Duke of Cleveland; married in 1725, to Henry first Earl of Darlington.

from you, though the newspapers had given it me *en gros*, and my Lady Stafford in detail, some time before. I will tell you in return as well as I can what happens amongst our acquaintance here. To begin with family affairs; the Duchess of Kingston grunts on as usual, and I fear will put us in black bombazine soon, which is a real grief to me. My aunt Cheyne makes all the money she can of Lady Frances, and I fear will carry on those politics to the last point, though the girl is such a fool 'tis no great matter; I am going within this half-hour to call her to court. Our poor cousins, the Fieldings, are grown yet poorer by the loss of all the money they had, which in their infinite wisdom they put into the hands of a roguish broker, who has fairly walked off with it.

The most diverting story about town at present is in relation to Edgcombe; though your not knowing the people concerned so well as I do will, I fear, hinder you from being so much entertained by it. I can't tell whether you know a tall, musical, silly, ugly thing, niece to Lady Essex Roberts, who is called Miss Leigh. She went a few days ago to visit Mrs. Betty Titchborne, Lady Sunderland's sister, who lives in the house with her, and was denied at the door; but, with the true manners of a great fool, told the porter that if his lady was at home she was very positive she would be very glad to see her. Upon which she

was shewed up stairs to Miss Titchborne, who was ready to drop down at the sight of her, and could not help asking her in a grave way how she got in, being denied to every mortal, intending to pass the evening in devout preparation. Miss Leigh said she had sent away her chair and servants, with intent of staying 'till nine o'clock. There was then no remedy, and she was asked to sit down; but had not been there a quarter of an hour when she heard a violent rap at the door, and somebody vehemently run up stairs. Miss Titchborne seemed much surprized, and said she believed it was Mr. Edgcombe, and was quite amazed how he took it into his head to visit her. During these excuses enter Edgcombe, who appeared frighted at the sight of a third person. Miss Titchborne told him almost at his entrance that the lady he saw there was perfect mistress of music, and as he passionately loved it, she thought she could not oblige him more than by desiring her to play. Miss Leigh very willingly sat to the harpsichord; upon which her audience decamped to the adjoining room, and left her to play over three or four lessons to herself. They returned, and made what excuses they could, but said very frankly they had not heard her performance, and begged her to begin again; which she complied with, and gave them the opportunity of a second retirement. Miss Leigh was by this time all fire and flame to see her heavenly har-

mony thus slighted; and when they returned, told them she did not understand playing to an empty room. Mr. Edgcombe begged ten thousand pardons, and said, if she would play Godi, it was a tune he died to hear, and it would be an obligation he should never forget. She made answer she would do him a much greater favour by her absence, which she supposed was all that was necessary at that time; and ran down stairs in a great fury to publish as fast as she could; and was so indefatigable in this pious design that in four-and-twenty hours all the people in town had heard the story. My Lady Sunderland* could not avoid hearing this story, and three days after, invited Miss Leigh to dinner, where, in the presence of her sister and all the servants, she told her she was very sorry she had been so rudely treated in her house; that it was very true Mr. Edgcombe had been a perpetual companion of her sister's these two years, and she thought it high time he should explain himself, and she expected her sister should act in this matter as discreetly as Lady K. Pelham had done in the like case; who had given Mr. Pelham four months to resolve in, and after that he was either to marry her or to lose her for ever. Sir Robert Sutton interrupted

* The Earl of Sunderland married, December 5, 1717, Mrs. Titchborn. Dec. 10, 1724, Sir Robert Sutton of Broughton, in the county of Lincoln, was married to the Countess, relict of Charles Spencer Earl of Sunderland.—*Historical Register.*

her by saying, that he never doubted the honour of Mr. Edgcombe, and was persuaded he could have no ill design in his family. The affair stands thus, and Mr. Edgcombe has four months to provide himself elsewhere; during which time he has free egress and regress; and 'tis seriously the opinion of many that a wedding will in good earnest be brought about by this admirable conduct.

I send you a novel instead of a letter, but, as it is in your power to shorten it when you please, by reading no farther than you like, I will make no excuses for the length of it.

Cavendish-square, 1727.

You see, dear sister, that I answer your letters as soon as I receive them, and if mine can give you any consolation or amusement, you need never want 'em. I desire you would not continue grieving yourself. Of all sorrows, those we pay to the dead are most vain; and, as I have no good opinion of sorrow in general, I think no sort of it worth cherishing. I suppose you have heard how good Lady Lansdowne has passed her time here, she has lived publicly with Lord Dunmore, famed for their loves. You 'll wonder perhaps to hear Lord Gower is a topping courtier, and that there is not one Tory left in England. There is something extremely risible in these affairs, but not

so proper to be communicated by letter; and so I will, in an humble way, return to my domestics. I hear your daughter is a very fine young lady, and I wish you joy of it, as one of the greatest blessings of life. My girl gives me great prospect of satisfaction, but my young rogue of a son is the most ungovernable little rake that ever played truant. If I were inclined to lay worldly matters to heart, I could write a quire of complaints about it. You see no one is quite happy, though 'tis pretty much in my nature to console upon all occasions. I advise you to do the same, as the only remedy against the vexations of life; which in my conscience I think affords disagreeable things to the highest ranks, and comforts to the very lowest; so that, upon the whole, things are more equally disposed among the sons of Adam, than they are generally thought to be. You see my philosophy is not so *lugubre* as yours. I am so far from avoiding company, that I seek it on all occasions; and, when I am no longer an actor upon this stage (by the way, I talk of twenty years hence at the soonest), as a spectator I shall laugh at the farcical actions which may then be represented, nature being exceedingly bountiful in all ages in providing coxcombs, who are the greatest preservatives against the spleen that I ever could find out. I say all these things for your edification, and shall conclude my consolatory epistle with one rule that I have found very conducing to health of body

and mind. As soon as you wake in the morning, lift up your eyes and consider seriously what will best divert you that day. Your imagination being then refreshed by sleep, will certainly put in your mind some party of pleasure, which if you execute with prudence will disperse those melancholy vapours which are the foundation of all distempers.

I am your affectionate sister, M. W. M.

1727.

My cousin is going to Paris, and I will not let her go without a letter for you, my dear sister, though I never was in a worse humour for writing. I am vexed to the blood by my young rogue of a son; who has contrived at his age to make himself the talk of the whole nation. He is gone knight-erranting, God knows where; and hitherto 'tis impossible to find him. You may judge of my uneasiness by what your own would be if dear Lady Fanny was lost. Nothing that ever happened to me has troubled me so much; I can hardly speak or write of it with tolerable temper, and I own it has changed mine to that degree I have a mind to cross the water, to try what effect a new heaven and a new earth will have upon my spirit. If I take this resolution, you shall hear in a few posts. There can be no situation in life in which the conversation of my dear sister will not administer some comfort to me.

1739.

It is very true, dear sister, that if I writ to you a full account of all that passes, my letters would be both frequent and voluminous. This sinful town is very populous, and my own affairs very much in a hurry; but the same things that afford me much matter, give me very little time, and I am hardly at leisure to make observations, much less to write them down. But the melancholy catastrophe of poor Lady Letchmere* is too extraordinary not (to) attract the attention of every body. After having played away her reputation and fortune, she has poisoned herself. This is the effect of prudence. All indiscreet people live and flourish. Mrs. Murray has retrieved his Grace, and being reconciled to the temporal has renounced the spiritual. Her friend Lady Hervey by aiming too high has fallen very low; and is reduced to trying to persuade folks she has an intrigue, and gets nobody to believe her; the man in question taking a great deal of pains to clear himself of the scandal. Her Chelsea Grace of Rutland has married an attorney, — there's prudence for you!

* The death of Lady Letchmere ascertains the date of this letter.

LETTERS

TO

LADY POMFRET.

LETTERS

TO

LADY POMFRET.

I HOPE, dear madam, you find at least some amusement in your travels, and though I cannot wish you to forget those friends in England, who will never forget you, yet I should be pleased to hear you were so far entertained as to take off all anxiety from your mind. I know you are capable of many pleasures that the herd of mankind are insensible of; and wherever you go I do not doubt you will find some people, that will know how to taste the happiness of your conversation. We are as much blinded in England by politicks and views of interest, as we are by mists and fogs, and 'tis necessary to have a very uncommon constitution not to be tainted with the distempers of our climate. I confess myself very much infected with the epidemical dulness; yet as 'tis natural to excuse one's own faults as much as possible, I am apt to flatter myself that my stupidity is rather accidental than real; at least I am sure that I want no vivacity

when I think of my Lady Pomfret, and that it is with the warmest inclination as well as the highest esteem that I am ever affectionately yours,

M. W. M.

July 26, O. S. 1738.

Here is no alteration since you left us except in the weather, and I would not entertain you with the journal of the thermometer. I hope to hear soon from you.

1738.

I AM afraid so quick a return of thanks will frighten your ladyship from a continuance of this correspondence, but I cannot help gratifying myself in saying something, yet I dare not say half I think of your delightful letter; though nobody but myself could read it and call any thing complimental that could be said of it.

'Tis as impossible to send an equivalent out of this stupid town as it would be to return a present of the fruits of Provence out of Lapland. We have no news, no trade, no sun, and even our fools are all gone to play at Tunbridge; and those that remain are only miserable invalids, who talk of nothing but infirmities and remedies; as ladies who are on the point of encreasing the world, who speak of only nurses and midwives. I do not believe either Cervantes or Rabelais would be able to raise one moment's mirth from such subjects; and I ac-

quit myself of writing stupidly from this place; as I should do Mr. Chloe* if he was condemned to furnish an entertainment out of rotten turnips and artichokes run to seed.

I was in this part of my letter when young Vaillant arrived at my door, with a very pretty box in the name of Lady Pomfret: there needed nothing to keep up my regard for you; yet I am deeply touched at every mark of your attention. I believe he thought me very unreasonable, for I insisted on it that he had also a letter. Let me entreat to hear often from you. If I had the utmost indifference for you, I should think your letters the greatest pleasure of my life; and if you deputed Lady Vane to write for you, I could find a joy in reading her nonsense, if it informed me of your health. Judge then how important it is to me to hear from you, and with what sincere attachment I am ever yours.

I suppose your ladyship knows your friend Mr. West is in the happy state of honeymoon.

1738.

I BEGIN to think you are grown weary of so dull a correspondent. 'Tis a long time since I sent my last letter, which was full of acknowledgments for your obliging token and entertaining letter. I

* Chloè appears to have been a celebrated cook in those days, perhaps Lady Pomfret's. See p. 258.

am impatient to hear how you like the place you are settled in, for settled I am told you are, though I was not informed exactly where, only that it is not far from Paris; which I am very glad of, being persuaded you will find it much more pleasant, and every way as convenient as any of those distant provinces you talked of. I suppose it is no news to you that Lady Betty Finch* is married to Mr. Murray. People are divided in their opinions, as they commonly are, on the prudence of her choice. I am among those who think, *tout bien compté*, she has happily disposed of her person. Lord Townshend† is spitting up his lungs at the Gravel-pits, and his charming lady diverting herself with daily rambles in town. She has made a new friendship which is very delightful; I mean with Madame Pulteney, and they hunt in couples from tea-drinking 'till midnight.

* Lady Betty Finch, daughter of Daniel Earl of Nottingham (the Dismal of Swift). It is very amusing to find that her marriage was thought an imprudent one, considering how naturally we connect the idea of every kind of eminence—talents, wisdom, wealth, and dignity,—with the name of Lord Mansfield; the Mr. Murray here spoken of. But if Love is rash and blind, Prudence can sometimes be short-sighted.

† Lord Townshend and his lady.—Charles, third Viscount Townshend, son of George the First's minister, married Audrey, or, as she chose to call herself, *Ethelreda* Harrison,—the Lady Townshend whose wit and gallantries made so much noise during a great part of the last century;—the supposed original of Lady Bellaston in Tom Jones, and Lady Tempest in Pompey the Little. She was mother of George the first Marquis Townshend, and of the famous Charles Townshend.

I won't trouble you with politicks, though the vicissitudes and conjectures are various. Lady Sundon* drags on a miserable life; it is now said she has a cancerous humour in her throat; which if true is so dismal a prospect, as would force compassion from her greatest enemies. I moralize in my own dressing-room on the events I behold, and pity those who are more concerned in them than myself; but I think of dear Lady Pomfret in a very different manner than I do of princes and potentates, and am warmly interested in every thing that regards her. Let me beg then to hear soon from you; and, if you will honour me so far, let me have a particular account how you pass your time. You can have no pleasure in which I shall not share, nor no uneasiness in which I shall not suffer; but I hope there is no reason to apprehend any; and that you are now in the perfect enjoyment of uninterrupted tranquillity, and have already forgot all the fogs and spleen of England. However, remember your less happy friends that feel the pain of your absence; and always number amongst them,

Your faithful, &c. &c.

* Lady Sundon,—Mrs. Clayton, the favourite confidential bed-chamber woman of Queen Caroline; her husband was latterly made an Irish Peer.

1738.

YESTERDAY was very fortunate to me; it brought two of your ladyship's letters. I will not speak my thoughts of them, but must insist once for all that you lay aside all those phrases of *tiring me, ashamed of your dulness,* &c. &c. I can't help when I read them either doubting your sincerity, or fearing you have a worse opinion of my judgment than I desire you should have. Spare me those disagreeable reflections; and be assured, if I hated you, I should read your letters with pleasure; and that I love you enough to be charmed with hearing from you, though you knew not how to spell.

The delightful description of your retirement makes me wish to partake it with you; but I have been so much accustomed to wish in vain, that I dare not flatter myself with so pleasing an idea. We are wrapt up in fogs, and consequential stupidity; which encreases so visibly, we want but little of the state of petrifaction which was said to befall an African town. However there remains still some lively people amongst us that play the fool with great alacrity. Lady Sophia Keppel* has declared her worthy choice of the amiable Captain Thomas. Poor Lady Frances Montagu† is on the point of renouncing the pomps and vanities

* Lady Sophia Keppel, daughter of Lord Albemarle.

† Lady Frances Montague, daughter of Lord Halifax.

of this world, and confining herself to rural shades with Sir Roger Burgoyne, whose mansion-house will, I believe, perfectly resemble Mr. Sullen's; but, as we are in dead peace, I am afraid there is no hope of a French count to enliven her solitude. It is reported a much greater, fairer lady* is going to be disposed of to a much worse retreat, at least I should think so. 'Tis terrible to be the fifth in rank after having been the first; but such is the hard condition of our sex: women and priests never know where they shall eat their bread.

All the polite and the gallant are either gone or preparing for the Bath. You may suppose Lady Hervey would not fail appearing there; where I am told she has made a marvellous union with the Duchess of Manchester, and writes from thence that she is charmed with her grace's sweetness of temper. The Duchess of Richmond declares a design of passing the winter at Goodwood, where she has had a succession of olios of company. It is said very gravely that this loss to the town is occasioned by the suspension of operas. We have no less than fifty-three French strollers arrived to supply their place; and Monsieur de Cambis goes about with great solemnity, negociating to do them service. These are the most important events that

* The "much greater, fairer lady" seems to point at one of the King's daughters. Perhaps it might be reported that Princess Amelia (or Emily) was to marry into some petty German court.

are come to my knowledge; perhaps I should remember some more serious if I was so happy as to be with you. I am very glad to hear of the return of Lady Sophia's* health and beauty. My dear Lady Pomfret has on all occasions my warmest wishes; and the truest esteem and affection of

Your faithful, &c. &c.

1738.

THERE are some moments when I have so great an inclination to converse with dear Lady Pomfret, that I want but little of galloping to Paris to sit with you one afternoon; which would very well pay me for my journey. Though this correspondence has every charm in it to make a correspondence agreeable, yet I have still a thousand things to say and hear, which cannot be communicated at this distance. Our mobs † grow very horrible; here are a vast number of legs and arms that only want a head to make a very formidable body. But while we readers of history are, perhaps, refining too much, the happier part of our sex are more usefully employed in preparation for the birth-day, where I hear Lady Pembroke is to shine

* Lady Sophia Fermor, Lady Pomfret's daughter, afterwards Lady Carteret.—See p. 264.

† Upon referring to the Historical Register, it appears that there were in 1738 very serious riots in Wiltshire, occasioned by disputes between the clothiers and their masters. At Melksham great damage was done, and the military called in to disperse the rioters, who had possession of the town for three days.

in a particular manner, and Lady Cowper to exhibit some new devices worthy of her genius. The Bath is the present scene of gallantry and magnificence, where many caresses are bestowed, not from admiration of the present, but from spite to the absent. The most remarkable circumstance I hear is a coolness in the Earl of Chesterfield, which occasions much speculation; it must be disagreeable to play an under-part in a second-rate theatre. To me that have always been an humble spectator, it appears odd, to see so few desirous to quit the stage, though time and infirmities have disabled them from making a tolerable figure there. Our drama is at present carried on by such whimsical management, I am half inclined to think we shall shortly have no plays at all. I begin to be of opinion that the new northern actress has very good sense; she hardly appears at all, and by that conduct almost wears out the disapprobation of the publick.* I believe you are already tired with this long dissertation on so trifling a subject; I wish I could enliven my letter with some account of literature; but wit and pleasure are no more, and people play the fool with great impunity; being very sure there is not spirit enough left in the nation to set their follies in a ridiculous light. Pamphlets are the sole productions of our modern authors, and those profoundly stupid.

* The stage, drama, and northern actress, are here evidently figurative, but it is not known to whom or what they refer.

To you that enjoy a purer air, and meet at least with vivacity whenever you meet company, this may appear extraordinary; but recollect, dear madam, in what condition you left us; and you will easily believe to what state we are fallen. I know nothing lively but what I feel in my own heart, and that only in what relates to your ladyship; in other respects I partake of the contagion, as you will plainly see by these presents; but I am ever, with the utmost affection,

Yours, &c. &c.

1738.

I WILL say nothing of your complaints of your own dulness; I should say something very rough if I did; 'tis impossible to reconcile them to the sincerity that I am willing to flatter myself I find in the other parts of your letter. 'Tis impossible you should not be conscious that such letters as yours want not the trimmings of news, which are only necessary to the plain Spitalfields' style, beginning with *hoping you are in good health,* and concluding *pray believe me to be,* &c. &c. You give me all the pleasure of an agreeable author; and I really wish you had leisure to give me all the length too, and that all your letters were to come to me in twelve tomes. You will stare at this impudent wish; but you know imagination has no bounds; and 'tis harder for me to be content with

a moderate quantity of your writing, than it was for any South Sea director to resolve to get no more. This is a strange way of giving thanks, however 'tis the clearest proof of my tasting my happiness in your correspondence, to beg so earnestly not only the continuance but the encrease of it.

I hear of a new lady-errant, who is set forth to seek adventures at Paris, attended by her enchanter. These are Mrs. Bromley and Anthony Henley,* who, I am told, declares very gallantly that he designs to oblige her to sell her large jointure, to furnish money for his *menus plaisirs*. This is the freshest news from the Island of Love. Amongst those bound for the golden coast (which are far more numerous), there arise every day new events. The Duchess of Northumberland's† will raises a great bustle among those branches of the royal blood. She has left a young niece, very pretty, lively enough, just fifteen, to the care of Captain Cole, who was director of Lady Bernard. The girl has 300*l.* per annum allowed for her maintenance, but is never to touch her fortune till she marries, which she is not to do without his consent; and if she dies without issue, her twenty thousand pounds to be divided between the

* Anthony Henley of the Grange, elder brother of the Chancellor Northington. He was said to have very good parts, but was a man of the most profligate and dissipated habits.

† This Duchess of Northumberland must have been the widow of George Fitzroy, Charles the Second's youngest son by the Duchess of Cleveland.

children of the Duchess of St. Alban's and Lord Litchfield. The heirs-at-law contest the fantastical will, and the present tittle tattle of visits turns upon the subject.

Lord Townshend has renewed his lease of life by his French journey, and is at present situated in his house in Grosvenor-street in perfect health. My good lady is coming from the Bath to meet him with the joy you may imagine. Kitty Edwin has been the companion of his pleasures there. The alliance seems firmer than ever between them after their Tunbridge battles, which served for the entertainment of the publick. The secret cause is variously guessed at; but it is certain Lady Townshend came into the great room gently behind her friend, and tapping her on the shoulder with her fan, said aloud, *I know where, how, and who.* These mysterious words drew the attention of all the company, and had such an effect upon poor Kitty, she was carried to her lodgings in strong hystericks. However, by the intercession of prudent mediators peace was concluded; and if the conduct of these heroines was considered in a true light, perhaps it might serve for an example even to higher powers, by shewing that the surest method to obtain a lasting and honourable peace, is to begin with vigorous war. But leaving these reflections, which are above my capacity, permit me to repeat my desire of hearing often from you. Your letters would be my greatest pleasure if I had flourished in the first

years of Henry the Eighth's court; judge then how welcome they are to me in the present desolate state of this deserted town of London.

Yours, &c.

1738.

I SHOULD take your ladyship's question (whether I should always desire your friendship) very unkindly, if I was in the least disposed to quarrel with you; it is very much doubting both my understanding and morals,—two very tender points. But I am more concerned for your opinion of the last than the other, being persuaded 'tis easier for you to forgive an involuntary error of the head than a levity in the mind, of which (give me leave to say) I am utterly incapable; and you must give me very great proofs of my being troublesome before you will be able to get rid of me. I passed two very agreeable evenings last week with Lady Bell Finch;* we had the mutual pleasure of talking of you, and joined in very sincere wishes for your company.

The reasons of Lord Morpeth's† leaving Caen are variously told; I believe Lady Carlisle is persuaded he was not properly used there; I hear he is

* Lady Bell Finch—another daughter of the Earl of Nottingham.

† Lord Morpeth was then a youth, residing abroad for his health and education; of course this relates to his being removed from one place to another; it appears by other letters that he shortly after died.

with his father at Venice: the whole seems odd; but it is not possible to know the true motives of people's conduct in their families; which may be very reasonable, when it does not appear so. Here are some few births, but neither marriages or burials worth mentioning. Lady Townshend has entertained the Bath with a variety of lively scenes; and Lady Harriet Herbert* furnished the tea-tables here with fresh tattle for this last fortnight. I was one of the first informed of her adventure by Lady Gage, who was told that morning by a priest, that she had desired him to marry her the next day to Beard, who sings in the farces at Drury-lane. He refused her that good office, and immediately told Lady Gage, who (having been unfortunate in her friends) was frighted at this affair and asked my advice. I told her honestly, that since the lady was capable of such amours, I did not doubt if this was broke off she would bestow her person and fortune on some hackney-coachman or chairman; and that I really saw no method of saving *her* from ruin, and her *family* from dishonour, but by poisoning her; and offered to be at the expence of the arsenic, and even to administer it with my own hands, if she would invite her to drink tea with her that evening. But on her not approving that method,

* Lady Harriet Herbert, daughter of the last Marquis of Powis. She *did* marry Beard in spite of her relations. He was a singer at Vauxhall, and an actor in musical pieces at the theatres; but what was much worse, a man of very indifferent character.

she sent to Lady Montacute, Mrs. Dunch, and all the relations within the reach of messengers. They carried Lady Harriet to Twickenham; though I told them it was a bad air for girls. She is since returned to London, and some people believe her married; others, that he is too much intimidated by Mr. Waldegrave's threats to dare to go through the ceremony; but the secret is now publick, and in what manner it will conclude I know not. Her relations have certainly no reason to be amazed at her constitution; but are violently surprized at the mixture of devotion that forces her to have recourse to the church in her necessities; which has not been the road taken by the matrons of her family. Such examples are very detrimental to our whole sex; and are apt to influence the other into a belief that we are unfit to manage either liberty or money. These melancholy reflections make me incapable of a lively conclusion to my letter; you must accept of a very sincere one in the assurance that I am, dear madam, Inviolably yours, &c.

Amidst the shining gallantries of the French court, I know not how you will receive a stupid letter from these regions of dulness, where even our ridiculous actions (which are very frequent, I confess,) have a certain air of formality that hinders them from being risible, at the same time that they

are absurd. I think Lady Anne Lumley's* marriage may be reckoned into this number, who is going to espouse with great gravity a younger brother of Sir Thomas Frankland's. There are great struggles and many candidates for her place. Lady Anne Montagu, daughter to Lord Halifax, is one of them; and Lady Charlotte Rich, Lady Betty Herbert, and the incomparable Lady Bateman are her competitors.

I saw Mrs. Bridgeman the other day, who is much pleased with a letter she has had the honour to receive from your ladyship: she broke out, "*Really Lady Pomfret writes finely!*" I very readily joined in her opinion; she continued, "*Oh, so neat, no interlineations, and such proper distances!*" This manner of praising your style made me reflect on the necessity of attention to trifles, if one would please in general; a rule terribly neglected by me formerly; yet it is certain that some men are as much struck with the careless twist of a tippet, as others are by a pair of fine eyes.

Lady Vane† is returned hither in company with Lord Berkeley, and went with him in publick to Cranford, where they remain as happy as love and youth can make them. I am told that though she does not pique herself upon fidelity to any one man

* Lady Anne Lumley of the Scarborough family, lady of the bedchamber to the Princesses, which was the place contested.

† Lady Vane, whose Memoirs (as Lady Frail) were published in Smollet's Peregrine Pickle.

(which is but a narrow way of thinking), she boasts that she has always been true to her nation, and, notwithstanding foreign attacks, has always reserved her charms for the use of her own countrymen. I forget you are at Paris, and 'tis not polite to trouble you with such long scrawls as might perhaps be supportable at Monts; but you must give me leave to add, that I am, with a true sense of your merit, for ever your's, in the largest extent of that expression.

1738.

I AM so well acquainted with the lady you mention, that I am not surprized at any proof of her want of judgment; she is one of those who has passed upon the world vivacity in the place of understanding; for me, who think with Boileau

Rien n'est beau que le vrai, le vrai seul est aimable,

I have always thought those geniuses much inferior to the plain sense of a cook-maid, who can make a good pudding and keep the kitchen in good order.

Here is no news to be sent you from this place, which has been for this fortnight and still continues overwhelmed with politicks, and which are of so mysterious a nature, one ought to have some of the gifts of Lilly or Partridge to be able to write about them; and I leave all those dissertations to those distinguished mortals who are endowed with the talent of divination; though I am at present the only one of my sex who seems to be of that opinion,

the ladies having shewn their zeal and appetite for knowledge in a most glorious manner. At the last warm debate in the House of Lords, it was unanimously resolved there should be no crowd of unnecessary auditors; consequently the fair sex were excluded, and the gallery destined to the sole use of the House of Commons. Notwithstanding which determination, a tribe of dames resolved to shew on this occasion, that neither men nor laws could resist them. These heroines were Lady Huntingdon,* the Duchess of Queensbury, the Duchess of Ancaster, Lady Westmoreland, Lady Cobham, Lady Charlotte Edwin, Lady Archibald Hamilton and her daughter, Mrs. Scott, and Mrs. Pendarvis, and Lady Frances Saunderson. I am thus particular in their names, since I look upon them to be the boldest assertors, and most resigned sufferers for liberty, I ever read of. They presented themselves at the door at nine o'clock in the morning, where Sir William Saunderson respectfully informed them the Chancellor had made an order against their admittance. The Duchess of Queensbury, as head of the squadron, pished at the ill-breeding of a mere lawyer, and desired him to let them up stairs privately. After some modest refusals he swore by G— he would not let them in. Her grace, with a noble warmth, answered, by G— they would come in, in spite of the Chancellor and the whole House.

* Lady Huntingdon, the same who afterwards became the head, the Countess Matilda, of the Whitfieldian Methodists.

This being reported, the Peers resolved to starve them out; an order was made that the doors should not be opened till they had raised their siege. These Amazons now shewed themselves qualified for the duty even of foot-soldiers; they stood there till five in the afternoon, without either sustenance or evacuation, every now and then playing vollies of thumps, kicks, and raps, against the door, with so much violence that the speakers in the House were scarce heard. When the Lords were not to be conquered by this, the two Duchesses (very well apprized of the use of stratagems in war) commanded a dead silence of half an hour; and the Chancellor, who thought this a certain proof of their absence, (the Commons also being very impatient to enter,) gave order for the opening of the door; upon which they all rushed in, pushed aside their competitors, and placed themselves in the front rows of the gallery. They stayed there till after eleven, when the House rose; and during the debate gave applause, and showed marks of dislike, not only by smiles and winks (which have always been allowed in these cases), but by noisy laughs and apparent contempts; which is supposed the true reason why poor Lord Hervey spoke miserably.* I beg your pardon, dear madam, for this long relation; but 'tis impossible to be short on so copious a

* The debate to which this story relates, must have been that of May 2, 1738, on the depredations of the Spaniards, which appears to have been closed by a speech of Lord Hervey's.—See Parl. Hist. vol. x. p. 729.

subject; and you must own this action very well worthy of record, and I think not to be paralleled in any history, ancient or modern. I look so little in my own eyes (who was at that time ingloriously sitting over a tea-table), I hardly dare subscribe myself even, Yours.

It is with great pleasure, dear madam, that I hear from you, after a silence that appeared very long to me. Nothing can be more agreeable or more obliging than your letter. I can give you no greater proof of the impression it made on me than letting you know that you have given me so great an inclination to see Italy once more, that I have serious thoughts of setting out the latter end of this summer. And what the remembrance of all the charms of music, sculpture, painting, architecture, and even the sun itself could not do, the knowledge that Lady Pomfret is there has effected; and I already figure to myself the charms of the brightest conversation in the brightest climate. We have nothing here but clouds and perpetual rains, nor no news but deaths and sickness. Lord Halifax* died this morning, and I am really touched for the melancholy situation of his numerous family. A

* Lord Halifax, made Earl of Halifax by a fresh creation after the death of his uncle Charles, who had been a minister under King William and George I; and whose barony, given by the former, was already settled upon him. Both became extinct upon his son's dying without male issue.

loss more peculiarly my own is that of poor Lady Stafford, whose last remains of life I am daily watching with a fruitless sorrow. I believe a very few months, perhaps weeks, will part us for ever. You who have a heart capable of friendship may imagine to what a degree I am shocked at such a separation, which so much disorders my thoughts, as renders me unfit to entertain myself or any others. This reflection must shorten my letter. In you I hope to repair the loss of her, and when we meet I am persuaded there will not be many regrets sent to England by, dear madam,

Your faithful and affectionate, &c.

May 2, O. S. 1739.

Turin, September 11, N. S. 1739.

I AM now, dear madam, in a country where I may soon hope for the pleasure of seeing you; but in taking your advice I see I have taken the wrong road to have that happiness soon; and I am out of patience to find that, after passing the Alps, we have the Apennines between us; besides the new-invented difficulties of passing from this country to Bologna, occasioned by their foolish quarantines. I will not entertain you with my road adventures 'till we meet. But I cannot help mentioning the most agreeable of them, which was seeing at Lyons the most beautiful and the best behaved young man I ever saw.

I am sure your ladyship must know I mean my Lord Lempster.* He did me the honour of coming to visit me several times; accompanied me to the opera; and, in short, I am indebted to him for many civilities, besides the pleasure of seeing so amiable a figure. If I had the honour of all my relations much at heart, I should, however, have been mortified at seeing his contrast in the person of my cousin Lord Fielding,† who is at the same academy. I met Lord Carlisle at Pont Beauvoisin, who had been confined in the mountains three weeks in a miserable village, on the account of his son's health, who is still so ill that he can travel in no way but in a litter. I enquired after your ladyship, as I cannot help doing so of every body that I think may have seen you. He told me that he had not had that advantage, but he was informed that you intended leaving Sienna, and would certainly pass the carnival at Venice; which determines me to go thither, where I beg you would direct your next letter, enclosed to Mr. Brown, the English consul there.

It is impossible to express to you the satisfaction I feel in the hopes of passing our time together, remote from the nonsense of our own country, and present to the only happiness this world can afford,

* Lord Lempster, son of Lady Pomfret.

† Basil, afterwards seventh Earl of Denbigh. His father was Lady Mary's first cousin.

a mutual friendship and esteem; which I flatter myself your partiality gives me, and which is paid to you with the utmost justice by, dear madam,

Your faithful, &c. &c.

Venice, Oct. 10, N. S.

I DID not answer dear Lady Pomfret's letter the moment I had received it, from a very ridiculous reason, which was however a very serious impediment; a gnat had saluted one of my eyes so roughly, that it was for two days absolutely sealed down: it is now quite well; and the first use I make of it is to give thanks for your kind thoughts of me, which I wish I knew how to deserve.

I like this place extremely, and am of opinion you would do so too: as to cheapness, I think 'tis impossible to find any part of Europe where both the laws and customs are so contrived purposely to avoid expences of all sorts; and here is a universal liberty that is certainly one of the greatest *agrémens* in life. We have foreign ambassadors from all parts of the world, who have all visited me. I have received visits from many of the noble Venetian ladies; and upon the whole I am very much at my ease here. If I was writing to Lady Sophia, I would tell her of the comedies and operas which are every night, at very low prices; but I believe even you will agree with me that they are ordered to be as convenient as possible, every mortal going

in a mask, and consequently no trouble in dressing, or forms of any kind. I should be very glad to see Rome, which was my first intention (I mean next to seeing yourself); but am deterred from it by reasons that are put into my head by all sorts of people that speak to me of it. There are innumerable little dirty spies about all English; and I have so often had the ill-fortune to have false witness borne against me, I fear my star on this occasion. I still hope you will come to Venice; where you will see a great town, very different from any other you ever saw, and a manner of living that will be quite new to you. Let me endeavour to tempt you by naming another motive; you will find a sincere friend, who will try the utmost of her power to render the place agreeable to you; it can never be thoroughly so to me 'till I have the happiness of seeing Lady Pomfret; being ever, in the strictest sense of that phrase, Yours, &c.

Venice, Nov. 6.

It was with the greatest pleasure I read dear Lady Pomfret's letter half an hour ago: I cannot too soon give thanks for the delightful hopes you give me of seeing you here; and, to say truth, my gratitude is even painful to me 'till I try to express some part of it.

Upon my word, I have spoke my real thoughts in relation to Venice; but I will be more particular

in my description, least you should find the same reason of complaint you have hitherto experienced. It is impossible to give any rule for the agreeableness of conversation; but here is so great a variety, I think 'tis impossible not to find some to suit every taste. Here are foreign ministers from all parts of the world, who, as they have no court to employ their hours, are overjoyed to enter into commerce with any stranger of distinction. As I am the only lady here at present, I can assure you I am courted, as if I was the only one in the world. As to all the conveniences of life, they are to be had at very easy rates; and for those that love publick places, here are two playhouses and two operas constantly performed every night, at exceeding low prices. But you will have no reason to examine that article, no more than myself; all the ambassadors having boxes appointed them; and I have every one of their keys at my service, not only for my own person, but whoever I please to carry or send. I do not make much use of this privilege, to their great astonishment. It is the fashion for the greatest ladies to walk the streets, which are admirably paved; and a mask, price sixpence, with a little cloak, and the head of a domino, the genteel dress to carry you every where. The greatest equipage is a gondola, that holds eight persons, and is the price of an English chair. And it is so much the established fashion for every body to live their own way, that nothing is more ridiculous

than censuring the actions of another. This would be terrible in London, where we have little other diversion; but for me, who never found any pleasure in malice, I bless my destiny that has conducted me to a part where people are better employed than in talking of the affairs of their acquaintance. It is at present excessive cold (which is the only thing I have to find fault with); but in recompence we have a clear bright sun, and fogs and factions, things unheard of in this climate. In short, if you come, and like the way of living as well as I do, there can be nothing to be added to the happiness of, dearest madam,

Your faithful, &c.

Venice.

You have put me to a very difficult choice, yet, when I consider we are both in Italy, and yet do not see one another, I am astonished at the capriciousness of my fortune. My affairs are so uncertain, I can answer for nothing that is future. I have taken some pains to put the inclination for travelling into Mr. Wortley's head, and was so much afraid he should change his mind, that I hastened before him in order (at least) to secure my journey. He proposed following me in six weeks, his business requiring his presence at Newcastle. Since that, the change of scene that has happened in England has made his friends per-

suade him to attend parliament this sessions: so that what his inclinations, which must govern mine, will be next spring, I cannot absolutely foresee. For my own part, I like my own situation so well that it will be a displeasure to me to change it. To postpone such a conversation as your's a whole twelvemonth is a terrible appearance; on the other hand, I would not follow the example of the first of our sex, and sacrifice for a present pleasure a more lasting happiness. In short, I can determine nothing on this subject. When you are at Florence, we may debate it over again.—I had letters last post from England that informed me we lodged in a house together. I think it is the first lie I ever heard invented that I wished a solemn truth.

The Prince of Saxony is expected here in a few days, and has taken a palace exactly over against my house. As I had the honour to be particularly well acquainted (if one may use that phrase) with his mother when I was at Vienna, I believe I cannot be dispensed with from appearing at the conversations which I hear he intends to hold: which is some mortification to me who am wrapt up among my books with antiquarians and virtuosi. I shall be very impatient for the return to this letter; hoping to hear something more determined of your resolutions; which will in a great measure form those of, dear madam,

Your ladyship's most faithful, &c.

I MUST begin my letter, dear madam, with asking pardon for the peevishness of my last. I confess I was piqued at yours, and you should not wonder I am a little tender on that point. To suspect me of want of desire to see you, is accusing at once both my taste and my sincerity; and you will allow that all the world are sensible upon these subjects. But you have now given me an occasion to thank you, in sending me the most agreeable young man I have seen in my travels. I wish it was in my power to be of use to him; but what little services I am able to do him, I shall not fail of performing with great pleasure. I have already received a very considerable one from him in a conversation where you was the subject, and I had the satisfaction of hearing him talk of you in a manner that agreed with my own way of thinking. I wish I could tell you that I set out for Florence next week; but the winter is yet so severe, and by all report, even that of your friends, the roads so bad, it is impossible to think of it. We are now in the midst of carnival amusements, which are more than usual, for the entertainment of the Electoral Prince of Saxony, and I am obliged to live in a hurry very inconsistent with philosophy, and extreme different from the life I projected to lead. But 'tis long since I have been of Prior's opinion, who, I think, somewhere compares us to cards, who are but played with, do not play. At least such has been my

destiny from my youth upwards; and neither Dr. Clarke* or Lady Sundon could ever convince me that I was a free agent; for I have always been disposed of more by little accidents, than either my own inclinations or interest. I believe that affairs of the greatest importance are carried the same way. I seriously assure you (as I have done before), I wish nothing more than your conversation; and am downright enraged that I can appoint no time for that happiness; which however I hope will not be long delayed, and is impatiently waited for by, dear madam, Your ladyship's, &c.

I CANNOT deny your ladyship's letter gave me a great deal of pleasure; but you have seasoned it with a great deal of pain, in the conclusion (after the many agreeable things you have said to me) that you are not entirely satisfied with me: you will not throw our separation on ill fortune; and I will not renew the conversation of the fallen angels in Milton, who in contesting on predestination and free-will, we are told,

"They of the vain dispute could know no end."

Yet I know that neither my pleasures, my passions, nor my interests, have ever disposed of me,

* Dr. Clarke and Lady Sundon. This alludes to Queen Caroline and her confidante, who dabbled in philosophy and metaphysics, and were at one time very fond of Dr. Clarke, with whom they affected to study. Pope's line may be remembered: "Nor in a hermitage set Dr. Clarke."

so much as little accidents, which, whether from chance or destiny, have always determined my choice. Here is weather for example, which, to the shame of all almanacks, keeps on the depth of winter in the beginning of spring; and makes it as much impossible for me to pass the mountains of Bologna, as it would be to wait on you in another planet, if you had taken up your residence in Venus or Mercury. However, I am fully determined to give myself that happiness; but when is out of my power to decide. You may imagine, apart from the gratitude I owe you and the inclination I feel for you, that I am impatient to hear good sense pronounced in my native tongue; having only heard my language out of the mouths of boys and governors for these five months. Here are inundations of them broke in upon us this carnival, and my apartment must be their refuge; the greater part of them having kept an inviolable fidelity to the languages their nurses taught them. Their whole business abroad (as far as I can perceive) being to buy new cloaths, in which they shine in some obscure coffee-house, where they are sure of meeting only one another; and after the important conquest of some waiting gentlewoman of an opera Queen, who perhaps they remember as long as they live, return to England excellent judges of men and manners. I find the spirit of patriotism so strong in me every time I see them, that I look on them as the greatest blockheads in nature;

and, to say truth, the compound of booby and *petit maître* makes up a very odd sort of animal. I hope we shall live to talk all these things over, and ten thousand more, which I reserve till the hour of meeting; which that it may soon arrive is the zealous wish of Your ever faithful, &c. &c.

Upon my word, dear madam, I seriously intend myself the happiness of being with you this summer; but it cannot be till then; while the Prince of Saxony stays here I am engaged not to move; not upon his account, as you may very well imagine, but here are many entertainments given, and to be given him by the publick, which it would be disobliging to my friends here to run away from; and I have received so many civilities from the first people here, I cannot refuse them the complaisance of passing the feast of the Ascension in their company, though 'tis a real violence to my inclination to be so long deprived of your's, of which I know the value, and may say, that I am just to you from judgment as well as pleased with you from taste. I envy nothing more to Lady Walpole than your conversation, though I am glad you have met with her's. Have you not reasoned much on the surprizing conclusion of Lord Scarborough? I confess I look upon his engagement with the Duchess,*

* Isabella, the widow of William Duke of Manchester, was eldest daughter of John Duke of Montagu, by his wife, Lady

not as the cause, but sign, that he was mad. I could wish for some authentic account of her behaviour on this occasion. I do not doubt she shines in it, as she has done in every other part of her

Mary Churchill, daughter of John the great Duke of Marlborough, a woman celebrated for her beauty, and the admiration which it excited. She was about to take as her second husband Richard Earl of Scarborough, (the Lord Scarborough so praised by Chesterfield and Pope,) when, without any apparent reason to be tired of life, he destroyed himself the day before that fixed for their marriage. Report said, that by hastily drying up an issue, or using hazardous means to check an eruption, he had repelled a humour, which flew to his brain, and produced a sudden fit of insanity. Lady Mary Wortley's remarks on this and every thing else concerning the Duchess of Manchester, are so far from charitable that the cause of her bitterness should be explained. The Duchess, unfortunately, was at variance, indeed at open war, with her parents, having married very young, and in the first enjoyment of delightful freedom, made too much haste to fling off the yoke of her mother; who, perhaps, on her side, strove to govern rather too long. But this Lady Mary, who was her mother the Duchess of Montagu's fast friend, would not admit, and threw the whole blame upon the daughter, for whom, however, the self-same circumstance won zealous protection and partiality from her august grandmother, Sarah of Marlborough. "You, my sweet Duchess, (said the grandmother in an overflow of fondness,) *you* were always the very best of God's creatures, but you have a *mother!!*" The grand-daughter, who was gifted with a great deal of humour, and knew perfectly well what made her a favourite, could not resist answering, "Ay, and *she* has a mother!"

None of the Duchess of Manchester's lovers pursued her more ardently than at one time did Mr. Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland. So, whenever Duchess Sarah heard of any imprudent love-match, "Ah! well!" she would cry, "I don't care who runs away with whom so long as the Fox does not carry off my Goose."

life. I am almost inclined to superstition on this accident; and think it a judgment for the death of a poor silly soul,* that you know he caused some years ago.

I had a visit yesterday from a Greek called Cantacuzena, who had the honour to see your ladyship, as he says, often at Florence, and gave me the pleasure of speaking of you in the manner I think. Prince Beauveau and Lord Shrewsbury intend to leave us in a few days for the Conclave. We expect after it a fresh cargo of English; but, God be praised, I hear of no ladies among them: Mrs. Lethuilier was the last that gave comedies in this town, and she had made her exit before I came; which I look upon as a great blessing. I have nothing to complain of here but too much diversion, as it is called; and which literally diverts me from amusements much more agreeable. I can hardly believe it is me dressed up at balls, and stalking about at assemblies; and should not be so much surprized at suffering any of Ovid's transformations; having more disposition, as I thought,

* This was Lady Mary's own sister-in-law, the widow Lady Kingston, who with a weak understanding had strong affections, and devoted them all to Lord Scarborough. She thought him so firmly engaged to her, that she even taught her children to call him *papa*. But falling ill, and sending for him, she received such a shock from a cold slighting answer he gave to something she said about their future marriage, that she turned on her pillow and spoke to him no more. As she died a day or two afterwards, Lady Mary might justly accuse him of having struck the death-blow.

to harden into stone or timber, than to be enlivened into these tumultuary entertainments, where I am amazed to find myself, seated by a sovereign prince; after travelling a thousand miles to establish myself in the bosom of a republic, with a design to lose all memory of kings and courts. Won't you admire the force of destiny? I remember my contracting an intimacy with a girl* in a village, as the most distant thing on earth from power and politics. Fortune tosses her up (in a double sense), and I am embroiled in a thousand affairs that I had resolved to avoid as long as I lived. Say what you please, madam, we are pushed about by a superior hand, and there is some predestination, as well as a great deal of free-will, in my being

Faithfully yours, &c.

I CANNOT help being offended to find that you think it necessary to make an excuse for the desire that you so obligingly expressed of seeing me. Do not think me so tasteless or so ungrateful not to be sensible of all the goodness you have shewn me. I prefer one hour of your conversation to all the raree-shows that have ever been exhibited. But little circumstances commonly overrule both our

* Meaning Miss Skerritt, with whom Lady Mary made an intimate acquaintance at Twickenham, some time before her conquest of Sir Robert Walpole "*tossed her up*" into the region of power and politics.

interests and our inclinations. Though I believe, if the weather and roads permitted, I should even now break through them all, to gratify myself with waiting on you; however I hope that happiness in a few weeks; and in the mean time must go through a course of conversations, concerts, balls, &c. I envy you a more reasonable way of passing your time. It is but a very small quantity that is allowed us by nature, and yet how much of that little is squandered. I am determined to be a better housewife for the future; and not to be cheated out of so many irretrievable hours, that might be laid out to better advantage. I could pity the Duchess of Manchester, though I believe 'tis a sensation she is incapable of feeling for any body, and I do not doubt it is her pride that is chiefly shocked on this occasion; but as that is a very tender part, and she having always possessed a double portion of it, I am persuaded she is very miserable. I am surprized at the different way of acting I find in Italy, where, though the sun gives more warmth to the passions, they are all managed with a sort of discretion that there is never any public *eclât*, though there are ten thousand publick engagements; which is so different from what I had always heard and read, that I am convinced either the manners of the country are wonderfully changed, or travellers have always related what they have imagined, and not what they saw; as I found at Constantinople, where, instead of the imprisonment in which I fan-

cied all the ladies languished, I saw them running about in veils from morning to night.

'Till I can see you, dear madam, let me hear from you as often as possible, and do not think your favours thrown away upon a stupid heart; it is sincerely devoted to your service, with as much attachment as ever. I can part with all other pretensions, but I must be angry if you are in this point unjust to Your faithful servant, &c. &c.

Venice, May 17.

I HAD the happiness of a letter from your ladyship a few days since, and yesterday the pleasure of talking of you with Sir Henry Englefield. He tells me you are still in ice and snow at Florence, and we are very little better at Venice, where we remain in the state of warming beds and sitting by fire-sides. I begin to be of opinion that the sun is grown old; it is certain he does not ogle with so much spirit as he used to do, or our planet has made some slip unperceived by the mathematicians. For my own part, who am more passionately fond of Phœbus than ever Clymene was, I have some thoughts of removing into Africa, that I may feel him once more before I die; which I shall do as surely as your olive-trees, if I have much longer to sigh for his absence. In the mean time I am tied here as long as the Prince of Saxony, which is an

uncertain term, but I think will not be long after the Ascension; and then I intend myself the pleasure of waiting on you, where I will listen to all your reproaches, hoping you will do the same to my excuses, and that the balance will come out in my favour: though I could wish you rather here; having a strong notion Venice is more agreeable than Florence, as freedom is more eligible than slavery; and I have an insuperable aversion to courts, or the shadows of them, be they in what shapes they will. I send you no description of the regatta, not doubting you have been wearied with the printed one. It was really a magnificent show, as ever was exhibited since the galley of Cleopatra. Instead of her Majesty we had some hundreds of Cleopatras in the windows and balconys. The operas and masks begin next Wednesday, and we persevere in gallantries and raree-shows, in the midst of wars and rumours of wars that surround us. I may, however, assure you with an English plainness, these things can at most but attract my eyes, while (as the song says) you engage my heart; which I hope to convince you of when I am so happy as to tell you by word of mouth that I am

Sincerely and faithfully yours, &c.

June 4th.

I HAVE this moment received the most agreeable and most obliging letter I ever read in my life; I

mean your ladyship's of the 28th May. I ought to take post to-morrow morning to thank you in person, but the possibilities are wanting. Here is a new unforeseen, impertinent impediment rose up; in vulgar English called a big belly. I hope you won't think it my own; but my dear chambermaid, the only English female belonging to me, was pleased to honour me last night with the confidence that she expects to lie-in every day; which my negligence and her loose gown has hindered me from perceiving till now; though I have been told to-day by ten visitors that all the town knew it except myself. Here am I locked up this month at Venice for her sweet sake, and consequently going to hate it heartily; but it is not possible for me to travel alone, or trust an Italian with the care of my jewels, &c. The creature is married to an English servant of mine, so there is no indecency in keeping her, but a great deal of inconveniency. I beg your pardon, dear madam, for this ridiculous detail of my domesticks, but it is at present the only thing that stops my journey; the Prince of Saxony's being fixed for the tenth of this month. You cannot know me so little as to suppose the pleasure of making my court, determined me to stay as long as he did. I freely confess a very great esteem, and even friendship for his governor, whose civilities to me have been so great, I must have been very stupid, as well as ungrateful, if I could have thought they deserved no return; and he exacted this pro-

mise from me at a time when neither he nor I thought he could stay above half the time he has done. This friendship of ours is attended with such peculiar circumstances as make it as free from all possibility of a reproach, as a fancy your ladyship may take, for aught I know, to the Venus de Medici; he being in some sense as immoveable as she, and equally incapable, by the duties of his cursed place, to leave the post he is in, even for one moment. I go there to visit him behind the Prince's chair, which is his grate;* where we converse in English (which he speaks perfectly well), and he has the pleasure of talking to me with a freedom, that he does not use to any other. You may easily imagine the consolation this is to him; and you have so good a heart, that I am sure you must be sensible of the pleasure I find in giving any to a man of so extraordinary a character both for virtue and understanding. This is the true history of my stay here, which shall be as short as these *remorâs* will permit; being ever, &c.

I SEND you this letter by so agreeable a companion, that I think it a very considerable present. He will tell you that he has pressed me very much to set out for Florence immediately, and I have the

* Lady Mary must have meant that the Prince's chair was to his governor, what the grate of a nunnery is to the nuns, an impassable barrier.

greatest inclination in the world to do it; but, as I have already said, I am but too well convinced that all things are relative, and mankind was not made to follow their own inclinations. I have pushed as fair for liberty as any one; I have most philosophically thrown off all the chains of custom and subjection; and also rooted out of my heart all seeds of ambition and avarice. In such a state, if freedom could be found, that lot would sure be mine; yet certain atoms of attraction and repulsion keep me still in suspence; and I cannot absolutely set the day of my departure, though I very sincerely wish for it, and have one reason more than usual; this town being at present infested with English, who torment me as much as the frogs and lice did the palace of Pharaoh, and are surprized that I will not suffer them to skip about my house from morning till night; me, that never opened my doors to such sort of animals in England. I wish I knew a corner of the world inaccessible to petit-maîtres and fine ladies. I verily believed when I left London I should choose my own company for the remainder of my days; which I find more difficult to do abroad than at home; and with humility I sighing own,

> Some stronger power eludes the sickly will,
> Dashes my rising hope with certain ill;
> And makes me with reflective trouble see,
> That all is destin'd that I fancy'd free.

I have talked to this purpose with the bearer of

this letter: you may talk with him on any subject, for though our acquaintance has been very short, it has been long enough to shew me that he has an understanding that will be agreeable in what light he pleases to shew it.

Your ladyship's letter (which I have this minute received) would have been the most agreeable thing in the world, if it had been directed to another; but I can no more be charmed with it than a duellist can admire the skill by which he is mortally wounded. With all the respect I owe you, I cannot forbear saying, that no woman living ever reproached another with less reason than you do me at present. You can't possibly suspect I have got my chambermaid with child myself for a pretence to stay here. This is a crime of which all mankind will acquit me; and if she had any such malicious design in conceiving, I can assure you she had no orders from me; but, as the song says,

'Tis e'en but a folly to flounce;
'Tis done, and it cannot be holp.

As soon as she is able to travel, I will certainly set out, notwithstanding the information of your popish priest. There's another thing; how can you pin your faith upon the sleeve of one of those gentlemen, against the assurances given you by a daughter of the Church of England? After this, you are obliged to me that I do not suspect he can persuade

you into a belief in all the miracles in the Legend. All quarrelling apart, if neither death nor sickness intervene, you will certainly see me at Florence. I talk of you every day at present with Mr. Mackenzie,* who is a very pretty youth, much enchanted by the charms of Lady Sophia, who, I hear from all hands, so far outshines all the Florentine beauties, that none of them dare appear before her. I shall take great pleasure in being spectatress of her triumphs; but yet more in your ladyship's conversation, which was never more earnestly desired by any one than it is at this time by, dearest madam,

Yours, &c.

Venice, June 29th.

To convince you of my sincere impatience to see you, though my waiting gentlewoman is not yet brought to bed, I am determined to set out the last day of this month, whether she is able to accompany me or not. I hope for one month's happiness with you at Florence; and if you then remove to Rome, I will wait on you thither, and shall find double pleasure in every fine thing I see in your company. You see, whatever acquaintance I have made at Venice, I am ready to sacrifice them to your's. I have already desired my London correspondents to address their letters to your palace, and am Most faithfully yours, &c.

* James Stuart Mackenzie, the younger brother of Lord Bute.

Aug. 12, N. S.

I AM going to give your ladyship a very dangerous proof of my zealous desire of seeing you. I intend to set out to-morrow morning, though I have a very swelled face; attended by a damsel who has lain in but sixteen days. I hope after this expedition you will never more call in doubt how much I am, dearest madam, Yours, &c.

Bologna, Aug. 16.

I AM thus far arrived towards the promised land, where I expect to see your ladyship; but shall stay here a day or two to prepare myself for the dreadful passage of the Apennines. In the mean time I have taken the liberty to direct two trunks and a box to your palace. The post is just going out, and hinders me from saying more than that I am Ever yours.

DEAR MADAM, Oct. 22, N. S.

I FLATTER myself that your ladyship's goodness will give you some pleasure in hearing that I am safely arrived at Rome. It was a violent transition from your palace and company to be locked up all day with my chambermaid, and sleep at night in a hovel; but my whole life has been in the Pindaric

style. I am at present settled in the lodging Sir Francis Dashwood* recommended to me. I liked that Mr. Boughton mentioned to me (which had been Sir Bourchier Wray's) much better; 'tis two zechins per month cheaper, and at least twenty more agreeable; but the landlord would not let it, for a very pleasant reason. It seems your gallant knight used to lie with his wife; and as he had no hopes I would do the same, he resolves to reserve his house for some young man. The only charm belonging to my present habitation is the cieling, which is finer than that of the gallery; being all painted by the proper hand of Zucchero, in perfect good preservation. I pay as much for this small apartment as your ladyship does for your magnificent palace; 'tis true I have a garden as large as your dressing-room. I walked last night two hours in that of Borghese, which is one of the most delightful I ever saw. I have diverted myself with a plain discovery of the persons concerned in the letter that was dropped in the Opera House. This is all the news I know, and I will not tire you with my thanks for the many civilities for which I am obliged to your ladyship; but I shall ever be highly sensible of them, and can never be other than, dear madam, your ladyship's

Most faithful humble servant.

* Sir Francis Dashwood, a very noted character in his time. He claimed and obtained the old Barony of Le Despenser after the death of the Earl of Westmoreland.

Nov. 11, Rome.

I RECEIVED the honour of your ladyship's letter but last night. I perceive all letters are stopped. Two that you enclosed are from dear Mr. Mackenzie, pressing with the most friendly solicitude my return to Venice, and begging me to let him meet me at Bologna. I am amazed at the good-nature of that youth. I could not wish a child of my own a more affectionate behaviour than he has shewn to me; and that inducement is added to many others to incline me to Venice; but——. I intend for Naples next week; but as my stay there will not exceed fifteen days, I shall be again here before it is possible for you to arrive; where I wish you for your own sake. Here are entertainments for all tastes; and whatever notions I had of the magnificence of Rome, I can assure you it has surpassed all my ideas of it. I am sincerely concerned for Mr. Boughton, and wish the air of Pisa may recover his health. I shall very readily tell your ladyship all I guess about the said letter. An English lady called Mrs. D'Arcie (what D'Arcie I can't imagine) lodged in the house where I now am, and Sir Francis Dashwood was every day with her; she went from hence, by the way of Florence, to England. Putting this together, I supposed her the person concerned. This is all I know. You may see that I have no other advantage from this discovery but the bare satisfaction of my curiosity. The Abbé

Niccolini arrived last night; I believe I shall see him this evening. Here are yet no English of your acquaintance, except Lord Elcho. I am told Lord Lincoln has taken a large house, and intends to keep a table, &c. The life I now lead is very different from what you fancy. I go to bed every night at ten, run about all the morning among the antiquities, and walk every evening in a different beautiful villa; where if amongst the fountains I could find the waters of Lethe, I should be completely happy.

> Like a deer that is wounded I bleed and run on,
> And fain I my torment would hide.
> But alas! 'tis in vain, for wherever I run
> The bloody dart sticks in my side,

and I carry the serpent that poisons the paradise I am in. I beg your pardon (dear madam) for this impertinent account of myself; you ought to forgive it, since you would not be troubled with it, if I did not depend upon it, that your friendship for me interests you in all my concerns; though I can no way merit it but by the sincerity with which I am, &c.

Naples, Nov. 25, N. S.

Here I am arrived at length, after a most disagreeable journey. I bought a chaise at Rome, which cost me twenty-five good English pounds; and had the pleasure of being laid low in it the very second day after I set out. I had the marvellous

good luck to escape with life and limbs; but my delightful chaise broke all to pieces, and I was forced to stay a whole day in a hovel, while it was tacked together in such a manner as would serve to drag me hither. To say truth, this accident has very much palled my appetite for travelling. I was last night at the opera, which is far the finest in Italy; it was the Queen's birth-night; the whole house was illuminated, and the court in its greatest splendour. Mrs. Allen is very well behaved, and (*entre nous*) her lover one of the prettiest men I ever saw in any country; but all is managed with the strictest decency. I have been diverted both at Rome and here with Lady W—'s* memoirs. The consul told me that when she first came here she was in the full fury of her passion for Mr. Sturgis. He went once to take the air in a coach with them, and her ladyship was so violent, he protested he had a great mind to have alighted and walked home on

* Lady W.'s memoirs,—probably Lady Walpole's, Sir Robert's daughter-in-law. When she first broke loose from all restraints, while still very young, separating from her husband to seek adventures abroad, as at that time, according to the usual justice and candour of party spirit, every body, even a runaway wife, was in the right *versus* Sir Robert Walpole and his family, some patriot bade her good-speed in these lines, which are given from memory, and therefore may not be quite exact;

> Go, sprightly Rolle, and traverse earth and sea;
> Go, fly the land where beauty mayn't be free;
> Admired and pity'd, seek some friendly shore,
> Where not a Walpole shall approach thee more.

foot, rather than have been a spectator. I could not help laughing when I remembered our disputes.

I am informed here are many pretty houses to be had, and I own I have half a mind to send orders for my goods to be brought hither; but fixing is a point of such importance, it deserves to be well considered. I am now sitting comfortably without a fire, and a soft winter is an article of consequence. It is possible there may be as many intrigues here as in other places; but there is an outward decency that I am pleased with; and by what I see of the Neapolitans (contrary to their common character), they appear to me a better sort of people than the Romans, or (if you will give me leave to say it) the Florentines. There seems some tincture of Spanish honour amongst them; and in favour of that I can forgive a little Spanish formality. However, I have yet determined nothing; but wherever I am, I shall be, dear madam, faithfully yours &c.

Rome, January 20, N. S.

This is the fourth letter I have wrote to your ladyship, since I had the honour of hearing from you. I own I am much mortified at it. I do not doubt my letters have miscarried, for I cannot believe your silence proceeds from any other cause. In the mean time I must suffer greatly in your opinion if you think me stupid or ungrateful enough to neglect a correspondence which is

every way so advantageous to me. I am returned from Naples, where I was much tempted to fix my residence, both from the charms of the climate, and the many civilities I met with. Some considerations made me decline it; and since my arrival here I have received such pressing and obliging letters from my friends at Venice, I can hardly resist my inclination to go thither. I am ashamed of my irresolution, but I own I am still undetermined. You see I confess to you all my weakness. My baggage is arrived at Leghorn; and, wherever I turn myself afterwards, it is necessary for me to go thither to give some orders concerning it; I only wait for the moon-light to begin my journey. I see all the English here every day, and amongst them Lord Lincoln, who is really, I think, very deserving, and appears to have both spirit and understanding. They all expect your ladyship's family here before the end of the carnival. I wish my affairs would permit me to stay till that time, if it be true you intend coming, otherwise the shows give me very little curiosity. The Abbé Niccolini is very obliging to me, but I fear his interest is not sufficient to do the service to my friend, that I endeavour with all my heart; though I've little hopes of success from what the Venetian ambassador told me last night. I had last post a great deal of news from England, but as I suppose you had the same, I do not trouble you with the repetition. I hope all your family continue in health and beauty.

I am ever, dear madam, your ladyship's, &c.

Your ladyship's letters are so concise, I suppose you neither expected or desired a quick return to them; however I could not let slip this opportunity of assuring you that you have still in being a very sincere (though perhaps insignificant) humble servant. If you could know all my behaviour here, you would be thoroughly convinced of this truth, and of my endeavours to serve you. I was not at all surprized at the sight of Mr. Sturgis; he has the very face of a lover kicked out of doors; and I pity his good heart, at the same time I despise his want of spirit. I confess I am amazed (with your uncommon understanding) that you are capable of drawing such false consequences. Because I tell you another woman has a very agreeable lover, you conclude I am in love with him myself; when God knows I have not seen one man since I left you, that has affected me otherwise than if he had been carved in marble. Some figures have been good, others have been ill made; and all equally indifferent to me. The news I have heard from London is, Lady Margaret Hastings* having disposed of herself to a poor wandering methodist; Lady Lucy Manners being engaged to Mr. Pawlet; Miss Henshaw married to Captain

* Lady Margaret Hastings, &c.—Perhaps none of this news was true. Lady Lucy Manners certainly married the Duke of Montrose; and by the Peerage book it appears that Lady Margaret Hastings died unmarried.

Strickland; and Lady Carnarvon receiving the honourable addresses of Sir Thomas Robinson; here is a great heap of our sex's folly.

I intend setting out for Leghorn the next Sunday, and from thence I am yet undetermined. What is very pleasant, I have met two men exactly in the same circumstances. The one is Prince Couteau (brother to the Princess of Campo Florida), who has abandoned his country on being disgusted with his wife; and the other a Genoese Abbé, who has both wit and learning in a very ugly form, and who on a disagreeable adventure is resolved never to return to Genoa. We often talk over every town in Europe, and find some objection or other to every one of them.

If it would suit your conveniency to see me at Sienna, I would stop there to receive that pleasure.

Rome, February 15th.

I AM extremely sorry (dear madam) that things have turned out so unluckily to hinder me the pleasure of your conversation; I really believed Lord Strafford intended to go straight to Florence, instead of which he has been at Leghorn, Pisa, and Lucca, which has occasioned these mistakes. When you arrive at Rome, I am persuaded you will be convinced of my endeavours to serve you; and I'm very positive nothing but ill management can hinder that affair from succeeding. I own it will require

some skill from the opposition it is like to meet with. I am now expecting every hour to be summoned on board, or I would take a trip to Florence to inform you of every thing. I am sorry you seem to doubt the benignity of your stars; pray trust to mine, which (though of little use to myself) have never failed of showering some good fortune where I wished it, as I do most sincerely to you; being, dear madam, Faithfully yours,

M. W. M.

Leghorn, March the 3rd.

Turin, October 2nd.

I HAD the honour of seeing Lord Lempster yesterday, who told me to my great surprize your letter complains of my silence, while I was much mortified at yours, having never heard once from you since I left Leghorn, though I have wrote several times. I suppose our frequent removals have occasioned this breach in our correspondence, which it will be a great pleasure to me to renew. I hear you are very well diverted at Bruxelles; I am very much pleased here, where the people in general are more polite and obliging than in most parts of Italy. I am told Lady Walpole is at present at Verona, and intends to pass the carnival at Venice. Mrs. Prat passed this way last week; the Duchess of Buckingham is daily expected. Italy is likely to be blessed with the sight of English ladies of every sort and size. I staid some

time at Genoa, tempted to it by the great civilities I received there, and the opportunity of hiring a palace in the most beautiful situation I ever saw. I was visited there by Lord Lincoln and Mr. Walpole, who informed me that you hurried away from Venice, designing for England. I hope some good occasion has stopped you. I do not doubt you have heard Mrs. Goldsworthy's melancholy history; which is very comical. I saw often Signora Clelia Durazzo, who was your friend and very much mine; and we had the pleasure of talking frequently of your ladyship, in many parties we had together. I have thus given you a long account of my travels, I hope to have in return the history of yours. I am told, since I began this letter, that Miss Windsor, who is very well married in Holland (I forget the name), is gone to Naples. I think I was very unlucky not to meet with her; I should be very glad to have an opportunity of shewing my regard to your ladyship, in serving any of your relations; and perhaps my experience might be of some use to a stranger. If my intelligence from hence can be any way agreeable to you, you have a right to command it. I wish I could shew you more effectually how much I am

Ever yours,

M. W. M.

Be pleased to direct, "recommandé à Mons. Villette, Ministre de S. M. Britanique."

Chambery, December 3, N.S.

At length, dear madam, I have the pleasure of hearing from you; I hope you have found every thing in London to your satisfaction. I believe it will be a little surprize to you to hear that I am fixed for this winter in this little obscure town; which is generally so much unknown, that a description of it will at least have novelty to recommend it. Here is the most profound peace and unbounded plenty, that is to be found in any corner of the universe; but not one rag of money. For my part, I think it amounts to the same thing, whether one is obliged to give several pence for bread, or can have a great deal of bread for a penny, since the Savoyard nobility here keep as good tables, without money, as those in London, who spend in a week what would be here a considerable yearly revenue. Wine, which is equal to the best Burgundy, is sold for a penny a quart, and I have a cook for very small wages, that is capable of rivalling Chloé.* Here are no equipages but chairs, the hire of which is about a crown a week, and all other matters proportionable. I can assure you I make the figure of the Duchess of Marlborough, by carrying gold in my purse; there being no visible coin but copper. Yet we are all people that can produce pedigrees to serve for the Order of Malta. Many of us have travelled, and

* See note p. 207.

'tis the fashion to love reading. We eat together perpetually, and have assemblies every night for conversation. To say truth, the houses are all built after the manner of the old English towns; nobody having had money to build for two hundred years past. Consequently the walls are thick, the roofs low, &c. the streets narrow, and miserably paved. However, a concurrence of circumstances obliges me to this residence for some time. You have not told me your thoughts of Venice. I heartily regret the loss of those letters you mention, and have no comfort but in the hopes of a more regular correspondence for the future. I cannot compassionate the Countess, since I think her insolent character deserves all the mortifications Heaven can send her. It will be charity to send me what news you pick up, which will be always shewn advantageously by your relation. I must depend upon your goodness for this; since I can promise you no return from hence, but the assurances that I am Ever faithfully yours.

Be pleased to direct as before to Mons. Villette, as the super-direction. Here are no such vanities as gilt paper, therefore you must excuse the want of it.

Chambery, March 4, N.S.

I KNOW not whether to condole or congratulate your ladyship on the changes in England; but

whatever they are, I hope they will no way turn to your disadvantage. The present prospect of war in Italy hinders my return thither; and I live here in so much health and tranquility, I am in no haste to remove. I am extremely glad to hear your affairs are settled to your satisfaction; I expect Lady Sophia shall be so very soon; at least, if my correspondents are not much mistaken in England, I shall have the honour of being her relation; and as I have had a long and familiar conversation with her lover, both at Rome and Genoa, I think he has a very uncommon merit, which may deserve her uncommon beauty; which I am told is the admiration of her own country, as it was that of every other through which she passed. I know not whether to say Sir William Lemon was very unlucky in not dying two years before he had committed a folly which will make his memory ridiculous; or very fortunate in having time given him, to indulge his inclination, and not time enough to see it in its proper light. The Marquis of Beaufort is one of my best friends here; he speaks English as well as if he had been born amongst us, and often talks to me of Miss Jefferys.* The finest seat in this country belongs to him; it is very near the town, finely furnished; and he has taken pleasure in making it resemble an English house. I have dined there several times. He has been married about seven years.

* Miss Jefferys.—This was Lady Pomfret's maiden name.

His lady is a well-bred agreeable woman; and he has a little daughter about six years old, that is an angel in face and shape. She will be the greatest heiress of this province, and his ambition is to marry her in England. The manners and fashions of this place copy those of Paris. Here are two assemblies, always concluding with a good supper; and we have had balls during the carnival, twice a week; which, though neither so numerous nor magnificent as those in London, were perhaps full as agreeable. After having given your ladyship a sketch of this town, you may imagine I expect a return of intelligence from London; how you pass your time, and what changes and chances happen amongst our acquaintance. When you see Lady E. Spelman, or Mrs. Bridgman, I should be obliged to you if you told them I am still their humble servant. I hope you are persuaded that I am unalterably yours, M. W. M.

Avignon, June 1, N. S.

I HAVE changed my situation, fearing to find myself blocked up in a besieged town; and not knowing where else to avoid the terrors of war, I have put myself under the protection of the Holy See. Your ladyship being well acquainted with this place, I need not send you a description of it; but I think you did not stay in it long enough to know many of the people. I find them very polite and

obliging to strangers. We have assemblies every night, which conclude with a great supper; and comedies which are tolerably well acted. In short, I think one may wile away an idle life with great tranquility; which has long since been the utmost of my ambition.

I never was more surprized than at the death of the Duchess of Cleveland;* I thought her discretion and constitution made to last at least as long as her father's. I beg you to let me know what accident has destroyed that fine figure which seemed built to last an age. You are very unjust to me in regard to the Marquis of Beaufort; he is too much an Englishman not to be inquisitive after the news of London. There has passed nothing there since he left it that he has not been informed of. Lord Lempster can tell you that before I came to Turin he had mentioned to him that he had had the honour of seeing his mother. He removed from Chambery with his whole family about the same time I left it; and for the same reason they passed into Italy; and if Piedmont proves the theatre of war, intend to refuge themselves at Lucca. I am much mortified that I can have no opportunity of giving him so great a pleasure as I know your compliment would be; his civilities to me deserving all possible gratitude. His daughter is but seven years old, a little angel both in face

* The Duchess of Cleveland,—one of the many daughters of Daniel Finch Earl of Nottingham.

and shape. *A propos* of angels, I am astonished Lady Sophia does not condescend to leave some copies of her face for the benefit of posterity; 'tis quite impossible she should not command what matches she pleases, when such pugs as Miss Hamilton* can become peeresses; and I am still of opinion that it depended on her to be my relation.

Here are several English ladies established, none I ever saw before; but they behave with decency, and give a good impression of our conduct, though their pale complexions and stiff stays do not give the French any inclination to imitate our dress.

Notwithstanding the dulness of this letter, I have so much confidence in your ladyship's charity, I flatter myself you will be so good as to answer it. I beg you would direct to me "recommandé à Monsieur Imbert, Banquier à Lyon;" he will take care to forward it to, dear madam,

Your faithful humble servant,

M. W. M.

Avignon, July 12, N. S.

It is but this morning that I have received the honour of your ladyship's obliging letter of the 31st of May; the other you mention never reached me, and this has been considerably retarded in its

* Miss Hamilton, daughter of Lord Archibald Hamilton, married Earl Brooke, afterwards created Earl of Warwick: she was very little.

passage. It is one of the sad effects of war, for us miserable exiles, the difficulty of corresponding with the few friends who are generous enough to remember the absent. I am very sorry and surprized to hear your good constitution has had such an attack. In lieu of many other comforts I have that of a very uncommon share of health; in all my wanderings, having never had one day's sickness, though nobody ever took less care to prevent it. If any marriage can have a prospect of continued happiness, it is that of Lord and Lady Carteret.* She has fortunately met with one that will know how to value her, and I know no other place where he could have found a lady of her education; which in her early youth has given her all the advantages of experience, and her beauty is her least merit. I do not doubt that of Lady Charlotte will soon procure her a happy settlement. I am much pleased with my niece's meeting with Lord Goreing; he visited me at Venice, and seemed one of the most reasonable young men I have seen.

I endeavour to amuse myself here with all sorts of monastic employments, the conversation not being at all agreeable to me, and friendship in France as impossible to be attained as orange-trees on the mountains of Scotland; it is not the product of the climate; and I try to content myself with reading, working, walking, and what you'll wonder to hear me mention, building. I know not whether you saw when you were at Avignon the rock of

* See note to page 212.

Douse, at the foot of which is the Vice Legate's palace; from the top of it you may see the four provinces of Venaisin, Provence, Languedoc, and Dauphiné; with the distant mountains of Auvergne, and the near meeting of the Durance and Rhone which flow under it; in short, it is the most beautiful land prospect I ever saw. There was anciently a temple of Diana, and another of Hercules of Gaul, whose ruins were turned into a fort, where the powder and ammunition of the town were kept, which was destroyed by lightening about eighty years since. There remained an ancient round tower, which I said in presence of the Consul I would make a very agreeable belvidere if it was mine. I expected no consequence from this accidental speech of mine; but he proposed to the Hotel de Ville, the next day, making me a present of it; which was done *nemine contradicente.* Partly to shew myself sensible of that civility, and partly for my own amusement, I have fitted up a little pavilion, which Lord Burlington would call a temple; being in the figure of the Rotunda; where I keep my books and generally pass all my evenings. If the winds were faithful messengers, they would bring you from thence many sighs and good wishes. I have few correspondents in England, and you that have lived abroad know the common phrases that are made use of; "As I suppose you know every thing that passes here;" or, "Here is nothing worth troubling you with;" this is all the intelligence I receive. You may judge then how much I think

myself obliged to you, dear madam, when you tell me what passes amongst you. I am so ignorant, I cannot even guess at the improper marriages you mention. If it is Lady Mary Grey that has disposed of herself in so dirty a manner, I think her a more proper piece of furniture for a parsonage-house than a palace; and 'tis possible she may have been the original product of a chaplain.

I believe your ladyship's good-nature will lament the sudden death of the poor Marquis of Beaufort, who died of an apoplectic fit. He is a national loss to the English, being always ready to serve . . . .

Nov. 4, N. S. Avignon.

I AM very much obliged to your ladyship for judging so rightly both of my taste and inclinations as to think it impossible I should leave a letter of yours unanswered. I never received that which you mention; and am not surprized at it, since I have lost several others, and all for the same reason; I mean, mentioning political transactions; and 'tis the best proof of wisdom that I know of our reigning ministers, that they will not suffer their fame to travel into foreign lands; neither have I any curiosity for their proceedings; being long ago persuaded of the truth of that histori-prophetical verse which says,

> The world will still be ruled by knaves
> And fools, contending to be slaves.

I desire no other intelligence from my friends but tea-table chat, which has been allowed to our sex by so long a prescription, I believe no lady will dispute it at present. I am very much diverted with her grace's passion, which is perhaps excited by her devotion; being piously designed to take a strayed young man out of the hands of a wicked woman. I wish it may end as those projects often do, in making him equally despise both, and take a bride as charming as Lady Sophia; who, I am glad, has had a legacy from Mrs. Bridgman, though I could have wished it had been more important. I hear the Duke of Cleveland will be happily disposed of to Miss Gage; who, I do not doubt, will furnish his family with a long posterity, or I have no skill in airs and graces. This place affords us no news worth telling. I suppose you know Lady Walpole has been near dying; and that Mrs. Goldsworthy being detected *flagrant de lit*, is sent back to England with her children; some of which I hear he disowns. I think her case not unlike Lady Abergavenny's; her loving spouse being very well content with her gallantrys while he found his account in them, but raging against those that brought him no profit. Be pleased to direct your next to Avignon, and I believe it will come safe to your ladyship's

Faithful humble servant,

M. W. M.

LETTERS

FROM LADY MARY TO MR. WORTLEY,

DURING

HER SECOND RESIDENCE ABROAD;

FROM 1739 TO 1761.

LETTERS

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Dartford.

I STAID an hour with the Dutchess of Montague, and am arrived here at twelve o'clock, less fatigued than I expected. I should be very glad to hear you are well; if you write to me to be left at the post-house at Dover, I may have your letter before I leave that place.

July 26.

I AM safely arrived at Dover, without any accident, and have borne my journey very well. I have followed your direction in sending for Mr. Hall, who has been very civil. By his advice I have hired a boat for five guineas, otherwise I must have gone in the night, which he counselled me not to do. The wind is fair, and I hope to be in Calais to-morrow. I cannot say I am well, but I think not worse for my journey.

Calais, July 27, 1739.

I AM safely arrived at Calais, and found myself better on ship-board than I have been these six months; not in the least sick, though we had a very high sea, as you may imagine, since we came over in two hours and three quarters. My servants behaved very well; and Mary not in the least afraid, but said she would be drowned very willingly with my ladyship. They ask me here extravagant prices for chaises, of which there are great choice, both French and Italian: I have at last bought one for fourteen guineas, of a man whom Mr. Hall recommended to me. My things have been examined and sealed at the custom-house: they took from me a pound of snuff, but did not open my jewel-boxes, which they let pass on my word, being things belonging to my dress. I set out early to-morrow. I am very impatient to hear from you: I could not stay for the post at Dover for fear of losing the tide. I beg you would be so good as to order Mr. Kent to pack up my side-saddle, and all the tackle belonging to it, in a box, to be sent with my other things: if (as I hope) I recover my health abroad so much as to ride, I can get none I shall like so well.

FROM MR. WORTLEY TO LADY MARY.

13 Aug. 1739.

I SUPPOSED you was advised at Boulogne to go through Laon, but I should be glad to know whether you took that road as the best to Dijon, or only to avoid Paris; also whether you went by Cambray; or where you left the Paris road. If you mention a few of the great towns you have passed, I shall see the whole journey. As you had cold rains, I am at a loss to guess, whether the fires were occasioned by the fault of the weather or your chaise. I wish (if it be easy) you would be exact and clear in your facts, because I shall lay by carefully what you write of your travels. I suppose the difficult part is over, and that from Dijon you might if you pleased go in an open boat to any of the places you seemed to like, with as much safety as you could travel on the Thames; but I am persuaded you will find easy journeys by land more healthy and pleasant.—The other letter that comes to you this post, was kept back by T. K.'s mistake. I chuse not to open it to write what is in this, as I have not yet added much paper to your baggage.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Dijon, Aug. 18, 1739, N. S.

I AM at length arrived here very safely, and without any bad accident; and so much mended

in my health, that I am surprized at it. France is so much improved, it would not be known to be the same country we passed through, twenty years ago. Every thing I see speaks in praise of Cardinal Fleury: the roads are all mended, and the greater part of them paved as well as the streets of Paris, planted on both sides like the roads in Holland; and such good care taken against robbers, that you may cross the country with your purse in your hand: but as to travelling *incognita*, I may as well walk *incognita* in the Pall-Mall. There is not any town in France where there are not English, Scotch, or Irish families established; and I have met with people that have seen me (though often such as I do not remember to have seen) in every town I have passed through; and I think the farther I go, the more acquaintance I meet. Here are in this town no less than sixteen English families of fashion. Lord Mansel lodges in the house with me, and a daughter of Lord Bathurst's (Mrs. Whitshed) is in the same street. The Duke of Rutland is gone from hence some time ago, as Lady Peterborough told me at St. Omer's; which was one reason that determined me to come here, thinking to be quiet; but I find it impossible, and that will make me leave the place, after the return of this post. The French are more changed than their roads; instead of pale, yellow faces, wrapped up in blankets, as we saw them, the villages are all filled with

fresh-coloured lusty peasants, in good clothes and clean linen. It is incredible what an air of plenty and content is over the whole country. I hope to hear as soon as possible, that you are in good health.

FROM MR. WORTLEY TO LADY MARY.

26 Aug. 1739.

Though you are surprized, I am not at all, that your health is so much mended. I have hitherto found travelling a never failing remedy for any disorder of the head or stomach. They are occasioned by a settlement of humours, which are removed by exercise. I have not yet had the benefit of a journey to the North, but I hope I shall in a fortnight or three weeks. All things here are just as you left them, except the weather, which has been the warmest in August. The showers and clouds have been as frequent as in Cæsar's time, and will I fear continue so till the sun or the globe has undergone some great change. I answer yours of the 10th to-day, though it came but yesterday, because you write you will stay at Dijon 'till the return of the post.

Turin, Sept. 10, 1739.

I AM now, thank God, happily past the Alps. I believe I wrote to you, that I had met English of my acquaintance in every town in France. This fortune continued to the last; for at Pont Beauvoisin I met Lord Carlisle, who was in the inn when I arrived, and immediately came to offer me his room, his cook to dress my supper (he himself having supped before I came in), and all sorts of civility. We passed the evening together, and had a great deal of discourse. He said he liked Rome so well, that he should not have left it so soon, but on the account of Lord Morpeth, who was so ill there, that he was not yet recovered, and now carried in a litter. His distemper has been the bloody flux, which returned upon him in the mountains with so much violence, they had been kept three weeks at a miserable village; he is still so weak that I did not see him. My Lord Carlisle* told me that next to Rome the best place to stay in Italy is, without contradiction, Venice: that the impertinence of the little sovereigns in other countries is intolerable. I have no objection to his advice, but the fear of the air not agreeing with me, though my journey has now so far established my health, that I have lost all my bad symptoms, and am ready to think I could even

* Henry Howard, Earl of Carlisle, died 1758, and his son Charles, Lord Morpeth, in August 1741.

bear the damps of London. I will therefore venture to try, and if I find Venice too cold or moist (which I am more afraid of), I can remove very easily; though I resolve against Rome, on an account which you may guess. My Lord Carlisle said, he thought me in the right; that it is very hard to avoid meeting a certain person; and there are so many little dirty spies that write any lie which comes in their heads, that the doing it may be dangerous. I have received a letter from Lady Pomfret, that she is leaving Vienna, and intends for Venice, which is another inducement to me to go there; but the chief is the hopes of living as quietly and as privately as I please, which hitherto I have found impossible. The English resident here, Mr. Villette, &c. came to wait on me the very night of my arrival, to my great surprise. I found the intelligence came from the King of Sardinia's officers, who were at Pont Voisin, and had learnt my name from Lord Carlisle's servants. I have been obliged to excuse my going to court, as having no court-dress, and saying that I intended to leave the town in a few days. However, I have not been able to avoid the visits that have been made to me.

Venice, Sept. 25, 1739.

I AM at length happily arrived here, I thank God; I wish it had been my original plan, which

would have saved me some money and fatigue; though I have not much reason to regret the last, since I am convinced it has greatly contributed to the restoration of my health. I met nothing disagreeable on my journey but too much company. I find (contrary to the rest of the world) I did not think myself so considerable as I am; for I verily believe, if one of the pyramids of Egypt had travelled, it could not have been more followed; and if I had received all the visits that have been intended me, I should have stopped at least two years in every town I came through. I liked Milan so well, that if I had not desired all my letters to be directed hither, I think I should have been tempted to stay there. One of the pleasures I found there was the Borromean library, where all strangers have free access; and not only so, but liberty, on giving a note for it, to take any printed book home with them. I saw several curious manuscripts there; and as a proof of my recovery, I went up to the very top of the dome of the great church without any assistance. I am now in a lodging on the Great Canal. Lady Pomfret* is not yet arrived, but I expect her very soon; and if the air does not disagree with me,

* Henrietta Louisa, daughter and heir of Lord Chancellor Jefferies, wife of Thomas Earl of Pomfret. She resided chiefly at Rome, where she wrote the Life of Vandyck. A part of the collection of marbles made by Thomas Earl of Arundel, having been purchased by William Earl of Pomfret, was given by her to the University of Oxford, in 1758.

I intend seeing the carnival here. I hope your health continues, and that I shall hear from you very soon.

Venice, October 14, 1739.

I FIND myself very well here. I am visited by the most considerable people of the town, and all the foreign ministers, who have most of them made entertainments for me. I dined yesterday at the Spanish embassador's, who even surpassed the French in magnificence. He let me in at the hall-door, and the lady met me at the stair-head, to conduct me through the long apartment; in short, they could not have shewn me more honours, if I had been an embassadress. She desired me to think myself patrona del casa, and offered me all the services in her power, to wait on me when I pleased, &c. They have the finest palace in Venice. What is very convenient, I hear it is not at all expected that I should make any dinners, it not being the fashion for any body to do it here, but the foreign ministers; and I find I can live here very genteelly on my allowance. I have already a very agreeable general acquaintance; though when I came, here was no one I had ever seen in my life, but the Cavaliere Grimani and the Abbé Conti. I must do them the justice to say they have taken pains to be obliging to me. The Procurator brought his niece (who is at the head of his family) to wait

on me; and they invited me to reside with them at their palace on the Brent, but I did not think it proper to accept of it. He also introduced to me the Signora Pisani Mocenigo, who is the most considerable lady here. The Nuncio is particularly civil to me; he has been several times to see me, and has offered me the use of his box at the opera. I have many others at my service, and in short it is impossible for a stranger to be better received than I am. Here are no English, except a Mr. Berlie and his governour, who arrived two days ago, and who intend but a short stay.

I hope you are in good health, and that I shall hear of it before you can receive this letter.

Venice, Dec. 25, 1739, O. S.

I RECEIVED yours yesterday dated Dec. 7. I find my health very well here, notwithstanding the cold, which is very sharp, but the sun shines as clear as at midsummer. I am treated here with more distinction than I could possibly expect. I went to see the ceremony of high mass celebrated by the Doge, on Christmas eve. He appointed a gallery for me and the Prince of Wolfembatch, where no other person was admitted but those of our company. A greater compliment could not have been paid me if I had been a sovereign princess. The Doge's niece (he having no lady) met me at the palace-gate, and led me through the palace to

the church of St. Mark, where the ceremony was performed in the pomp you know, and we were not obliged to any act of adoration. The Electoral Prince of Saxony is here in public, and makes a prodigious expence. His governor is Count Wackerbart, son to that Madame Wackerbart with whom I was so intimate at Vienna; on which account he shews me particular civilities, and obliges his pupil to do the same. I was last night at an entertainment made for him by the Signora Pisani Mocenigo, which was one of the finest I ever saw, and he desired me to sit next to him in a great chair: in short I have all the reason that can be, to be satisfied with my treatment in this town; and I am glad I met Lord Carlisle, who directed me hither.

I have so little correspondence at London, I should be pleased to hear from you whatever happens among my acquaintance. I am sorry for Mr. Pelham's misfortune;* though 'tis long since that I have looked on the hopes of continuing a family as one of the vainest of mortal prospects.

> Tho' Solomon, with a thousand wives,
> To get a wise successor strives;
> But one, and he a fool, survives.

The Procurator of St. Mark has desired his compliments to you whenever I write.

* The death of his two sons on two following days, Nov. 27, 28, 1739.

Venice, Jan. 25, 1739–40.

I WROTE to you last post; but as I do not know whether I was particular enough in answering all the questions you asked me, I add the following account, which I do not wonder will surprise you, since both the Procurator Grimani and the Abbé Conti tell me often, that these last twenty years have so far changed the customs of Venice, that they hardly know it for the same country. Here are several foreign ladies of quality, I mean Germans, and from other parts of Italy; but not one Frenchwoman. They are all well received by the *gentil* donnas, who make a vanity in introducing them to the assemblies and their public diversions, though all those ladies, as well as myself, go frequently to the Princesse of Campo Florida's (the Spanish embassadress') assembly. She is in a very particular manner obliging to me, and is I really think one of the best sort of women I ever knew. The Neapolitan (though he has been here some months) makes his public entry to-day, which I am to go see about an hour hence. He gives a great entertainment to-night, where all the noble Venetians of both sexes will be in masque. I am engaged to go with the Signora Justiniani Gradinego, who is one of the first ladies here. The Prince of Saxony has invited me to come into his box at the opera; but I have not yet accepted of it, he having always the four ladies with him that are wives to the four senators deputed to do the

honours of Venice; and I am afraid they should think I interfere with them in the honour of his conversation, which they are very fond of, and have behaved very coldly to some other noble Venetian ladies that have taken the liberty of his box. I will be directed in this (as I am in all public matters) by the Procurator Grimani. My letter is shortened by the arrival of the Signora.

Venice, March 29, 1740.

The letters Mr. Waters mentions from —— were pretty much in the usual style; he desires to leave the town where he now is, because he says there is no temptation to riot, and he would shew how able he is to resist it: I answer him this post, and shall endeavour to shew him mildly the necessity of being easy in his present situation. Now Lord Granby * leaves this place to-morrow, to set out for Constantinople; the Prince of Saxony stays till the second of May; in the mean time there are entertainments given him almost every day of one sort or other, and a regatta preparing, which is expected by all strangers with great impatience. He went to see the arsenal three days ago, waited on by a numerous nobility of both sexes; the Bucentaur was adorned and launched, a magnificent collation given, and we sailed a little way in it: I was in company with the Signora Justiniani Gradinego,

* John Manners, the heroic Marquis of Granby, was born in 1720. Commander-in-chief in Germany, 1762. Died 1770.

and Signora Marina Crizzo. As you have been at Venice, there is no occasion of describing those things to you. There were two cannons founded in his presence, and a galley built and launched in an hour's time. Last night there was a concert of voices and instruments at the Hospital of the Incurabili, where there were two girls that in the opinion of all people excel either Faustina or Cuzzoni, but you know they are never permitted to sing on any theatre.

Lord Fitzwilliam* is expected in this town to-night, on his return to England, as I am told. The Prince's behaviour is very obliging to all, and in no part of it liable to censure, though I think there is nothing to be said in praise of his genius; and I suppose you know he has been lame from his birth, and is carried about in a chair, though a beautiful person from the waist upwards: it is said his family design him for the church, he having four brothers who are fine children. The weather is now very fine; we have had none of the canals frozen, in the coldest part of the winter, but the mountains are still covered with snow.

Your last letters have said nothing of my baggage. If there is danger of its being taken by privateers, I had rather it staid in England, and I would go into the southern part of France, where it might be conveyed to me without hazard, than risk the loss of it. — If there is a probability of a rupture with France, I can go to Avignon.

* He died 1756.

Venice, April 19, 1740, N. S.

I RECEIVED yours of January 1 but yesterday; for which reason I think it useless to answer it at present, but if I find any occasion shall not fail to follow your orders. Lord Granby is set out on his journey for Constantinople. Lord Fitzwilliam arrived here three days ago; he came to see me the next day, as all the English do, who are much surprised at the civilities and the familiarity with which I am received by the noble ladies. Every body tells me 'tis what never was done but to myself; and I own I have a little vanity in it, because the French embassador told me when I first came, that though the Procurator Grimani might persuade them to visit me, he defied me to enter into any sort of intimacy with them: instead of which they call me out almost every day on some diversion or other, and are desirous to have me in all their parties of pleasure. I am invited to-morrow to the Foscarini to dinner, which is to be followed by a concert and a ball, where I shall be the only stranger, though here are at present a great number come to see the regatta, which is fixed for the 29th of this month, N. S. I shall see it at the Procurator Grimani's, where there will be a great entertainment that day. My own house is very well situated to see it, being on the Grand Canal; but I would not refuse him and his niece, since they seem desirous of my company, and I shall oblige some other ladies

with my windows. They are hired at a great rate to see the show. I suppose you know the nature of it, but if it will be any amusement I will send you a particular description.

Venice, June 1, 1740.

I WROTE you a long letter yesterday, which I sent by a private hand, who will see it safely delivered. It is impossible to be better treated, I may even say more courted, than I am here. I am very glad of your good fortune at London. You may remember, I have always told you it is in your power to make the first figure in the House of Commons. As to the bill, I perfectly remember the paying of it; which you may easily believe when you enquire, that all auction bills are paid at farthest within eight days after the sale: the date of this is March 1, and I did not leave London till July 25; and in that time have been at many other auctions, particularly Lord Halifax's, which was a short time before my journey. This is not the first of Cock's mistakes; he is famous for making them, which are (he says) the fault of his servants. You seem to mention the regatta in a manner as if you would be pleased with a description of it. It is a race of boats: they are accompanied by vessels which they call Piotes or Bichones, that have a mind to display their magnificence; they are a sort of machines adorned with all that sculpture and gilding can do to make a shining appearance.

Several of them cost one thousand pounds sterling, and I believe none less than five hundred; they are rowed by gondoliers dressed in rich habits, suitable to what they represent. There were enough of them to look like a little fleet, and I own I never saw a finer sight. It would be too long to describe every one in particular, I shall only name the principal:—the Signora Pisani Mocenigo's represented the Chariot of the Night, drawn by four sea-horses, and shewing the rising of the moon, accompanied with stars, the statues on each side representing the hours to the number of twenty-four, rowed by gondoliers in rich liveries, which were changed three times, all of equal richness, and the decorations changed also to the dawn of Aurora and the mid-day sun, the statues being new dressed every time, the first in green, the second time red, and the last blue, all equally laced with silver, there being three races. Signor Soranto represented the kingdom of Poland, with all the provinces and rivers in that dominion, with a concert of the best instrumental music in rich Polish habits; the painting and gilding were exquisite in their kinds. Signor Contarini's piote shewed the liberal arts; Apollo was seated on the stern upon mount Parnassus, Pegasus behind, and the Muses seated round him: opposite was a figure representing Painting, with Fame blowing her trumpet; and on each side Sculpture and Music in their proper dresses. The Procurator Foscarini's was the

chariot of Flora guided by Cupids, and adorned with all sorts of flowers, rose-trees, &c. Signor Julio Contarini's represented the triumphs of Valour; Victory was on the stern, and all the ornaments warlike trophies of every kind. Signor Correri's was the Adriatic Sea receiving into her arms the Hope of Saxony. Signor Alvisio Mocenigo's was the garden of Hesperides; the whole fable was represented by different statues. Signor Querini had the chariot of Venus drawn by doves, so well done, they seemed ready to fly upon the water; the Loves and Graces attended her. Signor Paul Doria had the chariot of Diana, who appeared hunting in a large wood; the trees, hounds, stag, and nymphs, all done naturally: the gondoliers dressed like peasants attending the chace; and Endymion, lying under a large tree, gazing on the goddess. Signor Angelo Labbia represented Poland crowning Saxony, waited on by the Virtues and subject Provinces. Signor Angelo Molino was Neptune waited on by the Rivers. Signor Vicenzo Morosini's piote shewed the triumphs of Peace; Discord being chained at her feet, and she, surrounded with the Pleasures, &c.

I believe you are already weary of this description, which can give you but a very imperfect idea of the show; but I must say one word of the bichonis, which are less vessels, quite open, some representing gardens, others apartments, all the oars being gilt either with gold or silver, and the

gondoliers' liveries either velvet or rich silk, with a profusion of lace, fringe, and embroidery. I saw this show at the Procurator Grimani's house, which was near the place where the prizes were delivered: there was a great assembly invited on the same occasion, which were all nobly entertained. I can get no better ink here, though I have tried several times, and it is a great vexation to me to want it.

Florence, Aug. 11, 1740.

This is a very fine town, and I am much amused with visiting the gallery, which I do not doubt you remember too well to need any description of. Lord and Lady Pomfret take pains to make the place agreeable to me, and I have been visited by the greatest part of the people of quality. Here is an opera which I have heard twice, but it is not so fine either for voices or decorations as that at Venice. I am very willing to be at Leghorn when my things arrive, which I fear will hinder my visiting Rome this season, except they come sooner than is generally expected. If I could go from thence by sea to Naples with safety, I should prefer it to a land journey, which I am told is very difficult; and that it is impossible I should stay there long, the people being entirely unsociable. I do not desire much company, but

would not confine myself to a place where I could see none. I have written to your daughter, directed to Scotland, this post.

Rome, Oct. 24, 1740.

I ARRIVED here in good health three days ago, and this is the first post-day. I have taken a lodging for a month, which is (as they tell me) but a short time to take a view of all the antiquities, &c. that are to be seen. From hence I purpose to set out for Naples. I am told by every body that I shall not find it agreeable to reside in. I expect Lady Pomfret here in a few days. It is summer here, and I left winter at Florence; the snows having begun to fall on the mountains. I shall probably see the new ceremony of the Pope's taking possession of the Vatican, which is said to be the finest that is ever performed at Rome. I have no news to send from hence. If you would have me speak to any particular point, I beg you will let me know it, and I will give you the best information I am able.

Rome, Nov. 1, 1740, N. S.

I HAVE now been here a week, and am very well diverted with viewing the fine buildings, paintings, and antiquities. I have neither made nor received one visit, nor sent word to any body of my arrival,

on purpose to avoid interruptions of that sort. The weather is so fine that I walk every evening in a different beautiful garden; and I own I am charmed with what I see of this town, though there yet remains a great deal more to be seen. I purpose making a stay of a month, which shall be entirely taken up in that employment, and then I will remove to Naples, to avoid, if possible, feeling the winter. I do not trouble you with any descriptions, since you have been here, and I suppose very well remember every thing that is worth remembering; but (as I mentioned in my last) if you would have me speak to any particular point, I will give you the best information in my power. Direct your next letter to Monsieur Belloni, Banquier, à Rome. He will take care to deliver it to me, either here or at Naples. Letters are very apt to miscarry, especially those to this place.

Rome, Nov. 12, 1740.

I SHALL set out for Naples on next Friday: I do not doubt liking the situation, but by all the information I can get, it will be every way improper for my residence; and I purpose no longer stay there, than is necessary to see what is curious. I have been very diligent in viewing every thing here; making no acquaintance, that I might have no interruption. Here is a statue of Antinous lately found, which is said to be equal to any in

Rome, and is to be sold; perhaps the Duke of Bedford might be glad to hear of it. I do not hear of one valuable picture that is to be purchased. It has been this last week as dark and rainy as ever I saw it in England. Your letter of September 23 came to me but this day. I perceive letters are stopped and perused more carefully than ever, which hinders my writing any of the reports I hear; some of them are very extraordinary. The Emperor's embassador here has taken the character of the Queen of Bohemia's, and, as such, presented his credentials, which have been received.

Naples, Nov. 23, N. S. 1740.

I ARRIVED here last night, after a very disagreeable journey: I would not in my last give you any account of the present state of Rome, knowing all letters are opened there; but I cannot help mentioning what is more curious than all the antiquities, which is, that there is literally no money in the whole town, where they follow Mr. Law's scheme, and live wholly upon paper.

Belloni, who is the greatest banker not only of Rome but all Italy, furnished me with fifty sequins, which he solemnly swore was all the money he had in the house. They go to market with paper, pay the lodgings with paper, and, in short, there is no specie to be seen, which raises the price of every thing to the utmost extravagance, nobody knowing

what to ask for their goods. It is said the present Pope (who has a very good character) has declared he will endeavour a remedy, though it is very difficult to find one. He was bred a lawyer, and has passed the greatest part of his life in that profession; and is so sensible of the misery of the state, that he is reported to have said, that he never thought himself in want, till his elevation. He has no relations that he takes any notice of; but the country belonging to him, which I have passed, is almost uninhabited, and in a poverty beyond any thing I ever saw. The kingdom of Naples appears gay and flourishing; and the town so crowded with people, that I have with great difficulty got a very sorry lodging.

Naples, Dec. 6, 1740.

I HEARD last night the good news of the arrival of the ship on which my things are loaded, at Leghorn: it would be easy to have them conveyed hither: I like the climate extremely, which is now so soft, that I am actually sitting without any want of a fire. I do not find the people so savage as they were represented to me. I have received visits from several of the principal ladies; and I think I could meet with as much company here as I desire; but here is one article both disagreeable and incommodious, which is the grandeur of the equipages. Two coaches, two running footmen, four

other footmen, a gentleman usher, and two pages, are as necessary here as the attendance of a single servant is at London. All the Spanish customs are observed very rigorously. I could content myself with all of them except this: but I see plainly, from my own observation as well as intelligence, that it is not to be dispensed with, which I am heartily vexed at.

The affairs of Europe are now so uncertain, that it appears reasonable to me to wait a little, before I fix my residence, that I may not find myself in the theatre of war, which is threatened on all sides. I hope you have the continuation of your health; mine is very well established at present. The town lately discovered is at Portici, about three miles from this place. Since the first discovery, no care has been taken, and the ground fallen in, so that the present passage to it is, as I am told by every body, extremely dangerous, and for some time, nobody ventures into it. I have been assured by some English gentlemen, who were let down into it the last year, that the whole account given in the newspapers is literally true, probably great curiosities might be found there; but there has been no expence made, either by propping the ground or clearing a way into it; and as the earth falls in daily, it will possibly be soon stopped up, as it was before. I wrote to you last post, a particular account of my reasons for not choosing my residence here, though the air is very agreeable to me, and I

see I could have as much company as I desire; but I am persuaded the climate is much changed since you knew it. The weather is now very moist and misty, and has been so for a long time; however it is much softer than in any other place I know. I desire you would direct to Monsieur Belloni, Banker, at Rome: he will forward your letters wherever I am; the present uncertain situation of affairs all over Europe makes every correspondence precarious.

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27 Dec. 1740.

I DID not write to you last post, hoping to have been able to have given you an account of every thing I had observed at Portici; but I have not yet obtained the King's licence, which must be had before I can be admitted to see the pictures, and fragments of statues which have been found there, and has been hitherto delayed on various pretences, it being at present a very singular favour. They say that some English carried a painter with them the last year to copy the pictures, which renders it the more difficult at present to get leave to see them. I have taken all possible pains to get information of this subterranean building, and am told 'tis the remains of the ancient city of Hercolana, and by what I can collect, there was a theatre entire, with all the scenes and ancient decorations: they have broke it to pieces by digging irregularly. I hope in a few days to get permission to go,

and will then give you the exactest description I am capable of. I have received no letters this three weeks, which does not surprize me though it displeases me very much, hearing the same complaint made by every body. Mount Vesuvius is much diminished, as I am generally told, since the last great eruption, which was four years ago. The court here is very magnificent, and all the customs entirely Spanish. The new opera-house, built by this King, is the largest in Europe. I hear a great deal of news, true and false, but cannot communicate it at this time. I hope my next letter will be more particular.

Rome, Jan. 13, 1740-1, N. S.

I RETURNED hither last night, after six weeks' stay at Naples; great part of that time was vainly taken up in endeavouring to satisfy your curiosity and my own, in relation to the late-discovered town of Herculaneum. I waited eight days in hopes of permission to see the pictures and other rarities taken from thence, which are preserved in the King's palace at Portici; but I found it was to no purpose, his Majesty keeping the key in his own cabinet, which he would not part with, though the Prince de Zathia (who is one of his favourites) I believe very sincerely tried his interest to obtain it for me. He is son to the Spanish embassador I knew at Venice, and both he and his

lady loaded me with civilities at Naples. The court in general is more barbarous than any of the ancient Goths. One proof of it, among many others, was melting down a beautiful copper statue of a vestal found in this new ruin, to make medallions for the late solemn christening. The whole court follow the Spanish customs and politics. I could say a good deal on this subject if I thought my letter would come safe to your hands; the apprehension it may not, hinders my answering another enquiry you make, concerning a family here, of which indeed I can say little, avoiding all commerce with those that frequent it. Here are some young English travellers; among them Lord Strafford* behaves himself really very modestly and genteelly, and has lost the pertness he acquired in his mother's assembly. Lord Lincoln appears to have spirit and sense, and professes great abhorrence of all measures destructive to the liberty of his country. I do not know how far the young men may be corrupted on their return, but the majority of those I have seen, have seemed strongly in the same sentiment. Lady Newburgh's eldest daughter, whom I believe you may have seen

* William Wentworth, the fourth Earl of Strafford, married Lady Anne, second daughter of John Duke of Argyll, sister of Lady Mary Coke and Lady Betty Mackenzie. He built the south front of Wentworth Castle, in Yorkshire, and was eminently skilled in architecture and virtù. He enjoyed an intimate friendship with the last Lord Orford, in the fifth volume of whose works his correspondence is published from 1756 to 1790.

at Lord Westmorland's, is married to Count Mahony, who is in great figure at Naples: she was extremely obliging to me; they made a fine entertainment for me, carried me to the opera, and were civil to me to the utmost of their power. If you should happen to see Mrs. Bulkely, I wish you would make her some compliment upon it. I received this day yours of the 20th and 28th of November.

Leghorn, Feb. 25, 1740-1, N. S.

I ARRIVED here last night, and have received this morning the bill of seven hundred and five dollars, odd money.

I shall be a little more particular in my accounts from hence than I durst be from Rome, where all the letters are opened and often stopped. I hope you had mine, relating to the antiquities in Naples. I shall now say something of the court of Rome. The first minister, Cardinal Valenti, has one of the best characters I ever heard of, though of no great birth, and has made his fortune by an attachment to the Duchess of Salviah. The present Pope is very much beloved, and seems desirous to ease the people and deliver them out of the miserable poverty they are reduced to. I will send you the history of his elevation, as I had it from a very good hand, if it will be any amusement to you. I never saw the Chevalier, during my whole stay at Rome. I saw his two sons at a

public ball in masque; they were very richly adorned with jewels. The eldest seems thoughtless enough, and is really not unlike Mr. Lyttleton* in his shape and air. The youngest is very well made, dances finely, and has an ingenuous countenance; he is but fourteen years of age. The family live very splendidly, yet pay every body, and (wherever they get it) are certainly in no want of money. I heard at Rome the truly tragical history of the Princess Sobieski, which is very different from what was said at London. The Pope, Clement the Twelfth, was commonly supposed her lover, and she used to go about publicly in his state coach to the great scandal of the people. Her husband's mistress spirited him up to resent it, so far that he left Rome upon it, and she retired to a convent, where she destroyed herself. The English travellers at Rome behaved in general very discreetly. I have reason to speak well of them, since they were all exceedingly obliging to me. It may sound a little vain to say it, but they really paid a regular court to me, as if I had been their queen, and their governors told me, that the desire of my approbation had a very great influence on their conduct. While I staid there was neither gaming nor any sort of extravagance. I used to preach to them very freely, and they all thanked me for it. I shall stay some time in this town, where I expect Lady Pomfret. I think I have

* George Lord Lyttleton.

answered every particular you seemed curious about. If there be any other point you would have me speak of, I will be as exact as I can.

Turin, April 11, 1741.

I TAKE this opportunity of writing to you on many subjects in a freer manner than I durst do by the post, knowing that all letters are opened both here and in other places, which occasions them to be often lost, besides other inconveniences that may happen. The English politics are the general jest of all the nations I have passed through; and even those who profit by our folly cannot help laughing at our notorious blunders; though they are all persuaded that the minister does not act from weakness but corruption, and that the Spanish gold influences his measures. I had a long discourse with Count Mahony on this subject, who said, very freely, that half the ships sent to the coast of Naples, that have lain idle in our ports last summer, would have frightened the Queen of Spain into a submission to whatever terms we thought proper to impose. The people, who are loaded with taxes, hate the Spanish government, of which I had daily proofs, hearing them curse the English for bringing their King to them, whenever they saw any of our nation: but I am not much surprised at the ignorance of our ministers, after seeing what creatures they em-

ploy to send them intelligence. Except Mr. Villette, at this court, there is not one that has common sense: I say this without prejudice, all of them having been as civil and serviceable to me as they could. I was told at Rome, and convinced of it by circumstances, that there have been great endeavours to raise up a sham plot: the person who told it me was an English antiquarian, who said he had been offered any money to send accusations. The truth is, he had carried a letter, written by Mr. Mann,* from Florence to that purpose to him, which he shewed in the English palace; however, I believe he is a spy, and made use of that stratagem to gain credit. This court makes great preparations for war: the King is certainly no bright genius, but has great natural humanity: his minister, who has absolute power, is generally allowed to have sense; as a proof of it, he is not hated as the generality of ministers are. I have seen neither of them, not going to court because I will not be at the trouble and expence of the dress, which is the same as at Vienna. I sent my excuse by Mr. Villette, as I hear is commonly practised by ladies that are only passengers. I have had a great number of visitors; the nobility piquing themselves on civility to strangers. The weather is still exceedingly cold, and I do not intend to move till I have the prospect of a pleasant journey.

* Sir Horace Mann.

Genoa, July 15, 1741.

It is so long since I have heard from you, that though I hope your silence is occasioned by your being in the country, yet I cannot help being very uneasy, and in some apprehension that you are indisposed. I wrote you word, some time ago, that I have taken a house here for the remainder of the summer, and desired you would direct, *recommandé à Monsieur Birtles, Consul de S. M. Britannique.* I saw in the last newspapers (which he sends me) the death of Lord Orford. I am vexed at it, for the reasons you know, and recollect what I've often heard you say, that it is impossible to judge what is best for ourselves. I received yesterday the bill for ——, for which I return you thanks. If I wrote you all the political stories I hear, I should have a great deal to say. A great part is not true, and what I think so, I dare not mention, in consideration of the various hands this paper must pass through before it reaches you. Lord Lincoln* and Mr. Walpole† (youngest son to Sir Robert) left this place two days ago; they visited me during their short stay; they are gone to Marseilles, and design passing some months in the south of France.—

* Henry Clinton, Earl of Lincoln, married Catharine, daughter of Henry Pelham, and was afterward Duke of Newcastle.

† Honourable Horace Walpole, the last Earl of Orford, then on his travels.

I have had a particular account of Lord Orford's death* from a very good hand, which he advanced by choice, refusing all remedies till it was too late to make use of them. There was a will found, dated 1728, in which he gave every thing to my lady;† which has affected her very much. Notwithstanding the many reasons she had to complain of him, I always thought there was more weakness than dishonesty in his actions, and is a confirmation of the truth of that maxim of Mr. Rochefoucault, *un sot n'a pas assez d'étoffe pour être honnête homme.*

Genoa, Aug. 25, 1741, N. S.

I RECEIVED yours of the 27th July this morning. I had that of March 19, which I answered very particularly the following post, with many thanks for the increase of my allowance. It appears to me that the letters I wrote between the 11th of April and the 31st of May were lost, which I am not surprised at. I was then at Turin, and that court in a very great confusion, and extremely jealous of me, thinking I came to examine their con-

* Robert, the second Earl of Orford, died in June 1741.

† Margaret, daughter and sole heir of Samuel Rolle of Haynton, in the county of Dorset, who married secondly the Hon. Sewallis Shirley, fourth son of the first Earl Ferrers by his second wife Selina, daughter of George Finch of the city of London, Esq.

duct. I have some proof of this, which I do not repeat, lest this should be stopped also.

The manners of Italy are so much changed since we were here last, the alteration is scarcely credible. They say it has been by the last war. The French, being masters, introduced all their customs, which were eagerly embraced by the ladies, and I believe will never be laid aside; yet the different governments make different manners in every state. You know, though the republic is not rich, here are many private families vastly so, and live at a great superfluous expence: all the people of the first quality keep coaches as fine as the Speaker's, and some of them two or three, though the streets are too narrow to use them in the town; but they take the air in them, and their chairs carry them to the gates. The liveries are all plain: gold or silver being forbidden to be worn within the walls, the habits are all obliged to be black, but they wear exceedingly fine lace and linen; and in their country-houses, which are generally in the fauxbourg, they dress very richly, and have extremely fine jewels. Here is nothing cheap but houses. A palace fit for a prince may be hired for fifty pounds per annum: I mean unfurnished. All games of chance are strictly prohibited, and it seems to me the only law they do not try to evade: they play at quadrille, picquet, &c. but not high. Here are no regular public assemblies. I have been visited by all of the first rank, and invited to several fine din-

ners, particularly to the wedding of one of the House of Spinola, where there were ninety-six sat down to table, and I think the entertainment one of the finest I ever saw. There was the night following a ball and supper for the same company, with the same profusion. They tell me that all their great marriages are kept in the same public manner. Nobody keeps more than two horses, all their journeys being post; the expence of them, including the coachman, is (I am told) fifty pounds per annum. A chair is very nearly as much; I give eighteen francs a-week for mine. The senators can converse with no strangers during the time of their magistracy, which lasts two years. The number of servants is regulated, and almost every lady has the same, which is two footmen, a gentleman-usher, and a page, who follow her chair.

Geneva, Oct. 12, 1741.

I ARRIVED here last night, where I find every thing quite different from what it was represented to me: it is not the first time it has so happened to me on my travels. Every thing is as dear as it is at London. 'Tis true, as all equipages are forbidden, that expence is entirely retrenched. I have been visited this morning by some of the chiefs of the town, who seem extremely good sort of people, which is their general character; very desirous of attracting strangers to inhabit with them, and

consequently very officious in all they imagine can please them. The way of living is absolutely the reverse of that in Italy. Here is no show, and a great deal of eating; there is all the magnificence imaginable, and no dinners but on particular occasions; yet the difference of the prices renders the total expence very nearly equal. As I am not yet determined whether I shall make any considerable stay, I desire not to have the money you intended me, till I ask for it. If you have any curiosity for the present condition of any of the states of Italy, I believe I can give you a truer account than perhaps any other traveller can do, having always had the good fortune of a sort of intimacy with the first persons in the governments where I resided, and they not guarding themselves against the observations of a woman, as they would have done from those of a man.

Geneva, Nov. 5, 1741, N. S.

I HAVE been here a month: I have wrote to you three times without hearing from you, and cannot help being uneasy at your silence. I think this air does not agree with my health. I have had a return of many complaints from which I had an entire cessation during my stay in Italy, which makes me incline to return thither, though a winter journey over the Alps is very disagreeable. The people here are very well to be liked, and this little re-

public has an air of the simplicity of old Rome in its earliest age. The magistrates toil with their own hands, and their wives literally dress their dinners against their return from their little senate. Yet without dress or equipage 'tis as dear living here for a stranger, as in places where one is obliged to both, from the price of all sort of provision, which they are forced to buy from their neighbours, having almost no land of their own. I am very impatient to hear from you. Here are many reports concerning the English affairs, which I am sometimes splenetic enough to give credit to.

Chamberry, Nov. 30, 1741, N. S.

I RECEIVED this morning yours of October 26, which has taken me out of the uneasiness of fearing for your health. I suppose you know before this, the Spaniards are landed at different ports in Italy, &c. When I received early information of the design, I had the charity to mention it to the English consul (without naming my informer); he laughed, and answered it was impossible. This may serve for a small specimen of the general good intelligence our wise ministry have of all foreign affairs. If you were acquainted with the people whom they employ, you would not be surprised at it. Except Mr. Villette at Turin (who is a very reasonable man), there is not one of them who knows any thing more of the country they inhabit, than that

they eat and sleep in it. I have wrote you word that I left Geneva on the sharpness of the air, which much disagreed with me. I find myself better here, though the weather is very cold at present. Yet this situation is not subject to those terrible winds which reign at Geneva. I dare write you no news, though I hear a great deal. Direct to me at Chamberry *en Sávoye, par Paris.*

Chamberry, Dec. 22, 1741.

I HAVE not heard from you since I came to this place; but I think it very possible the letters may have miscarried: at this crisis all are suspected and opened, and consequently often lost. I send this by way of Geneva, and desire you would direct thither for me, recommended to Monsieur Guillaume Boisier.

The company here is very good and sociable; and I have reason to believe the air is the best in the world, if I am to form a judgment of it from the health and long life of the inhabitants. I have half a dozen friends, male and female, who are all of them near or past fourscore, who look and go about as if they were but forty. The provisions of all sorts are extremely good, and the wine is, I think, the most agreeable I ever tasted; and though the ground is now covered with snow, I know nobody troubled with colds, and I observe very few chronical distempers. The greatest inconvenience

of the country is the few tolerable rides that are to be picked out, the roads being all mountainous and stony; however, I have got a little horse, and sometimes ramble about after the manner of the Duchess of Cleveland, which is the only fashion of riding here.

I am very impatient to hear from you, and hope your business does not injure your health.

Chamberry, Jan. 25, 1741-2.

I HAD the pleasure of receiving yours of Nov. 25 yesterday, and am very glad to find by it that you are arrived in London in good health. I heartily wish you the continuance of it. My deafness lasted only a fortnight, though it frighted me very much. I have had no return of it since. Your advice to Mr. M. was certainly right, but I am not surprised he did not follow it. I believe there are few men in the world (I never knew any) capable of such a strength of resolution as yourself. I have answered your letter from Vienna, but as you do not mention having received mine, perhaps it is lost. I shall add a word or two more concerning the use of Turkish wheat. It is generally declaimed against by all the doctors; and some of them have wrote treatises to shew the ill consequences of it, in which they say, that since it has been sown (which is not above 100 years, it may be proved from the registers that the mortality is greater

amongst the country people than it was formerly. I believe that may be true in regard to children, who are apt to eat greedily, it being very heavy of digestion; but to those whose stomachs can bear it, and eat it with moderation, I am persuaded it is a clean strengthening diet. I have made strict observations and enquiries on the health and manner of life of the countries in which I have resided, and have found little difference in the length of life. It is true, gout, stone, and small-pox (so frequent with us), are little known here: in recompence, pleurisies, peripneumonies, and fevers (especially malignant), are far more usual: and I am clearly of opinion that, if an exact computation were made, as many die in Brescia as in London, in proportion to the different numbers. I have not heard from my daughter for a long time; which may be occasioned by the bad weather. I hope both you and she are well. I have wrote to her many long letters.

FROM MR. WORTLEY TO LADY MARY.

22nd March 1741-2.

Our son embarked at Harwich on the 10th; after having been in England about three months. I hear he avoided the sharpers, and is grown a good manager of his money. But his weakness is such that Mr. Gibson with much difficulty prevailed with him to go back; and he writ a letter as if he

was afraid he should come hither again unless he was soon advised what to do. He declares as if he wanted to be in the army, unless something more for his advantage is proposed, and I have said to Mr. G. I will not oppose his going into the army as a volunteer, but that I believe he may take some course more to his advantage. I hear my Lord Carteret, with whom he has been more than once, speaks well of his behaviour. But his obstinacy in staying here, and what he writes, incline me to think it will not be easy to persuade him to follow good advice. I cannot imagine any body is so likely as yourself to give an impartial account of him. Under this difficulty I can think of no better expedient, than to advise him to apply to you for leave to come to some place where you may converse with him. If you appoint him to be at a place twenty miles or farther from that where you chuse to reside, and order him to go by a feigned name, you may easily reach him in a post-chaise, and come back after you have passed a week where he is. And this you may do more than once, to make a full trial of him. And I wish he might stay within a certain distance of you, till you have given an account of him, and have agreed to what is fixed between him and you.

He declares he sets his heart on being in England, but then he should give me such proofs as I require, that he is able to persevere in behaving like a reasonable man. These proofs may be agreed

on between you and me, and I believe I shall readily agree to what you shall think right.

I think you should say nothing to him but in the most calm and gentle way possible, that he may be invited to open himself to you freely. He seems, I hear, shocked at your letter, in which you complained of his not regarding the truth, though I believe you made no mistake in it, unless your saying his marriage could not be dissolved. He knows very well it may by act of parliament, which is what he means when he writes he wants to be quit of his wife. He denies that he knew Birtles to be nephew to Henshaw who lent the 200*l.* As he is commended by several here, and by more in Holland (who perhaps flatter him), it may be wrong to speak to him with any shew of warmth or anger.

I incline to think he has been made an enthusiast in Holland, and you would do well to try thoroughly whether he is in earnest, and likely to continue so. If he is, I need not mention how much caution should be used in speaking to him. I think, whatever his notions are, you would do well to say nothing to him, but what you would say before any company.

I shall advise him by Mr. G. to go to Langres, or some place near it, where he may wait for your answer to such letter as he writes for leave to come to any place you shall appoint him.

I shall give you fuller instructions about him in a post or two, if not by this. I hope this affair

will not be very troublesome to you, as you can retire from him whenever you please. He shall not have much more money than is sufficient to carry him to you. When you have furnished him with any, it shall be made good to you.

To tell you fully what I judge of him from the variety of accounts I have had, I incline to think he will for the future avoid thieves, and be no ill manager of his money. These, you will say, are great amendments. But I believe he will always appear a weak man. The single question seems to be whether he will be one of those weak men that will follow the advice of those who wish them well, or be governed by his own fancies, or companions that will make a prey of him. In Holland he seems to have followed the advice of Captain Leutslager and other persons of good credit. I believe he has been in no company here this last time but men of good credit, and I hear he values himself upon it. I have not heard so much as I hope I shall in a week, of the opinion of those who conversed with him. If you have patience to pass away hours with him, you will know him better than any one.

I need not recommend to you, the discoursing with him fully upon his patience, and his observing his promises strictly.

Mr. Gibson says his whole deportment and conversation is entirely different from what it was when he was here above four years ago, and that he seems another man.

To give you all the light I can into him, I send you letters writ to him by Captain Leutslager and others. I also send you extracts of his own letters, to shew you how he has acted contrary to his professions. I doubt you will find him quite obstinate for going into the army, unless he may be quite certain of mending his circumstances some other way. He may perhaps speak of promises I made him by Mr. G.; but I made none, but that I would let him know by Mr. G. what I advised him to do as preferable to his going to the army. What I meant was his discoursing with you, if you allowed him, and his following your advice.

That you may have the state of the case more fully, I send you his letter to Mr. G., which came by the last mail, and a copy of that which Mr. G. will send him to-morrow.

Mr. G. told me our son thought it hard usage that orders should be given to confine him in Holland, and told Mr. G. that whenever he kept much company it would be right to get him confined, to prevent his going to the pillory or to the gallows.

As he excuses his coming over by the uneasiness he was under, I gave Mr. G. these words:

"The excuse of the uneasiness you should be under in doing right, is the same excuse which is constantly used by all murderers and robbers, and seems to have been taught you by the infamous

company by which you were influenced when you was here above four years ago."

Mr. G. said these words were too strong for him to write, and changed them for a paragraph of his own, by which he says he means the same thing. He agreed it would be quite right in you to use these strong words; but you may do it in a gentle way.

He may have more cunning than is imagined to gain his points, and perhaps is *not* made uneasy by being abroad, and may have little or no inclination to go into the army, but thinks, to prevent it, I may give him some considerable advantage. If you seem not at all averse to his going, perhaps he will of himself quit that scheme, and go into some other that you may like better.

If you think it best he should make a campaign, you will take care not to detain him too long. Perhaps you may recommend him to our minister at Turin, that he may serve in the Sardinian forces, where if he should do wrong, it will be less known than if he did it in Flanders.

Perhaps, by another name, he might meet you unobserved at Lyons, or Pont Beau-Voisin. I need not mention that whatever money you put into his hands shall be repaid you at demand. If he goes back to Holland, I suppose 20*l.* is enough for his charges.

I have yours of the 24th February. Lord and Lady Bute seem to live well together. They lost

their son (who was above a year old) on the 16th; he had fits and a fever. The surgeons say his brains were too large, and occasioned the fits.

They are both retired to Richmond for ten days or a fortnight. . . . . .

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Lyons, April 13, N.S. 1742.

I HAVE this minute received four letters from you, dated Feb. 1, Feb. 22, March 22, March 29th. I fancy their lying so long in the post-office may proceed from your forgetting to frank them, which I am informed is quite necessary. I am very glad you have been prevailed on to let our son take a commission; if you had prevented it, he would have always said, and perhaps thought, and persuaded other people, you had hindered his rising in the world; though I am fully persuaded that he can never make a tolerable figure in any station of life. When he was at Morins, on his first leaving France, I then tried to prevail with him to serve the Emperor as volunteer; and represented to him that a handsome behaviour one campaign might go a great way in retrieving his character; and offered to use my interest with you (which I said I had no doubt would succeed) to furnish him with a handsome equipage. He then answered, he supposed I wished him killed out of the way. I am afraid his pretended reformation is not very sincere. I wish

time may prove me in the wrong. I here enclose the last letter I received from him; I answered it the following post, in these words:

"I am very glad you resolve to continue obedient to your father, and are sensible of his goodness towards you. Mr. Birtles shewed me your letter to him, in which you enclosed yours to me, where you speak to him as your friend; subscribing yourself his faithful humble servant. He was at Genoa in his uncle's house when you was there, and well acquainted with you; though you seem ignorant of every thing relating to him. I wish you would not make such sort of apologies for any errors you may commit. I pray God your future behaviour may redeem the past, which will be a great blessing to your affectionate mother."

I have not since heard from him; I suppose he knew not what to say to so plain a detected falsehood. It is very disagreeable to me to converse with one, from whom I do not expect to hear a word of truth, and who, I am very sure, will repeat many things that never passed in our conversation. You see the most solemn assurances are not binding from him, since he could come to London in opposition to your commands, after having so frequently protested he would not move a step but by your order. However, as you insist on my seeing him, I will do it, and think Valence the properest town for that interview; it is but two days' journey from this place, it is in Dauphiné. I arrived here

Friday night, having left Chambery on the report of the French designing to come soon thither. So far is certain, that the governor had given command for repairing the walls, &c.; on which men were actually employed when I came away. But the court of Turin is so politic and mysterious, it is hard to judge; and I am apt to believe their designs change according to circumstances.

I shall stay here till I have an answer to this letter. If you order your son to go to Valence, I desire you would give him a strict command of going by a feigned name. I do not doubt your returning me whatever money I may give him; but as I believe if he receives money from me, he will be making me frequent visits, it is clearly my opinion that I should give him none. Whatever you may think proper for his journey, you may remit him.

I am very sorry for my daughter's loss, being sensible how much it may affect her. I suppose it will be soon repaired. It is a great pleasure to me when I hear she is happy. I wrote to her last post, and will write again the next.

Since I wrote, I have looked everywhere for my son's letter, which I find has been mislaid in the journey. There is nothing more in it, than long professions of doing nothing but by your command; and a positive assertion that he was ignorant of Mr. Birtles' relation to the late consul.

Direct your next, *recommandé à Mr. Imbert, Banquier, à Lions.*

April 25, N. S. Lyons, 1742.

On recollection (however inconvenient it may be to me), I am not sorry to converse with my son. I shall at least have the satisfaction of making a clear judgment of his behaviour and temper; which I shall deliver to you in the most sincere and unprejudiced manner. You need not apprehend that I shall speak to him in passion. I do not know that I ever did in my life. I am not apt to be overheated in discourse, and am so far prepared, even for the worst on his side, that I think nothing he can say can alter the resolution I have taken of treating him with calmness. Both reason and interest (were I inclined to follow blindly the dictates of either) would determine me to wish him your heir rather than a stranger; but I think myself obliged both by honour and by conscience, and my regard for you, no way to deceive you; and I confess, hitherto I see nothing but falsehood and weakness through his whole conduct. It is possible his person may be altered since I saw him, but his figure then was very agreeable and his manner insinuating. I very well remember the professions he made to me, and do not doubt he is lavish of them to other people. Perhaps Lord Carteret may think him no ill match for an ugly girl that sticks on his hands. The project of breaking his marriage shews at least his devotion counterfeit, since I am sensible it cannot be done but by false

witness. *His wife is not young enough to get galants, nor rich enough to buy them.*

I made choice of Valence for our meeting, as a town where we are not likely to find any English, and he may if he pleases be quite unknown; which is hardly possible to be in any capital town either of France or Italy. Here are many English of the trading sort of people, who are more likely to be inquisitive and talkative than any other. Near Chambery there is a little colony of English, who have undertaken the working the mines in Savoy; in which they find very pure silver, of which I have seen several cakes of about eighty ounces each.

May 2nd, Lions, 1742.

I RECEIVED this morning your's of April 12, and at the same time the enclosed which I send you. 'Tis the first I have received since the detection of the falsehood respecting Mr. Birtles. I always sent my letters open, that Mr. Clifford (who had the character of sense and honesty) might be witness of what I said; and he not left at liberty to forge orders he never received. I am very glad I have done so, and am persuaded that had his reformation been what you suppose it, Mr. Clifford would have wrote to me in his favour. I confess I see no appearance of it. His last letter to you, and this to me, seems to be no more in that submissive style he has used, but like one that thinks himself

well protected. I will see him, since you desire it, at Valence; which is a by town, where I am less likely to meet with English than in any town in France; but I insist on his going by a feigned name, and coming without a servant. People of superior fortunes to him (to my knowledge) have often travelled from Paris to Lyons in the *diligence;* the expence is but one 300 livres, about 5*l.* sterling, all things paid. It would not be easy to me, at this time, to send him any considerable sum; and whatever it is, I am persuaded, coming from me, he would not be satisfied with it, and make his complaints to his companions. As to the alteration of his temper, I see the same folly throughout. He now supposes (which is downright childish) that one hour's conversation will persuade me of his sincerity. I have not answered his letter, nor will not, 'till I have your orders what to say to him. Be pleased to direct *recommandé à Mons. Imbert, Banquier, à Lyons.* I received his letter to-day.

May 6, N. S. 1742.

I HERE send you enclosed the letter I mentioned of your son's; the packet in which it was put was mislaid in the journey; it will serve to shew you how little he is to be depended on. He saw a Savoyard man of quality at Chambery, who knew him at Venice, and afterwards at Genoa, who asked me (not suspecting him for my son) if he was related

to my family. I made answer he was some relation. He told me several tricks of his. He said, that at Genoa he had told him that an uncle of his was dead, and had left him 5 or 6000*l.* per annum, and that he was returning to England to take possession of his estate; in the mean time he wanted money; and would have borrowed some of him, which he refused. I made answer that he did very well. I have heard of this sort of conduct in other places; and by the Dutch letters you have sent me I am persuaded he continues the same method of lying; which convinces me that his pretended enthusiasm is only to cheat those that can be imposed upon by it. However, I think he should not be hindered accepting a commission. I do not doubt it will be pawned or sold in a twelvemonth; which will prove to those that now protect him how little he deserves it. I am now at Avignon, which is within one day's journey of Valence. I left Lyons last Thursday, but I have taken care that whatever letters come thither shall be sent to me. I came to this place, not finding myself well at Lyons. I thought this change of air would be serviceable to my health, and find I was not mistaken. All the road is filled with French troops, who expect orders to march into the King of Sardinia's dominions.

I am in great pain for my daughter's situation, fearing that the loss of her son may have some ill effect on her present condition. I beg you will let me know the minute she is brought to bed.

Avignon, May 23rd, N. S. 1742.

I RECEIVED this morning yours of April 12 and 29th, and at the same time one from my son from Paris, dated the 4th instant. I have wrote to him this day, that on his answer I will immediately set out for Valence, and shall be glad to see him there. I suppose you are now convinced I have never been mistaken in his character; which remains unchanged, and, what is still worse, I think is unchangeable. I never saw such a complication of folly and falsity as is in his letter to Mr. G. Nothing is cheaper than living in an inn in a country town in France; they being obliged to ask no more than 25 sous for dinner, and 30 for supper and lodging, of those that eat at the public table; which all the young men of quality I have met, have always done. It is true I am forced to pay double, because I think the decency of my sex confines me to eat in my own chamber. I will not trouble you with detecting a number of other falsehoods that are in his letters. My opinion on the whole (since you give me leave to tell it) is, that if I was to speak in your place, I would tell him, "That since he is obstinate in going into the army, I will not oppose it; but as I do not approve, I will advance no equipage 'till I know his behaviour to be such as shall deserve my future favour. Hitherto he has always been directed, either by his own humour, or by the advice of those he thought better friends to him than myself. If he renounces

the army, I will continue to him his former allowance; notwithstanding his repeated disobedience, under the most solemn professions of duty. When I see him act like a sincere honest man, I shall believe well of him; the opinion of others, who either do not know him or are imposed on by his pretences, weighs nothing with me."

Avignon, May 30, N.S. 1742.

I RECEIVED this day your's of May 3rd. I have wrote to let my son know I am ready to see him at Valence, on the first notice of his setting out. I think it very improbable that Lord Stair should make him any such promise as he told Mrs. Anderson, or even give him hopes of it. If he had any right notions, Paris is the last place he would have appeared in; since I know he owes Knight money, and perhaps other people. I am glad of my daughter's health, and hope you enjoy yours.

Avignon, June 10, N. S. 1742.

I AM just returned from passing two days with our son, of whom I will give you the most exact account I am capable of. He is so much altered in person, I should scarcely have known him. He has entirely lost his beauty, and looks at least seven years older than he did; and the wildness that he always had in his eyes is so much encreased it is

downright shocking, and I am afraid will end fatally. He is grown fat, but he is still genteel, and has an air of politeness that is agreeable. He speaks French like a Frenchman, and has got all the fashionable expressions of that language, and a volubility of words which he always had, and which I do not wonder should pass for wit, with inconsiderate people. His behaviour is perfectly civil, and I found him very submissive; but in the main, no way really improved in his understanding, which is exceedingly weak; and I am convinced he will always be led by the person he converses with either right or wrong, not being capable of forming any fixed judgment of his own. As to his enthusiasm, if he had it, I suppose he has already lost it; since I could perceive no turn of it in all his conversation. But with his head I believe it is possible to make him a monk one day and a Turk three days after. He has a flattering insinuating manner, which naturally prejudices strangers in his favour. He began to talk to me in the usual silly cant I have so often heard from him, which I shortened by telling him I desired not to be troubled with it; that professions were of no use where actions were expected; and that the only thing could give me hopes of a good conduct was regularity and truth. He very readily agreed to all I said (as indeed he has always done when he has not been hot-headed). I endeavoured to convince him how favourably he has been dealt with, his allowance being much

more than, had I been his father, I would have given in the same case. The Prince of Hesse, who is now married to the Princess of England, lived some years at Geneva on 500*l.* per annum. Lord Hervey sent his son at sixteen thither, and to travel afterwards, on no larger pension than 200*l.*; and, though without a governour, he had reason enough, not only to live within the compass of it, but carried home little presents to his father and mother, which he shewed me at Turin. In short, I know there is no place so expensive, but a prudent single man may live in it on one 300*l.* per annum, and an extravagant one may run out ten thousand in the cheapest. Had you (said I to him) thought rightly, or would have regarded the advice I gave you in all my letters, while in the little town of Islestein, you would have laid up 150*l.* per annum; you would now have had 750*l.* in your pocket, which would have almost paid your debts, and such a management would have gained you the esteem of the reasonable part of the world. I perceived this reflection, which he had never made himself, had a very great weight with him. He would have excused part of his follys, by saying Mr. G. had told him it became Mr. W.'s son to live handsomely. I answered, that whether Mr. G. had said so or no, the good sense of the thing was no way altered by it; that the true figure of a man was the opinion the world had of his sense and probity, and not the idle expenses, which were only respected by foolish and

ignorant people; that his case was particular, he had but too publicly shewn his inclination to vanities, and the most becoming part he could now act would be owning the ill use he had made of his father's indulgence, and professing to endeavour to be no farther expence to him, instead of scandalous complaints, and being always at his last shirt and last guinea, which any man of spirit would be ashamed to own. I prevailed so far with him that he seemed very willing to follow this advice; and I gave him a paragraph to write to G. which I suppose you will easily distinguish from the rest of his letter. He asked me whether you had settled your estate. I made answer that I did not doubt (like all other wise men) you always had a will by you; but that you had certainly not put any thing out of your power to change. On that he began to insinuate, that if I could prevail on you to settle the estate on him, I might expect any thing from his gratitude. I made him a very clear and positive answer in these words; "I hope your father will outlive me, and if I should be so unfortunate to have it otherwise, I do not believe he will leave me in your power. But was I sure of the contrary, no interest, nor no necessity, shall ever make me act against my honour and conscience; and I plainly tell you, that I will never persuade your father to do any thing for you 'till I think you deserve it." He answered by great promises of good behaviour, and œconomy. He is highly delighted with the pro-

spect of going into the army; and mightily pleased with the good reception he had from Lord Stair; though I find it amounts to no more than telling him he was sorry he had already named his aids-de-camp, and otherwise should have been glad of him in that post. He says Lord Carteret has confirmed to him his promise of a commission.

The rest of his conversation was extremely gay. The various things he has seen has given him a superficial universal knowledge. He really knows most of the modern languages, and if I could believe him, can read Arabic, and has read the Bible in Hebrew. He said it was impossible for him to avoid going back to Paris; but he promised me to lie but one night there, and to go to a town six posts from thence on the Flanders road, where he would wait your orders, and go by the name of Mons. du Durand, a Dutch officer; under which name I saw him. These are the most material passages, and my eyes are so much tired I can write no more at this time. I gave him 240 livres for his journey.

Oct. 18, 1743.

I RECEIVED your's of September 21, O.S. this day, October 18, N.S. and am always glad to hear of your health. I can never be surprized at any sort of folly or extravagance of my son. Immediately on leaving me at Orange, after the most solemn promises of reformation, he went to Montelimart,

which is but one day's post from thence, where he behaved himself with as much vanity and indiscretion as ever. I had my intelligence from people who did not know my relation to him; and I do not trouble you with the particulars, thinking it needless to expose his character to you, who are so well acquainted with it. I am persuaded whoever protects him will be very soon convinced of the impossibility of his behaving like a rational creature.

I know the young Lady Carlisle, she is very agreeable; but if I am not mistaken in her inclinations, they are very gay. Lady Oxford wrote to me last post, that Lord Strafford was then with her; she informs me that the Duke of Argyle is in a very bad state of health. I hope you will take care to preserve your's.

Nov. 20. N.S. 1743.

I HAVE just received your's of October 24, O.S. and am always very glad to hear of the continuance of your health. As to my son's behaviour at Montelimart, it is nothing more than a proof of his weakness; and how little he is to be depended on in his most solemn professions. He told me that he had made acquaintance with a lady on the road, who has an assembly at her house at Montelimart, and that she had invited him thither. I asked immediately if she knew his name. He assured me no, and that he passed for a Dutch officer by the name of Durand. I advised him not to go thither,

since it would raise a curiosity concerning him, and I was very unwilling it should be known I had conversed with him, on many accounts. He gave me the most solemn assurances that no mortal should know it; and agreed with me in the reasons I gave him for keeping it an entire secret; yet rid straight to Montelimart, where he told at the assembly that he came into this country purely on my orders, and that I had stayed with him two days at Orange; talking much of my kindness to him, and insinuating that he had another name, much more considerable than that he appeared with. I knew nothing of this, 'till several months after, that a lady came hither, and meeting her, she asked me if I was acquainted with Mr. Durand. I had really forgot he had ever taken that name, and made answer no; and that if such a person mentioned me, it was possibly some *chevalier d'industrie* who sought to introduce himself into company by a supposed acquaintance with me. She made answer, that the whole town believed so, by the improbable tales he told them; and informed me what he said; by which I knew, what I have related to you.

I expect your orders in relation to his letters.

Jan. 12, N. S. Avignon, 1743-4.

I HAVE received your's of the 22nd December, half an hour ago. I always answer your letters the same post I receive them, if they come early

enough to permit it; if not, the post following. I am much mortified that you have not received two I have wrote, and in the last a letter inclosed for my son. I cannot help being very much concerned at the continual trouble he is to you, though I have no reason to expect better of him. I am persuaded the flattery of G. does him a great deal of harm. I know G.'s way of thinking enough, not to depend on any thing he says to his advantage; much less on any account he gives of himself. I think 'tis an ill sign that you have had no letter from Sir John Cope, concerning him. I do not doubt he would be glad to commend his conduct if there was any room for it. It is my opinion he should have no distinction, in equipage, from any other cornet; and every thing of that sort will only serve to shew his vanity, and consequently heighten his folly. Your indulgence has always been greater to him than any other parent's would have been in the same circumstances. I have always said so, and thought so. If any thing can alter him, it will be thinking firmly, that he has no dependance but on his own conduct for a future maintenance.

Avignon, June 1, 1743.

I HOPE you will take care not to return to London, while it is in this unhealthy state. We are now very clear in these parts. Mrs. Bosville is gone to Turin, where they intend to reside; she

had the good fortune to meet an English man-of-war on the coast, without which she would have found the passage very difficult. She had so much her journey at heart, that she undertook to ride over the mountains from Nissa to Savona, but I believe (notwithstanding her youth and spirit) would have found the execution impossible. She has chosen the most agreeable court in Europe, where the English are extremely caressed. But it is necessary to be young and gay for such projects. All mine terminate in quiet; and if I can end my days without great pain, it is the utmost of my ambition. All the English without distinction see the Duke of Ormond: Lord Chesterfield* (who you know is related to him) lay at his house during his stay in this town; and to say truth, nobody can be more insignificant. He keeps an assembly where all the best company go twice in the week: I have been there sometimes, nor is it possible to avoid it while I stay here; I came hither not knowing where else to be secure, there being, at that time, strong appearances of an approaching rupture with France, and all Italy being in a flame. The Duke lives

* Lord Chesterfield was not properly related to the Duke of Ormond. Lady Elizabeth Butler, daughter to James Duke of Ormond, was the second wife of Lord Chesterfield's grandfather, Philip the second Earl of Chesterfield; but by her he had no children that survived, except a daughter married to the fourth Earl of Strathmore. Lord Chesterfield was the grandson of the third wife, Lady Elizabeth Dormer, daughter of Charles Earl of Carnarvon.

here in great magnificence, is quite inoffensive, seems to have forgotten every part of his past life, and to be of no party; and indeed this is perhaps the town in the whole world, where politics are the least talked of.

Avignon, Dec. 20, 1743.

I RECEIVED your's of the 24th of November, O. S. yesterday. You may, perhaps, hear of a trifle which makes a great noise in this part of the world, which is, that I am building; but the whole expence which I have contracted for is but twenty-six pounds. You know the situation of this town is on the meeting of the Rhosne and Durance. On the one side of it within the walls, was formerly a fortress built on a very high rock; they say it was destroyed by lightning: one of the towers was left partly standing, the walls being a yard in thickness: this was made use of for some time as a public mill, but the height making it inconvenient for the carriage of meal, it has stood useless many years. Last summer in the hot evenings I walked often thither, where I always found a fresh breeze, and the most beautiful land prospect I ever saw (except Wharncliffe); being a view of the windings of two great rivers, and overlooking the whole country, with part of Languedoc and Provence. I was so much charmed with it, that I said in company, that if that old mill were mine, I would turn

it into a belvidere; my words were repeated, and the two consuls waited on me soon after, with a donation from the town of the mill and the land about it: I have added a dome to it, and made it a little rotunda for the 'foresaid sum. I have also amused myself with patching up an inscription, which I have communicated to the Archbishop, who is much delighted with it; but it is not placed, and perhaps never will be.

* "Hìc, viator! sub Lare parvulo,
Maria hìc est condita, hìc jacet,
Defuncta humani laboris
Sorte, supervacuaque vitâ.
Non indecorâ pauperie nitens,
Et non inerti nobilis otio,
Vanoque dilectis popello
Divitiis animosus hostis.
Possis et illam dicere mortuam,
En terra jam nunc quantula sufficit!
Exempta sit curis, viator,
Terra sit illa levis, precare!
Hìc sparge flores, sparge breves rosas:
Nam vita gaudet mortua floribus:
Herbisque odoratis corona
Vatis, adhuc cinerem calentem."

Avignon, Feb. 17, 1743-4.

I AM sorry you have given yourself so much trouble about the inscription. I find I expressed

* Lady Mary had the merit of applying Cowley's "Epitaphium vivi auctoris" published in his Works, of which this is a copy, with grammatical alteration where necessary.

myself ill, if you understood by my letter that it was already placed; I never intended it without your approbation, and then would have put it in the inside of the dome. The word "pauperie" is meant, as is shewn by the whole line

"Non indecorâ pauperie nitens,"

to be a life rather distant from ostentation than in poverty; and which very well answers to my way of living, which, though decent, is far from the show which many families make here. The nobility consists of about two hundred houses: among them are two dukes, those of Crillon and Guadagna; the last an Italian family, the other French. The Count of Suze, who values himself very much upon his pedigree, keeps a constant open table, as likewise several others. You will judge by that the provisions are exceedingly cheap; but for strangers the price of every thing is high. As all the gentlemen keep their lands in their own hands, and sell their corn, wine, and oil, their housekeeping looks very great, at a small expence. They have every sort of *gibier* from their own estates, which have never been taxed, the Pope drawing (as I am informed) no revenue from hence. The Vice-legate has a court of priests, and sees little other company; which, I believe, is partly owing to the little respect the nobility shew him, who despise his want of birth. There is a new one expected this spring, nephew to Cardinal Acqua-

viva; he is young, and, they say, intends to live with great magnificence.

Avignon was certainly no town in the time of the Romans; nor is there the smallest remains of any antiquity, but what is entirely Gothick. The town is large, but thinly peopled; here are fourteen large convents, besides others. It is so well situated for trade, and the silk so fine and plentiful, that if they were not curbed, the French not permitting them to trade, they would certainly ruin Lyons; but as they can sell none of their manufactures out of the walls of the town, and the ladies here, as everywhere else, preferring foreign stuffs to their own, the tradespeople are poor, and the shops ill furnished. The people of quality all affect the French manner of living; and here are many good houses. The climate would be as fine as that of Naples, if they were not persecuted by the north wind, which is almost a constant plague; yet by the great age of the inhabitants, and the surprising health which I see many of them enjoy, I am persuaded the air is very wholesome. I see some of both sexes past eighty, who appear in all the assemblies, eat great suppers, and keep late hours, without any visible infirmity. It is to-day Shrove Tuesday, and I am invited to sup at the Duchess of Crillon's; where I shall meet near fifty guests, who will all of them, young and old, except myself, go masked to the ball, that is given in the town-house. It is the sixth given this carnival by

the gentlemen *gratis*. At the first there were 1200 tickets given out, many coming from the neighbouring towns of Carpentaras, Lisle, Orange, &c. and even Aix and Arles, on purpose to appear there. Don Philip is expected here on the 22nd: I believe he will not stay any time; and if he should, I think in my present situation it would be improper for me to wait on him. If he goes into company, I suppose that I may *indifferently* see him at an assembly.

Avignon, 23rd March, 1744.

I TAKE this opportunity of informing you, in what manner I came acquainted with the secret I hinted at in my letter of the 5th of February. The society of Freemasons at Nismes presented the Duke of Richelieu, governor of Languedoc, with a magnificent entertainment; it is but one day's post from hence, and the Duchess of Crillon, with some other ladies of this town, resolved to be at it, and almost by force carried me with them, which I am tempted to believe an act of Providence, considering my great reluctance, and the service it proved to be to the unhappy innocent people. The greater part of the town of Nismes are serious Protestants, which are still secretly punished according to the edicts of Lewis XIV. whenever they are detected in any public worship. A few days before we came, they had assembled; their minister and about a

dozen of his congregation were seized and imprisoned. I knew nothing of this; but I had not been in the town two hours, when I was visited by two of the most considerable of the Hugonots, who came to beg of me, with tears, to speak in their favour to the Duke of Richelieu, saying none of the Catholics would do it, and the Protestants dared not. The Duke of Richelieu was too well-bred to refuse to listen to a lady, and I was of a rank and nation to have liberty to say what I pleased; they moved my compassion so much, I resolved to use my endeavour to serve them, though I had little hope of succeeding. I would not therefore dress myself for the supper, but went in a domino to the ball, a masque giving opportunity of talking in a freer manner than I could have done, without it. I was at no trouble in engaging his conversation: the lady having told him I was there, he immediately advanced towards me; and I found, from different motives, he had a great desire to be acquainted with me, having heard a great deal of me. After abundance of compliments of that sort, I made my request for the liberty of the poor Protestants; he with great freedom told me he was so little a bigot, that he pitied them as much as I did, but his orders from court were to send them to the galleys. However, to shew how much he desired my good opinion, he was returning, and would solicit their freedom (which he has since obtained). This obligation occasioned me to continue the conversation, and he

asked me what party the Pretender had in England; I answered, as I thought, a very small one. "We are told otherwise at Paris," said he; "however, a bustle at this time may serve to facilitate our projects, and we intend to attempt a descent; at least it will cause the troops to be recalled, and perhaps Admiral Mathews will be obliged to leave the passage open for Don Philip." You may imagine how much I wished to give immediate notice of this; but as all letters are opened at Paris, it would have been to no purpose to write it by the post, and have only gained me a powerful enemy in the court of France, he being so much a favourite of the King's, that he is supposed to stand candidate for the ministry. In my letter to Sir Robert Walpole from Venice, I offered my service, and desired to know in what manner I could send intelligence, if any thing happened to my knowledge that could be of use to England. I believe he imagined that I wanted some gratification, and only sent me cold thanks. I have wrote to you by the post an account of my servant's leaving me. As that is only a domestic affair, I suppose the letter may be suffered to pass. I have had no letter from him, and am very sure he is in the wrong, whenever he does not follow your direction, who, apart from other considerations, have a stronger judgment than any of his advisers.

TO THE COUNTESS OF ——.*

Saturday—Florence.

I SET out from Bologna the moment I had finished the letter I wrote you on Monday last, and shall now continue to inform you of the things that have struck me most in this excursion. Sad roads —hilly and rocky—between Bologna and Fierenzuolo. Between this latter place and Florence, I went out of my road to visit the monastery of La Trappe, which is of French origin, and one of the most austere and self-denying orders I have met with. In this gloomy retreat it gave me pain to observe the infatuation of men, who have devoutly reduced themselves to a much worse condition than that of the beasts. Folly, you see, is the lot of humanity, whether it arises in the flowery paths of pleasure, or the thorny ones of an ill-judged devotion. But of the two sorts of fools, I shall always think that the merry one has the most eligible fate; and I cannot well form a notion of that spiritual and extatick joy, that is mixed with sighs, groans, hunger, and thirst, and the other complicated miseries of monastick discipline. It is a strange way of going to work for happiness to excite an enmity between soul and body, which Nature and Providence have designed to live together

* Probably written in August 1740. See the letters addressed to Lady Pomfret in p. 247, and that to Mr. Wortley in p. 289.

in union and friendship, and which we cannot separate like man and wife when they happen to disagree. The profound silence that is enjoined upon the monks of La Trappe, is a singular circumstance of their unsociable and unnatural discipline; and were this injunction never to be dispensed with, it would be needless to visit them in any other character than as a collection of statues; but the superior of the convent suspended in our favour that rigorous law, and allowed one of the mutes to converse with me, and answer a few discreet questions. He told me that the monks of this order in France are still more austere than those of Italy, as they never taste wine, flesh, fish, or eggs; but live entirely upon vegetables. The story that is told of the institution of this order is remarkable, and is well attested, if my information be good. Its founder was a French nobleman whose name was Bouthillier de Rancé, a man of pleasure and gallantry, which were converted into the deepest gloom of devotion by the following incident. His affairs obliged him to absent himself, for some time, from a lady with whom he had lived in the most intimate and tender connections of successful love. At his return to Paris he proposed to surprize her agreeably, and, at the same time, to satisfy his own impatient desire of seeing her, by going directly and without ceremony to her apartment by a back stair, which he was well acquainted with — but think of the spectacle that presented itself to him

at his entrance into the chamber that had so often been the scene of love's highest raptures! his mistress dead—dead of the small pox—disfigured beyond expression—a loathsome mass of putrified matter—and the surgeon separating the head from the body, because the coffin had been made too short! He stood for a moment motionless in amazement, and filled with horror—and then retired from the world, shut himself up in the convent of La Trappe, where he passed the remainder of his days in the most cruel and disconsolate devotion.—Let us quit this sad subject.

I must not forget to tell you that before I came to this monastery I went to see the burning mountain near Fierenzuola, of which the naturalists speak as a great curiosity. The flame it sends forth is without smoke, and resembles brandy set on fire. The ground about it is well cultivated, and the fire appears only in one spot where there is a cavity whose circumference is small, but in it are several crevices whose depths are unknown. It is remarkable that when a piece of wood is thrown into this cavity, though it cannot pass through the crevices, yet it is consumed in a moment, and that though the ground about it be perfectly cold, yet if a stick be rubbed with any force against it, it emits a flame, which, however, is neither hot nor durable like that of the volcano. If you desire a more circumstantial account of this phenomenon, and have made a sufficient progress in Italian to read Father

Carazzi's description of it, you need not be at a loss, for I have sent this description to Mr. F——, and you have only to ask it of him. After observing the volcano, I scrambled up all the neighbouring hills, partly on horseback, partly on foot, but could find no vestige of fire in any of them; though common report would make one believe that they all contain volcanos.

I hope you have not taken it in your head to expect from me a description of the famous gallery here, where I arrived on Thursday at noon; this would be requiring a volume instead of a letter; besides, I have as yet seen but a part of this immense treasure, and I propose employing some weeks more to survey the whole. You cannot imagine any situation more agreeable than Florence. It lies in a fertile and smiling valley watered by the Arno, which runs through the city, and nothing can surpass the beauty and magnificence of its public buildings, particularly the cathedral, whose grandeur filled me with astonishment. The palaces, squares, fountains, statues, bridges, do not only carry an aspect full of elegance and greatness, but discover a taste quite different, in kind, from that which reigns in the public edifices in other countries. The more I see of Italy, the more I am persuaded that the Italians have a stile (if I may use that expression) in every thing, which distinguishes them almost essentially from all other Europeans. Where they have got it,—whether from

natural genius or ancient imitation and inheritance, I shall not examine; but the fact is certain. I have been but one day in the gallery, that amazing repository of the most precious remains of antiquity, and which alone is sufficient to immortalize the illustrious house of Medicis, by whom it was built, and enriched as we now see it. I was so impatient to see the famous Venus of Medicis, that I went hastily through six apartments in order to get a sight of this divine figure, purposing, when I had satisfied this ardent curiosity, to return and view the rest at my leisure. As I, indeed, passed thro' the great room which contains the ancient statues, I was stopped short at viewing the Antinous, which they have placed near that of Adrian, to revive the remembrance of their preposterous loves, which I suppose the Florentines rather look upon as an object of envy, than of horror and disgust. This statue, like that of the Venus de Medicis, spurns description: such figures my eyes never beheld — I can now understand that Ovid's comparing a fine woman to a statue, which I formerly thought a very disobliging similitude, was the nicest and highest piece of flattery. The Antinous is entirely naked; all its parts are bigger than nature; but the whole, taken together, and the fine attitude of the figure, carry such an expression of ease, elegance, and grace, as no words can describe. When I saw the Venus I was wrapped in wonder, —and I could not help casting a thought back

upon Antinous. They ought to be placed together. They are worthy of each other.—If marble could see and feel, the separation might be prudent.—If it could only *see*, it would certainly lose its coldness and learn to feel, and in such a case the charms of these two figures would produce an effect quite opposite to that of the Gorgon's head, which turned flesh into stone. Did I pretend to describe to you the Venus, it would only set your imagination at work to form ideas of her figure, and your ideas would no more resemble that figure, than the Portuguese face of Miss N——, who has enchanted our knight, resembles the sweet and graceful countenance of Lady ——, his former flame. The description of a face or figure is a needless thing, as it never conveys a true idea; it only gratifies the imagination with a fantastic one, until the real one is seen. So, my dear, if you have a mind to form a true notion of the divine forms and features of the Venus and Antinous, come to Florence.

I would be glad to oblige you and your friend Vertue, by executing your commission with respect to the sketches of Raphael's cartoons at Hampton-court; but I cannot do it to my satisfaction. I have, indeed, seen in the Grand Duke's collection, four pieces, in which that wonderful artist had thrown freely from his pencil the first thoughts and rude lines of some of those compositions; and as the first thoughts of a great genius are precious, these

pieces attracted my curiosity in a particular manner; but when I went to examine them closely, I found them so damaged and effaced, that they did not at all answer my expectation. Whether this be owing to negligence or envy, I cannot say; I mention the latter, because it is notorious that many of the modern painters have discovered ignoble marks of envy at a view of the inimitable productions of the ancients. Instead of employing their art to preserve the master-pieces of antiquity, they have endeavoured to destroy and efface many of them. I have seen with my own eyes an evident proof of this at Bologna, where the greatest part of the paintings in fresco on the walls of the convent of St. Michael in Bosco, done by the Caracci and Guido Rheni, have been ruined by the painters, who after having copied some of the finest heads, scraped them almost entirely out with nails. Thus you see nothing is exempt from human malignity.

The word malignity, and a passage in your letter, call to my mind the wicked wasp of Twickenham: his lies affect me now no more; they will be all as much despised as the story of the seraglio and the handkerchief, of which I am persuaded he was the only inventor. That man has a malignant and ungenerous heart; and he is base enough to assume the mask of a moralist, in order to decry human nature, and to give a decent vent to his hatred of man and woman kind.—But I must quit

this contemptible subject, on which a just indignation would render my pen so fertile, that after having fatigued you with a long letter, I should surfeit you with a supplement twice as long. Besides, a violent head-ach advertises me that it is time to lay down my pen and get me to bed. I shall say some things to you in my next that I would have you to impart to the strange man, as from yourself. My mind is at present tolerably quiet; if it were as dead to sin, as it is to certain connexions, I should be a great saint. Adieu, my dear Madam. Yours very affectionately, &c.

LETTERS

DURING

LADY M. W. MONTAGU'S RESIDENCE ABROAD,

FROM 1746 TO 1756.

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FROM 1746 TO 1756.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Avignon, May 8, 1744.

I RECEIVED but this morning yours, dated March 22. I suppose this delay has been occasioned by the present disturbances; I do not doubt mine have had the same fate, but I hope you will receive them at length.

I am very well acquainted with Lady Sophia Fermor,* having lived two months in the same house with her: she has few equals in beauty, or graces. I shall never be surprised at her conquests. If Lord Carteret had the design you seem to think, he could not make a more proper choice; but I think too well of his understanding to suppose he can expect his happiness from things unborn, or place it in the chimerical notion of any pleasure arising to him, from his name subsisting (perhaps

* Eldest daughter of Thomas Earl of Pomfret: she was married to Lord Carteret, afterwards Earl of Granville, in 1744.

by very sorry representatives) after his death. I am apt to imagine he indulged his inclination at the expense of his judgment; and it appears to me the more pardonable weakness. I end my reflections here, fearing my letter will not come inviolate to your hands.

I am extremely glad my account of Avignon had any thing in it entertaining to you. I have really forgotten what I wrote, my sight not permitting me to take copies: if there are any particulars you would have explained to you, I will do it to the best of my power. I can never be so agreeably employed as in amusing you.

You say nothing of ——. I guess you have nothing good to say.

I am very much concerned for the ill state of poor Lady Oxford's* health: she is the only friend I can depend on in this world (except yourself): she tells me she stays at Welbeck, having been cheated of some thousands by one she employed in her building there, and is very troublesomely engaged in setting things in order.

* Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles, only daughter and heir of John Duke of Newcastle, was married in 1713 to Edward Earl of Oxford. She died December 8, 1755. Her only daughter married William second Duke of Portland.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Avignon, June 12, N. S. 1744.

I BELIEVE William may tell truth in regard to the expences of his journey, making it at a time when the passage of the troops had doubled the price of every thing; and they were detained ten days at Calais before they had permission to pass over. I represented these inconveniencies to them before they set out; but they were in such a hurry to go, from a notion that they should be forced to stay, after the declaration of war, that I could not prevail on them to stay a week longer, though it would probably have saved great part of their expence. I would willingly have kept them (with all faults), being persuaded of their fidelity, and that in case of any accident happening to me, you would have had a faithful account of my effects; but it was impossible to make them contented in a country where there is neither ale nor salt beef.

This town is considerably larger than either Aix or Montpelier, and has more inhabitants of quality than of any other sort, having no trade, from the exactions of the French, though better situated for it than any inland town I know. What is most singular is the government, which retains a sort of imitation of the old Roman: here are two consuls chosen every year, the first of whom from the chief noblesse; and there is as much struggling for that

dignity in the Hotel de Ville as in the Senate. The Vice-legate cannot violate their privileges. As all governors naturally wish to increase their authority, there are perpetual factions of the same kind as those between prerogative and the liberty of the subject. We have a new Vice-legate, arrivéd a few days since, nephew to Cardinal Acquaviva, young, rich, and handsome, and sets out in a greater figure than has ever been known here. The magistrate next to him in place is called the Vignier, who is chosen every year by the Hotel de Ville, and represents the person of the Pope in all criminal causes, but his authority is so often clipped by the Vice-legate, there remains nothing of it at present but the honour of precedence during his office, and a box at the play-house gratis, with the superintendence of all public diversions. When Don Philip passed here, he began the ball with his lady, which is the custom of all princes that pass.

The beginning of Avignon was probably a colony from Marseilles, there having been a temple of Diana on that very spot where I have my little pavilion. If there was any painter capable of drawing it, I would send you a view of the landscape, which is one of the most beautiful I ever saw.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Avignon, June 8, 1745.

I HAVE this day yours of the 8th of April, O. S. and at the same time one from Lady Oxford, who has not received (as she says) any from me since November, though I have wrote several times.

I perfectly remember carrying back the manuscript you mention, and delivering it to Lord Oxford. I never failed returning to himself all the books he lent me. It is true, I shewed it to the Duchess of Montagu, but we read it together, and I did not even leave it with her. I am not surprised that in that vast quantity of manuscripts some should be lost or mislaid, particularly knowing Lord Oxford to be careless of them, easily lending, and as easily forgetting he had done it. I remember I carried him once one finely illuminated, that, when I delivered, he did not recollect he had lent to me, though it was but a few days before. Wherever this is, I think you need be in no pain about it. The verses are too bad to be printed, excepting from malice, and since the death of Pope I know nobody that is an enemy to either of us. I will write to my son the first opportunity I have of doing it. By the post it is impossible at this time. I have seen the French list of the dead and wounded, in which he is not mentioned: so that I suppose he has escaped. All letters, even directed to Hol-

land, are opened; and I believe those to the army would be stopped.

I know so little of English affairs, I am surprised to hear Lord Granville* has lost his power.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Avignon, November 11, 1745.

I RECEIVED yours of October 15, yesterday, November 11. I was quite frightened at the relation of your indisposition, and am very glad I did not know it till it was over. I hope you will no more suffer the physicians to try experiments with so good a constitution as yours. I am persuaded mineral waters, which are provided by nature, are the best, perhaps the only real remedies, particularly that of Tunbridge, of which I have a great opinion. I would not trouble you with a long letter, which may be uneasy for you to read.

The present weather is esteemed a prodigy in this country. I begin almost to credit the tradition in Herodotus, and believe the world will once again change its position, and Italy change situation with Muscovy.

I have not stirred out of my apartment these

* John Carteret, Earl Granville, was secretary of state in 1720, lord lieutenant of Ireland from 1724 to 1730; in 1742 secretary of state, which office he resigned in 1744. He was a third time appointed secretary of state in February 1746, and removed on the 14th of the same month, to which circumstance this letter alludes.

two months, although I have no reason to complain of my health: the continuation of yours is my most earnest wish.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Brescia, Aug. 25, N. S. 1746.

You will be surprised at the date of this letter, but Avignon has been long disagreeable to me on many accounts, and now more than ever, from the increase of Scotch and Irish rebels, that choose it for their refuge, and are so highly protected by the Vice-legate, that it is impossible to go into any company without hearing a conversation that is improper to be listened to, and dangerous to contradict. The war with France hindered my settling there for reasons I have already told you; and the difficulty of passing into Italy confined me, though I was always watching an opportunity of returning thither. Fortune at length presented me one.

I believe I wrote you word, when I was at Venice, that I saw there the Count of Wacherbarth, who was governor to the Prince of Saxony, and is favourite of the King of Poland, and the many civilities I received from him, as an old friend of his mother's. About a month since, a gentleman of the bedchamber of the Prince, who is a man of the first quality in this province, I believe charged with some private commission from the Polish court,

brought me a letter of recommendation from Count Wacherbarth, which engaged me to shew him what civilities lay in my power. In conversation I lamented to him the impossibility of my attempting a journey to Italy, where he was going. He offered me his protection, and represented to me that if I would permit him to wait on me, I might pass under the notion of a Venetian lady. In short, I ventured upon it, which has succeeded very well, though I met with more impediments in my journey than I expected. We went by sea to Genoa, where I made a very short stay, and saw nobody, having no passport from that state, and fearing to be stopped, if I was known. We took post-chaises from thence the 16th of this month, and were very much surprised to meet, on the Briletta, the baggage of the Spanish army, with a prodigious number of sick and wounded soldiers and officers, who marched in a very great hurry. The Count of Palazzo ordered his servants to say we were in haste for the service of Don Philip, and without further examination they gave us place every where; notwithstanding which the multitude of carriages and loaded mules which we met in these narrow roads made it impossible for us to reach Scravalli till it was near night. Our surprise was great to find, coming out of that town, a large body of troops surrounding a body of guards, in the midst of which was Don Philip in person, going a very round trot, looking down, and pale as ashes. The army was

in too much confusion to take notice of us, and the night favouring us, we got into the town, but when we came there, it was impossible to find any lodging, all the inns being filled with wounded Spaniards. The Count went to the governor, and asked a chamber for a Venetian lady, which he granted very readily; but there was nothing in it but the bare walls, and in less than a quarter of an hour after the whole house was empty both of furniture and people, the governor flying into the citadel, and carrying with him all his goods and family. We were forced to pass the night without beds, or supper. About day-break the victorious Germans entered the town. The Count went to wait on the generals, to whom, I believe, he had a commission. He told them my name, and there was no sort of honour or civility they did not pay me. They immediately ordered me a guard of hussars (which was very necessary in the present disorder), and sent me refreshments of all kinds. Next day I was visited by the Prince of Badin Dourlach, the Prince Loüestein, and all the principal officers, with whom I passed for a heroine, shewing no uneasiness though the cannon of the citadel (where was a Spanish garrison) played very briskly. I was forced to stay there two days for want of post-horses, the post-master having fled, with all his servants, and the Spaniards having levied all the horses they could find. At length I set out from thence the 19th instant, with a strong escort of hussars, meeting

with no farther accident on the road, except at the little town of Vogherra, where they refused post-horses, till the hussars drew their sabres. The 30th I arrived safe here. It is a very pretty place, where I intend to repose myself at least during the remainder of the summer. This journey has been very expensive; but I am very glad I have made it. I am now in a neutral country, under the protection of Venice. The Doge is our old friend Grimani, and I do not doubt meeting with all sort of civility. When I set out I had so bad a fluxion on my eyes, I was really afraid of losing them: they are now quite recovered, and my health better than it has been for some time. I hope yours continues good, and that you will always take care of it. Direct for me at Brescia by way of Venice.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Brescia, Sept. 24, N. S. 1746.

I CAN no longer resist the desire I have to know what is become of ———.* I have long suppressed it from a belief that if there was any thing of good to be told, you would not fail to give me the pleasure of hearing it. I find it now grows so much upon me, that whatever I am to know, I think it would be easier for me to support, than the anxiety I suffer from my doubts. I beg to be informed, and prepare myself for the worst, with all the philo-

* Her son.

sophy I have. At my time of life I ought to be detached from a world which I am soon to leave; to be totally so is a vain endeavour, and perhaps there is vanity in the endeavour: while we are human, we must submit to human infirmities, and suffer them in mind as well as body. All that reflection and experience can do is to mitigate, we can never extinguish, our passions. I call by that name every sentiment that is not founded upon reason, and own I cannot justify to mine the concern I feel for one who never gave me any view of satisfaction.

This is too melancholy a subject to dwell upon. You compliment me on the continuation of my spirits: 'tis true, I try to maintain them by every act I can, being sensible of the terrible consequences of losing them. Young people are too apt to let them sink on any disappointment. I have wrote to my daughter all the considerations I could think to lessen her affliction. I am persuaded you will advise her to amusement, and am very glad you continue that of travelling as the most useful for health. I have been prisoner here some months, by the weather: the rivers are still impassable in most places; when they are abated, I intend some little excursions, being of your opinion, that exercise is as necessary as food, though I have at present no considerable complaint; my hearing, and I think my memory, are without any decay, and my sight better than I could expect; it shall serve me to

read many hours in a day. I have appetite enough to relish what I eat, and have the same sound uninterrupted sleep that has continued throughout the course of my life, and to which I attribute the happiness of not yet knowing the head-ach. I am very sorry you are so often troubled with it, but hope, from your care and temperance, that if you cannot wholly overcome it, yet it may be so far diminished, as not to give you any great uneasiness, or affect your constitution.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Brescia, Nov. 24, N. S. 1746.

I BRAGGED too soon of my good health, which lasted but two days after my last letter. I was then seized with so violent a fever that I am surprized a woman of my age could be capable of it. I have kept my bed two months, and am now out of it but a few hours in the day. I did not mention in my last (thinking it an insignificant circumstance) that Count Palazzo had wrote to his mother (without my knowledge) to advertize her of my arrival. She came to meet me in her coach and six, and it was impossible to resist her importunity of going to her house, where she would keep me, till I had found a lodging to my liking. I had chose one when I wrote to you, and counted upon going there

the beginning of the week following, but my violent illness (being, as all the physicians thought, in the utmost danger) made it utterly impossible. The Countess Palazzo has taken as much care of me as if I had been her sister, and omitted no expence or trouble to serve me. I am still with her, and indeed in no condition of moving at present. I am now in a sort of milk diet, which is prescribed me to restore my strength. From being as fat as Lady Bristol, I am grown leaner than any body I can name. For my own part, I think myself in a natural decay. However I do what I am ordered. I know not how to acknowledge enough my obligations to the Countess; and I reckon it a great one from her who is a *dévote*, that she never brought a priest to me. My woman, who is a zealous French Hugonote, I believe would have tore his eyes out. During my whole illness it seemed her chief concern. I hope your health continues good.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE.

DEAR CHILD, Louvere, July 21, N.S. 1747.

I AM now in a place the most beautifully romantic I ever saw in my life: it is the Tunbridge of this part of the world, to which I was sent by the doctor's order, my ague often returning, notwithstanding the loads of bark I have taken. To say truth, I have no reason to repent my journey,

though I was very unwilling to undertake it, it being ten miles, half by land, and half by water; the land so stony, I was almost shook to pieces, and I had the ill luck to be surprised with a storm on the lake, that if I had not been near a little port (where I passed a night in a very poor inn), the vessel must have been lost. A fair wind brought me hither next morning early. I found a very good lodging, a great deal of good company, and a village in many respects resembling Tunbridge Wells, not only in the quality of the waters, which is the same, but in the manner of the buildings, most of the houses being separate at little distances, and all built on the sides of hills, which indeed are far different from those of Tunbridge, being six times as high: they are really vast rocks of different figures, covered with green moss, or short grass, diversified by tufts of trees, little woods, and here and there vineyards, but no other cultivation, except gardens like those on Richmond hill. The whole lake of Isco, which is twenty-five miles long, and three broad, is all surrounded with these impassable mountains, the sides of which, towards the bottom, are so thick set with villages (and in most of them gentlemen's seats), that I do not believe there is any where above a mile distance one from another, which adds very much to the beauty of the prospect.

We have an opera here, which is performed three times in the week. I was at it last night, and should have been surprised at the neatness of the

scenes, goodness of the voices, and justness of the actors, if I had not remembered I was in Italy. Several gentlemen jumped into the orchestre, and joined in the concert, which I suppose is one of the freedoms of the place, for I never saw it in any great town. I was yet more amazed, (while the actors were dressing for the farce that concludes the entertainment,) to see one of the principal among them, and as errant a *petit maître* as if he had passed all his life at Paris, mount the stage, and present us with a cantata of his own performing. He had the pleasure of being almost deafened with applause. The ball began afterwards, but I was not witness of it, having accustomed myself to such early hours, that I was half asleep before the opera finished: it begins at ten o'clock, so that it was one before I could get to bed, though I had supped before I went, which is the custom.

I am much better pleased with the diversions on the water, where all the town assembles every night, and never without music; but we have none so rough as trumpets, kettle-drums, and French horns: they are all violins, lutes, mandolins, and flutes doux. Here is hardly a man that does not excel in some of these instruments, which he privately addresses to the lady of his affections, and the public has the advantage of it, by his adding to the number of the musicians.

The fountain where we drink the waters rises between two hanging hills, and is overshadowed with

large trees, that give a freshness in the hottest time of the day. The provisions are all excellent, the fish of the lake being as large and well tasted as that of Geneva, and the mountains abounding in game, particularly black cocks, which I never saw in any other part of Italy: but none of the amusements here would be so effectual to raising my spirits as a letter from you. I have received none since that of February 27. I do not blame you for it, but my ill fortune, that will not let me have that consolation. The newspaper informs me that the Chevalier Gray (so he is styled) is appointed minister at Venice. I wish you would let me know who he is, intending to settle our correspondence through his hands. I did not care to ask that favour of Lord Holderness.

Dear child, I am ever your most affectionate mother.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Louvere, —— 1747.

Yours of the 1st of December, O. S. came to me this morning, Feb. 2, N. S. I hope your health continues good, since you say nothing to the contrary. I think the Duchess of Manchester's* silence is the most reasonable part of her conduct; com-

* The Duchess of Manchester mixed very little with the world after her marriage to Mr. Hussey, one of those nine days'

plainers are seldom pitied, and boasters are seldom believed. Her retirement is, in my opinion, no proof either of her happiness or discontent, since her appearance in the world can never be pleasing to her. I was shewn at Genoa an ode on Ch. Ch. as a production of Dr. Broxholme. I thought it much in his style, and am apt to believe (from what I

wonders which never fail to put all idle tongues in motion. The satirical lines of Hanbury Williams are well known.

Sunk is her power, her sway is o'er;
She 'll be no more adored—no more
Shine forth the public care.
Oh, what a falling off is here
From her whose frowns made wisdom fear,
Whose scorn begot despair!

Their worthless author had married a friend of hers, Lady Frances Coningsby, the only child of Lord Coningsby; and he used her as moths that fly into a candle, and heiresses that marry rakes are pretty sure to be used. Something made him suspect the Duchess of spiriting her up to resistance; a piece of hostility which he revenged by levelling at her Grace the shafts of his wit, even before her extraordinary match provoked ridicule. Extraordinary it must be called; yet Mr. Hussey was a gentleman of birth and fortune; and as he descended maternally from the Duchess of Tyrconnel, (Grammont's Belle Jennings, sister to the Duchess of Marlborough,) he was likewise her own relation. But then she stood on the topmost height both of fashion and quality; and had ever piqued herself upon being more delicate, more fastidious, in modern cant more *exclusive*, than the finest of the fine ladies her compeers. In short, she seemed a person, whom few men, and those only of the highest class in situation and talents, might dare to look up to. Therefore her suddenly accepting a wild Irishman, younger than herself, utterly unknown to all her set of company, and differing widely from them in habits and manners, did

know of Sir Charles Hanbury*) he is more likely to have the vanity to father it, than the wit to write it. I have seen heaps of his poetry, but nothing to distinguish him from the tribe of common versifiers. The last I saw was an ode addressed to Mr. Doddington on his courtship of the late Duchess of Argyll; those two you mention have never reached me. I should be very much obliged if you would send me copies of them.

The new opera at Brescia, I hear, is much applauded, and intend to see it before the end of the carnival. The people of this province are much at their ease during the miseries the war occasions their neighbours, and employ all their time in diversions.

unavoidably astonish the world, and set the wicked part of it a-laughing. The laugh however was checked when the Irishman, who could build no rhymes, drew his sword in answer to Sir Charles Hanbury's odes; and the wit, absconding, chose to lie concealed till the storm blew over. The Duchess, as it appears from Lady Mary's observations, had the wisdom to be silent about the success of her venture. But, perhaps, the act which diverted her neighbours, secured a reasonable share of happiness for herself; since her husband, without the niceties of refinement, had a warm heart and a high sense of honour, which led him to treat her affectionately; and to shew a scrupulous regard to her wishes, even after her decease. He was created Lord Beaulieu in 1762.

* Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, according to the report of those who remembered him, was so pompous and heavy in conversation, that some time passed before the world could believe him the author of such lively and spirited verses as the *Satires on Sir Robert Walpole's Successors*, &c. &c.

We have hitherto had no winter, to the great sorrow of the people here, who are in fear of wanting ice in the summer, which is as necessary as bread. They also attribute a malignant fever, which has carried off great numbers in the neighbouring towns, to the uncommon warmth of the air. It has not infected this village, which they say has ever been free from any contagious distemper. The method of treating the physician here, I think, should be the same every where: they make it his interest that the whole parish should be in good health, giving him a stated pension, which is collected by a tax on every house, on condition that he neither demands any fees, nor ever refuses a visit either to rich or poor. This last article would be very hard, if we had as many vapourish ladies as in England; but those imaginary ills are entirely unknown among us, and the eager pursuit after every new piece of quackery that is introduced. I cannot help thinking that there is a fund of credulity in mankind that must be employed somewhere, and the money formerly given to the monks for the health of the soul, is now thrown to doctors for the health of the body, and generally with as little prospect of success.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE.

DEAR CHILD, Brescia, Jan. 5, 1747-8.

I AM glad to hear that yourself and family are in good health; and as to the alteration you find in the world, it is only owing to your being better acquainted with it. I have never in all my various travels seen but two sorts of people, and those very like one another; I mean men and women, who always have been, and ever will be, the same. The same vices and the same follies have been the fruit of all ages, though sometimes under different names. I remember when I returned from Turkey meeting with the same affectation of youth among yours, and I do not doubt but your daughter will find the same, twenty years hence, among hers. One of the greatest happinesses of youth is the ignorance of evil, though it is often the ground of great indiscretions, and sometimes the active part of life is over, before an honest mind finds out how one ought to act in such a world as this. I am as much removed from it as it is possible to be on this side the grave; which is from my own inclination, for I might have even here a great deal of company; the way of living in this province being, I believe, what it is in the sociable part of Scotland, and was in England a hundred years ago. I had a visit in the holidays of thirty horse of ladies and gentlemen, with their servants (by the way, the

ladies all ride like the late Duchess of Cleveland). They came with the kind intent of staying with me at least a fortnight, though I had never seen any of them before; but they were all neighbours within ten miles round. I could not avoid entertaining them at supper, and by good luck had a large quantity of game in the house, which, with the help of my poultry, furnished out a plentiful table. I sent for the fiddles, and they were so obliging as to dance all night, and even dine with me the next day, though none of them had been in bed; and were much disappointed I did not ask them to stay, it being the fashion to go in troops to one another's houses, hunting and dancing together a month in each castle. I have not yet returned any of their visits, and I do not intend it for some time, to avoid this expensive hospitality. The trouble of it is not very great, they not expecting any ceremony. I left the room about one o'clock, and they continued their ball in the saloon above stairs, without being at all offended at my departure. But the greatest diversion I had was to see a lady of my own age comfortably dancing with her own husband, some years older; and I can assert that she jumped and gallopped with the best of them.

May you be as well satisfied with your family as you are at present, and your children return in your age the tender care you have taken of their infancy. I know no greater happiness that can be wished for you by your most affectionate mother.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Louvere, July 17, N. S. 1748.

Yours of June 7, O. S. came to my hands but yesterday. I am very much vexed and surprised at the miscarriage of my letters. I have never failed answering both yours and my daughter's the very next post after I received them. I began to suspect my servants put the franking money in their pockets, and threw away the letters. I have been in the country this year and half, though I continued to date from Brescia, as the place to which I would have directed, being, though not the nearest, the safest post-town: I send all my packets thither, and will for the future enclose them to a banker, who I hope will be more careful in forwarding them.

I am glad my daughter's conduct satisfies the opinion I always had of her understanding: I do not wonder at her being well received in sets of company different from one another, having myself preserved a long intimacy with the Duchesses of Marlborough and Montagu, though they were at open war, and perpetually talking of their complaints. I believe they were both sensible I never betrayed either; each of them giving me the strongest proofs of confidence in the last conversations I had with them, which were the last I had in England. What I think extraordinary is my daughter's continuing so many years agreeable to

Lord Bute, Mr. Mackensie telling me, the last time I saw him, that his brother frequently said among his companions, that he was still as much in love with his wife as before he married her. If the Princess's favour lasts, it may be of use to her family. I have often been dubious if the seeming indifference of her highness's behaviour was owing to very good sense, or great insensibility: should it be the first, she will get the better of all her rivals, and probably one day have a large share of power.

I am very much pleased that you accustom yourself to tea, being persuaded that the moderate use of it is generally wholesome. I have planted a great deal in my garden, which is a fashion lately introduced in this country, and has succeeded very well. I cannot say it is as strong as the Indian, but it has the advantage of being fresher, and at least unmixed.

I thank you for the copies of Sir Charles Hanbury's poetry, which extremely entertained me. I find tar water has succeeded to Ward's drop: it is possible by this time that some other quackery has taken place of that; the English are easier than any other nation infatuated by the prospect of universal medicines; nor is there any country in the world where the doctors raise such immense fortunes. I attribute it to the fund of credulity which is in all mankind. We have no longer faith in miracles and reliques, and therefore, with

the same fury, run after receipts and physicians: the same money which, three hundred years ago, was given for the health of the soul, is now given for the health of the body, and by the same sort of people, women and half-witted men: in the country where they have shrines and images, quacks are despised, and monks and confessors find their account in managing the fear and hope which rule the actions of the multitude.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Padua, September 16, 1748.

I AM informed that your health and sight are perfectly good, which gives me courage to trouble you with a letter of congratulation on a blessing that is equal to us both: I mean the great and good character I hear from every body of Lord Bute. It is a satisfaction I never hoped to have—a son that does honour to his family. I am persuaded you are of my opinion, and had rather be related to him than to any silly duke in Christendom. Indeed, money (however considerable the sum) in the hands of a fool, is as useless as if presented to a monkey, and will as surely be scattered in the street. I need not quote examples. My daughter is also generally esteemed, and I cannot help communicating to you the pleasure I receive whenever I hear her commended. I am afraid my letter may

be too long. This subject runs away with me. I wish you many years' continuance of the health and spirits I am told you now enjoy.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE.

MY DEAR CHILD, Venice, Oct. 1, N. S. 1748.

I HAVE at length received the box, with the books enclosed, for which I give you many thanks, as they amused me very much. I gave a very ridiculous proof of it, fitter indeed for my grand-daughter than myself. I returned from a party on horseback; and after having rode twenty miles, part of it by moonshine, it was ten at night when I found the box arrived. I could not deny myself the pleasure of opening it; and falling upon Fielding's works, was fool enough to sit up all night reading. I think Joseph Andrews better than his Foundling. I believe I was the more struck with it, having at present a Fanny in my own house, not only by the name, which happens to be the same, but the extraordinary beauty, joined with an understanding yet more extraordinary at her age, which is but few months past sixteen: she is in the post of my chambermaid. I fancy you will tax my discretion for taking a servant thus qualified; but my woman, who is also my housekeeper, was always teizing me with her having too much work, and complaining of ill health, which determined me to take her a deputy; and

when I was at Louvere, where I drank the waters, one of the most considerable merchants there pressed me to take this daughter of his: her mother has an uncommon good character, and the girl has had a better education than is usual for those of her rank; she writes a good hand, and has been brought up to keep accounts, which she does to great perfection; and had herself such a violent desire to serve me, that I was persuaded to take her: I do not yet repent it from any part of her behaviour. But there has been no peace in the family ever since she came into it; I might say the parish, all the women in it having declared open war with her, and the men endeavouring all treaties of a different sort: my own woman puts herself at the head of the first party, and her spleen is increased by having no reason for it. The young creature is never stirring from my apartment, always at her needle, and never complaining of any thing. You will laugh at this tedious account of my domestics (if you have patience to read it over), but I have few other subjects to talk of.

I am much pleased at your account of your children: may they ever be as agreeable to you as they are at present. The waters have very much mended my health. I endeavour to preserve it by constant riding, and am a better horsewoman than ever I was in my life, having complied with the fashion of this country, which is every way so much better than ours. I cannot help being amazed

at the obstinate folly by which the English ladies venture every day their lives and limbs.

My paper only allows me to add, I am your most affectionate mother.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Venice, Dec. 25, N. S. 1748.

I HOPE I have now regulated our correspondence in a manner more safe than by Holland. I have sent a large collection of letters to you and my daughter, which have all miscarried; neither have I had one line from either for some months.

I was surprised not many days ago by a very extraordinary visit: it was from the Duchess of Guastalla, who you know is a Princess of the house d'Armstadt, and reported to be near marriage with the King of Sardinia. I confess it was an honour I could easily have spared, she coming attended with the greatest part of her court; her grand-master, who is brother to Cardinal Valenti, the first lady of her bed-chamber, four pages, and a long et cetera of inferior servants, beside her guards. She entered with an easy French air, and told me, since I would not oblige her by coming to her court, she was resolved to come to me, and eat a salad of my raising, having heard much fame of my gardening. You may imagine I gave her as good a supper as I could. She was (or seemed to be) extremely pleased with an English sack-posset of my ordering.

I owned to her fairly that my house was much at her service; but it was impossible for me to find beds for all her suite. She said she intended to return when the moon rose, which was an hour after midnight. In the mean time I sent for the violins to entertain her attendants, who were very well pleased to dance, while she and her grand-master and I played at picquet. She pressed me extremely to return with her to her jointure-house, where she now resides (all the furniture of Guastalla being sold). I excused myself on not daring to venture in the cold night fifteen miles, but promised I would not fail to pay her my acknowledgments for the great honour her highness had done me, in a very short time, and we parted very good friends. She said she intended this spring to retire into her native country. I did not take the liberty of mentioning to her the report of her being in treaty with the King of Sardinia, though it has been in the newspaper of Mantua; but I found an opportunity of hinting it to Signor Gonzago, her grand-master, who told me the Duchess would not have been pleased to talk of it, since, perhaps, there was nothing in it more than a friendship that had long been between them, and since her widowhood the King sends her an express every day.

I believe you'll wish this long story much shorter; but I think you seemed to desire me to lengthen my letters, and I can have no greater pleasure than endeavouring to amuse you.

TO LADY BUTE.

MY DEAR CHILD, Feb. 3, N.S. 1749.

I RETURN you thanks for the news you send me. I am always amused with changes and chances that happen amongst my acquaintance. I pity the Duchess of Devonshire, and admire the greatness of mind that makes her refuse an addition to her own estate; but am surprized she can relinquish the care of her children, who are yet unsettled. Lady Thanet's behaviour has always been without any regard to public censure; but I am ever astonished (though I have frequently seen it) that women can so far renounce all decency, as to endeavour to expose a man whose name they bear. Lady Burlington has made a lucky choice for her daughter. I am well acquainted with Lord Hartington,* and I do not know any man so fitted to make a wife happy: with so great a vocation for matrimony, that I verily believe, if it had not been established before his time, he would have had the glory of the invention. . . . . .

I hear the carnival is very bright at Brescia. I have not yet been to partake of it, but I intend to go to the opera, which I hear much commended. Some ladies in the neighbourhood favoured me last week with a visit in masquerade. They were all

* Lord Hartington's marriage with Lady Charlotte Boyle took place in March 1748.

dressed in white like vestal virgins, with garlands in their hands. They came at night with violins and flambeaux, but did not stay more than one dance; pursuing their way to another castle some miles from hence. I suppose you are now in London; wherever you are you have the good wishes of

Your most affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY.

My compliments to Lord Bute and blessing to my grand-children.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Gotolengo, April 24, 1749.

C. Mutius Sext: F.
P. Papilius M. F.
Q. Mutius P. F.
M. Cornelius P. F.
IIII vir. Turrim Ex D D.
Ad augendam Locavêre
Idemque Probavêre.

THIS is a very fair inscription, in large characters, on a large stone found in the pavement of the old church, and makes now a part of the wall of the new one, which is now building. The people here, who are as ignorant as their oxen, and live like them on the product of their land, without any curiosity for the history of it, would infer from thence that this town is of Roman foundation, though the walls, which are yet the greatest part standing (only the towers and battlements demo-

lished), are very plainly Gothic, and not one brick to be found any where of Roman fabric, which is very easily distinguished. I can easily believe their tradition, that the old church, which was pulled down two years ago, being ready to drop, was a pagan temple, and do not doubt it was a considerable town, founded by the Goths, when they overran Italy. The fortifications were strong for that age: the ditch still remaining within the walls being very broad and deep, in which ran the little river that is now before my house, and the moat turned into gardens for the use of the town, the name of which being Gotolengo, is a confirmation of my conjecture. The castle, which certainly stood on the spot where my house does, being on an eminence in the midst of the town, was probably destroyed by fire. When I ordered the court to be levelled, which was grown uneven by long neglect, there was found such quantities of burnt bricks, that plainly shewed the remains of a considerable fire; but whether by the enemy, or accidental, I could get no information. They have no records, or parish-books, beyond the time of their coming under the Venetian dominion, which is not much above three hundred years ago, at which time they were, as they now are, a large village, being two miles in circuit, and contains at present (as the curate told me) two thousand communicants. The ladies of this neighbourhood that had given themselves the trouble and expence of going

to see Don Philip's entry into Parma, are returned, according to the French saying, *avec un pied de nez.* As they had none of them ever seen a court before, they had figured to themselves prodigious scenes of gallantry and magnificence.

If I did not write by the post, I would tell you several particulars, that I believe would make you laugh. He is retired into the country till the arrival of his princess, who is expected in May next. I take the liberty of inclosing this to Lord Bute, not knowing where to direct to him in London.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE.

DEAR CHILD, Louvere, August 22, 1749.

WE are all very quiet here, all the *beau-monde* being hurried away to the fair at Bergamo, which is esteemed the best in Italy, after that of Senegallia. I was much pressed to go there by several parties; but would not fatigue myself with a journey of thirty miles. I am surprised at the account you give of London, yet can hardly suppose that there are not some rational creatures in it. The Duchess of Portland must be much altered if she is never out of a croud; and by the character of Lady Middlesex,* who, I am told, is your most

* Miss Boyle, only daughter and heir of Richard Earl of Shannon, mistress of the robes to Augusta Princess of Wales, and wife of Charles Earl of Middlesex.

intimate companion, I should guess her to be another that would prefer an easy conversation to the noise of an assembly. I very well remember Caenwood House,* and cannot wish you in a more agreeable place. It would be a great pleasure to me to see my grand-children run about in the gardens. I do not question Lord Bute's good taste in the improvements round it, or yours in the choice of the furniture. I have heard the fame of paper-hangings, and had some thoughts of sending for a suite, but was informed that they were as dear as damask is here, which put an end to my curiosity.

I am solicitous to see Lord Bolingbroke's works. All the writings I have seen of his appeared to me to be copied from the French eloquence. I mean a poor or trite thought dressed in pompous language.

* * * * *

All weaknesses appear, as they increase, with age. I am afraid all humankind are born with the seeds of them, though they may be totally concealed, and consequently considerably lessened by education and philosophy. I have endeavoured to study and correct myself; and as courage was a favourite virtue, I studied to seem void of fear, and I believe was rather esteemed fool-hardy.

I am now grown timorous, and inclined to low spirits, whatever you may hear to the contrary.

* Caenwood House was sold by Lord Bute in 1755 to the Earl of Mansfield; who rebuilt it from a design by Robert Adam.

My cheerfulness is like the fire kindled in brush-wood, which makes a shew, but is soon turned to cold ashes. I do not, like Madam Maintenon, grieve about the decay which is allotted to all mortals, but would willingly excuse myself to you.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE.

DEAR CHILD, Sâlo, Oct. 17, 1749.

I RECEIVED yours of August 25, this morning, October 17, N. S. It was every way welcome to me, particularly finding you and your family in good health. You will think me a great rambler, being at present far distant from the date of my last letter. I have been persuaded to go to a palace near Salo, situate on the vast lake of Gardia, and do not repent my pains since my arrival, though I have passed a very bad road to it. It is indeed, take it altogether, the first place I ever saw: the King of France has nothing so fine, nor can have in his situation. It is large enough to entertain all his court, and much larger than the royal palace of Naples, or any of those of Germany or England. It was built by the great Cosmo, Duke of Florence, where he passed many months, for several years, on the account of his health, the air being esteemed one of the best in Italy. All the offices and conveniences are suitably magnificent; but that is nothing in regard to the beau-

ties without doors. It is seated in that part of the lake which forms an amphitheatre, at the foot of a mountain, near three miles high, covered with a wood of orange, lemon, citron, and pomegranate trees, which is all cut into walks, and divided into terraces, that you may go into a several garden from every floor in the house diversified with fountains, cascades, and statues, and joined by easy marble stair-cases, which lead from one to another. There are many covered walks, where you are secure from the sun in the hottest part of the day, by the shade of the orange trees, which are so loaded with fruit, you can hardly have any notion of their beauty without seeing them: they are as large as lime trees in England. You will think I say a great deal: I will assure you I say far short of what I see, and you must turn to the fairy tales to give you any idea of the real charms of this enchanting palace, for so it may justly be called. The variety of the prospects, the natural beauties, and the improvements by art, where no cost has been spared to perfect it, render it the most complete habitation I know in Europe. While the poor present master of it (to whose ancestor the Grand Duke presented it, having built it on his land), having spent a noble estate by gaming and other extravagance, would be glad to let it for a trifle, and is not rich enough to live in it. Most of the fine furniture is sold; there remains only a few of the many good pictures that adorned it, and

such goods as were not easily to be transported, or for which he found no chapman. I have said nothing to you of the magnificent bath, embellished with statues, or the fish-ponds, to the chief of which I go from my apartment on the first floor. It is circled by a marble balustrade, and supplied by water from a cascade that proceeds from the mouth of a whale, on which Neptune is mounted, surrounded with reeds: on each side of him are Tritons, which, from their shells, pour out streams that augment the pond. Higher on the hill are three colossal statues of Venus, Hercules, and Apollo. The water is so clear, you see the numerous fish that inhabit it, and it is a great pleasure to me to throw them bread, which they come to the surface to eat with great greediness. I pass by many other fountains, not to make my description too tedious. You will wonder, perhaps, never to have heard any mention of this paradise either from our English travellers, or in any of the printed accounts of Italy: it is as much unknown to them as if it was guarded by a flaming cherubim. I attribute that ignorance, in part, to its being twenty miles distant from any post-town, and also to the custom of the English, of herding together, avoiding the conversation of the Italians, who, on their side, are naturally reserved, and do not seek strangers. Lady Orford could give you some knowledge of it, having passed the last six months she staid here, in a house she hired at Salo; but as all her time was

then taken up with the melancholy vapours her distresses had thrown her into, I question whether her curiosity ever engaged her to see this palace, though but half a mile from it.

Oct. 25.

I was interrupted in this part of my letter by a visit from Count Martinenghi, master of this house, with his son and two daughters: they staid till this morning, being determined to shew me all the fine places on this side the lake, to engage me to grow fond of staying here, and I have had a very pleasant progress in viewing the most remarkable palaces within ten miles round. Three from hence is the little town of Maderna, where the last Duke of Mantua built a retreat worthy a sovereign. It is now in the hands of a rich merchant, who maintains it in all its beauty. It is not half so large as that where I am, but perfectly proportioned and uniform, from a design of Palladio's. The garden is in the style of Le Notre, and the furniture in the best taste of Paris. I am almost ready to confess it deserves the preference to this, though built at far less expense. The situations are as different as is possible, when both of them are between a mountain and the lake: that under which the Duke of Mantua chose to build is much lower than this, and almost steril; the prospect of it is rather melancholy than agreeable; but the palace, being placed at the foot of it, is a mile distant from the lake, which forms a sort of peninsula, half a mile

broad, and 'tis on that is the delightful garden, adorned with parterres, espaliers, all sort of exotic plants, and ends in a thick wood, cut into ridings; that in the midst is large enough for a coach, and terminates at the lake, which appears from the windows like a great canal made on purpose to beautify the prospect. On the contrary, the palace where I lodge is so near the water, that you step out of the gate into the barge, and the gardens being all divided, you cannot view from the house above one of them at a time. In short, these two palaces may in their different beauties rival each other, while they are neither of them to be excelled in any other part of the world.

I have wrote you a terrible long letter; but as you say you are often alone, it may serve you for half an hour's amusement; at least receive it as a proof that there is none more agreeable to me than giving assurances of my being, dear child, your most affectionate mother, M. W. M.

P. S. Yours of the 23rd September is just this minute brought to me. I heartily wish you and my Lord Bute joy of his place; and wish it may have more advantageous consequences; but am glad you do not too much found hopes on things of so much uncertainty. I have read S. Fielding's works, and should be glad to hear what is become of her. All the other books would be new to me excepting Pamela, which has met with very extraordinary, and (I think undeserved) success. It has been

translated into French and into Italian; it was all the fashion at Paris and Versailles, and is still the joy of the chambermaids of all nations.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE.

DEAR CHILD, Louvere, Nov. 1, 1749.

I RECEIVED yours of August 25, and my Lord Bute's obliging notice of your safe delivery at the same time. I wish you joy of your young son, and of every thing else. You do not mention your father, by which I suppose he is not returned to England, and am in pain for his health, having heard but once from him since he left it, and know not whether he has received my letters. I dare say you need not be in any doubt of his good opinion of you; for my part, I am so far persuaded of the goodness of your heart, I have often had a mind to write you a consolatory epistle on my own death, which I believe will be some affliction, though my life is wholly useless to you. That part of it which we passed together you have reason to remember with gratitude, though I think you misplace it; you are no more obliged to me for bringing you into the world, than I am to you for coming into it, and I never made use of that common-place (and like most common-place, false) argument, as exacting any return of affection. There was a mutual necessity on us both to part at that time, and no obligation on either side. In

the case of your infancy, there was so great a mixture of instinct, I can scarce even put that in the number of the proofs I have given you of my love; but I confess I think it a great one, if you compare my after conduct toward you with that of other mothers, who generally look on their children as devoted to their pleasures, and bound by duty to have no sentiments but what they please to give them; playthings at first, and afterwards the objects on which they may exercise their spleen, tyranny, or ill humour. I have always thought of you in a different manner. Your happiness was my first wish, and the pursuit of all my actions, divested of all self-interest so far. I think you ought, and believe you do, remember me as your real friend. Absence and distance have not the power to lessen any part of my tenderness for you, which extends to all yours, and I am ever your most affectionate mother, M. W. M.

I play at whist an hour or two every afternoon. The fashion here is to play for the collation, so that the losers have at least the consolation of eating part of their money.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE.

My dear Child, Louvere, Nov. 29, 1749.

I received your agreeable letter of September 21, yesterday, November 29, and am very glad our daughter (for I think she belongs to us both) turns out so much to your satisfaction; may she ever do

so. I hope she has by this time received my token. You please me extremely in saying my letters are of any entertainment to you. I would contribute to your happiness in every shape I can; but, in my solitude, there are so few subjects present themselves, it is not easy to find one that would amuse you, though, as I believe, you have some leisure hours at Caenwood, where anything new is welcome. I will venture to tell you a small history in which I had some share. I have already informed you of the divisions and sub-divisions of estates in this country, by which you will imagine there is a numerous gentry of great names and little fortunes; six of those families inhabit this town. You may fancy this forms a sort of society; but far from it, as there is not one of them that does not think (for some reason or other) they are far superior to all the rest; there is such a settled aversion among them, they avoid one another with the utmost care, and hardly ever meet except by chance at the castle (as they call my house), where their regard for me obliges them to behave civilly, but it is with an affected coldness that is downright disagreeable, and hinders me from seeing any of them often.

I was quietly reading in my closet, when I was interrupted by the chambermaid of the Signora Laura Bono, who flung herself at my feet, and, in an agony of sobs and tears, begged me, for the love of the holy Madona, to hasten to her master's house, where the two brothers would certainly murder one

another, if my presence did not stop their fury. I was very much surprised, having always heard them spoke of as a pattern of fraternal union. However, I made all possible speed thither, without staying for hoods or attendance, and was soon there, the house touching my garden-wall. I was directed to the bed-chamber by the noise of oaths and execrations; but, on opening the door, was astonished to a degree you may better guess than I describe, by seeing the Signora Laura prostrate on the ground, melting in tears, and her husband standing with a drawn stilletto in his hand, swearing she should never see to-morrow's sun. I was soon let into the secret. The good man, having business of consequence at Brescia, went thither early in the morning; but, as he expected his chief tenant to pay his rent that day, he left orders with his wife, that if the farmer, who lived two miles off, came himself, or sent any of his sons, she should take care to make him very welcome. She obeyed him with great punctuality, the money coming in the hand of a handsome lad of eighteen: she did not only admit him to her own table, and produce the best wine in the cellar, but resolved to give him *chère entiere*. While she was exercising this generous hospitality, the husband met midway the gentleman he intended to visit, who was posting to another side of the country; they agreed on another appointment, and he returned to his own house, where, giving his horse to be led round to

the stable by the servant that accompanied him, he opened his door with the *pass-par-tout* key, and proceeded to his chamber, without meeting any body, where he found his beloved spouse asleep on the bed, with her gallant. The opening of the door waked them: the young fellow immediately leaped out of the window which looked into the garden, and was open, it being summer, and escaped over the fields, leaving his clothes on a chair by the bedside—a very striking circumstance. In short, the case was such, I do not think the queen of fairies herself could have found an excuse, though Chaucer tells us she has made a solemn promise to leave none of her sex unfurnished with one, to all eternity. As to the poor criminal, she had nothing to say for herself but what I dare swear you will hear from the youngest daughter, if ever you catch her stealing of sweetmeats—"pray, pray, she would do so no more, and indeed it was the first time." This last article found no credit with me: I can not be persuaded that any woman who had lived virtuous till forty (for such is her age) could suddenly be endowed with such consummate impudence, to solicit a youth at first sight, there being no probability, his age and station considered, that he would have made any attempt of that kind. I must confess I was wicked enough to think the unblemished reputation she had hitherto maintained, and did not fail to put us in mind of, was owing to a series of such frolics; and to say truth, they are the only

amours that can reasonably hope to remain undiscovered. Ladies that can resolve to make love thus *extempore*, may pass unobserved, especially if they can content themselves with low life, where fear may oblige their favourites to secrecy: there wants only a very lewd constitution, a very bad heart, and a moderate understanding, to make this conduct easy; and I do not doubt it has been practised by many prudes beside her I am now speaking of. You may be sure I did not communicate these reflections. The first word I spoke was to desire Signor Carlo to sheath his poignard, not being pleased with its glittering: he did so very readily, begging my pardon for not having done it on my first appearance, saying he did not know what he did, and indeed he had the countenance and gesture of a man distracted. I did not endeavour a defence; that seemed to me impossible; but represented to him, as well as I could, the crime of a murder, which, if he could justify before men, was still a crying sin before God; the disgrace he would bring on himself and posterity, and the irreparable injury he would do his eldest daughter, a pretty girl of fifteen, that I knew he was extremely fond of. I added, that if he thought it proper to part from his lady, he might easily find a pretext for it some months hence; and that it was as much his interest as hers to conceal this affair from the knowledge of the world. I could not presently make him taste these reasons, and was forced to stay there near five

hours (almost from five to ten at night) before I durst leave them together, which I would not do till he had sworn in the most serious manner he would make no future attempt on her life. I was content with his oath, knowing him to be very devout, and found I was not mistaken. How the matter was made up between them afterwards I know not; but it is now two years since it happened, and all appearances remaining as if it had never been. The secret is in very few hands; his brother being at that time at Brescia, I believe knows nothing of it to this day. The chambermaid and myself have preserved the strictest silence, and the lady retains the satisfaction of insulting all her acquaintance on the foundation of a spotless character, that only she can boast in the parish, where she is most heartily hated, from these airs of impertinent virtue, and another very essential reason, being the best dressed woman among them, though one of the plainest in her figure.

The discretion of the chambermaid in fetching me, which possibly saved her mistress's life, and her taciturnity since, I fancy appear very remarkable to you, and is what would certainly never happen in England. The first part of her behaviour deserves great praise; coming of her own accord, and inventing so decent an excuse for her admittance: but her silence may be attributed to her knowing very well that any servant who presumes to talk of his master, will most certainly be incapable of talk-

ing at all in a short time, their lives being entirely in the power of their superiors: I do not mean by law, but by custom, which has full as much force. If one of them was killed, it would either never be inquired into at all, or very slightly passed over; yet it seldom happens: I know no instance of it, which I think is owing to the great submission of domestics, who are sensible of their dependance, and the national temper not being hasty, and never inflamed by wine, drunkenness being a vice abandoned to the vulgar, and spoke of with greater detestation than murder, which is mentioned with as little concern as a drinking bout in England, and is almost as frequent. It was extremely shocking to me at my first coming, and still gives me a sort of horror, though custom has in some degree familiarised it to my imagination. Robbery would be pursued with great vivacity, and punished with the utmost rigour, therefore is very rare, though stealing is in daily practice; but as all the peasants are suffered the use of fire-arms, the slightest provocation is sufficient to shoot, and they see one of their own species lie dead before them with as little remorse as a hare or a partridge, and, when revenge spurs them on, with much more pleasure. A dissertation on this subject would engage me in a discourse not proper for the post.

Your most affectionate mother,

M. Wortley.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE.

DEAR CHILD, Louvere, Dec. 17, N. S. 1749.

I RECEIVED yours of October 14, but yesterday: the negligence of the post is very disagreeable. I have at length had a letter from Lady Oxford, by which I find mine to her has miscarried, and perhaps the answer which I have now wrote may have the same fate.

I wish you joy of your young son: may he live to be a blessing to you. I find I amuse myself here in the same manner as if at London, according to your account of it; that is, I play at whist every night with some old priests that I have taught it to, and are my only companions. To say truth, the decay of my sight will no longer suffer me to read by candle light, and the evenings are now long and dark. I believe you 'll be persuaded my gaming makes nobody uneasy, when I tell you that we play only a penny per corner. 'Tis now a year that I have lived wholly in the country, and have no design of quitting it. I am entirely given up to rural amusements, and have forgot there are any such things as wits or fine ladies in the world. However, I am pleased to hear what happens to my acquaintance. I wish you would inform me what is become of the Pomfret family, and who Sir Francis Dashwood* has married. I knew him at Flo-

* He married Sarah, daughter and coheir of Thomas Gould, Esq. of Ivor, Bucks, and widow of Sir Richard Ellis, Bart.

rence: he seemed so nice in the choice of a wife, I have some curiosity to know who it is that has had charms enough to make him enter into an engagement he used to speak of with fear and trembling.

I am ever, dear child,
Your most affectionate mother,
M. WORTLEY M.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Louvere, Sept. 3, N.S. 1750.

I RECEIVED yesterday yours dated June 24. I am very well persuaded that the delay of all my letters, and the loss of many, is occasioned by the posts of Italy. I receive none but what are carelessly resealed, and some of them quite open. I am not surprized at it, considering the present circumstances, of which I would give you the detail, if it was safe to do it. I have now changed the method of conveyance, sending this to the English minister at Venice, who I have desired to put it in his packet. On the top of one of the highest hills with which this place is surrounded, here has been, two months since, accidentally discovered, a remarkable piece of antiquity; a stone vault; in which was the remains of a human body, a table, a spoon and a knife, and about an hundred pieces of coin, of a mixed metal, on none of which there is any legible inscription. Most of them, with the rest of the things I have mentioned, are in the pos-

session of the parish priest. I am endeavouring to get them. If I do, and you have any curiosity to see them, I will send them to you. It is certain there is no fraud in this discovery; the people here having no notion of the value of any thing of this kind. I am of opinion it is a Gothic antiquity, there being no trace of any inscription having ever been upon the stone. Direct your next *recommendé au Chev. James Gray, Ministre de Sa M. Brittannique à Venise.*

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Brescia, Nov. 20, 1750.

I RECEIVED yours of October the 3d much sooner than I have done any others of late, although it had been opened. The great difference between the Venetian state, and that of the Church, has been slightly mentioned in the newspapers. It is not yet thoroughly accommodated, though much softened, since I wrote. I am very glad of Lord Bute's good fortune. I have wished my daughter joy in a long letter. I do not write so copiously to you, fearing it should be troublesome to your eyes. I sent some Italian poetry which has been much admired here. I wonder you do not imitate, at London, the wise conduct of this state, who, when they found the rage of play untameable, invented a method to turn it to the advantage of the public—now fools lose their estates, and the government

gains by it. The continuation of your health is my most fervent desire, and the news of it my greatest pleasure.

P. S. I have seen lately a history of the last years of Queen Anne, by Swift. I should be very glad to know your opinion of it. Some facts are apparently false, and I believe others partially represented.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE.

DEAR CHILD, Louvere, December 14, 1750.

I RECEIVED yours of October the 28th this morning, December 24th, N. S. I am afraid a letter of two sheets of paper that I sent you from Salo never came to your hands, which I am very sorry for: it would have been, perhaps, some entertainment, being the description of places that I am sure you have not found in any book of travels. I also made my hearty congratulations to Lord Bute and yourself, on his place, which I hope is an earnest of future advantages. I desired you would send me all the books of which you gave a catalogue, except H. Fielding's and his sister's, which I have already. I thank God my taste still continues for the gay part of reading.* Wiser people may think it trifling, but it serves to sweeten life to me, and is

* In Spence's Anecdotes, by Singer, there is an observation of Lady Oxford in these words:—"I wonder how any body can find pleasure in reading the books which are that lady's chief favourites." Here we have Lady Mary's confession of her liking to works of imagination, and her defence of her taste.

at worst better than the generality of conversation. I am extremely pleased with the account you give me of your father's health: his life is the greatest blessing that can happen to his family. I am very sincerely touched with the Duchess of Montagu's misfortune,* though I think it no reasonable cause for locking herself up. Age and ugliness are as inseparable as heat and fire, and I think it all one in what shape one's figure grows disagreeable. I remember the Princess of Moldavia at Constantinople made a party of pleasure the next day after losing one of her eyes; and when I wondered at her philosophy, said, she had more reason to divert herself than she had before. 'Tis true our climate is apt to inspire more melancholy ideas: the enlivening heat of the sun continues the cheerfulness of youth to the grave with most people. I received a visit not long since from a fair young lady, that had new lain in of her nineteenth child: in reality she is but thirty-seven, and has so well preserved her fine shape and complexion, she appears little past twenty. I wish you the same good fortune, though not quite so numerous a posterity. Every happiness is ardently desired for you by, dear child, your most affectionate mother,

M. Wortley M.

* Lady Mary Churchill, youngest daughter of John Duke of Marlborough, wife of John Duke of Montagu, died May 4, 1751.

P. S. My compliments to Lord Bute, and blessings to all your little ones. I am ashamed not to have sent my token to my god-daughter; I hope to do it in a short time.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE.

My dear Child, Louvere, April 2, N. S. 1751.

I am very glad to hear of your health and recovery, being always uneasy 'till your danger is over. I wish you joy of your young son, and that you may have comfort in your numerous family.

I am not surprised to hear the Duke of Kingston remains unmarried: he is, I fear, surrounded with people, whose interest it is he should continue so. I desire to know the name of his present inclination by the manner you speak of it: I suppose there is no occasion of the nicety of avoiding her name. I am sorry the Prince * has an episcopal education: he cannot have a worse both for himself and the nation; though the court of England is no more personally to me than the court of Pekin, yet I cannot help some concern for my native country, nor can I see any good purpose from church precepts, except they design him to take orders. I confess if I was King of Great Britain I would certainly be also Archbishop of Canterbury; but I believe that is a refinement of politics that will never enter into the

* Afterwards George III.

heads of our managers, though there is no other way of having supreme power in church and state. I could say a great deal in favour of this idea; but as neither you nor I will ever be consulted on the subject, I will not trouble you with my speculative notions.

I am very much pleased to hear of your father's good health. That every blessing may attend you is the earnest and sincere wish of, dear child, your most affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE.

MY DEAR CHILD, April 15, N. S. 1751.

I RECEIVED yours of Feb. 10th with great pleasure, as it brought me the news of your health, and that of your family. I cannot guess who you mean by Lord Montfort,* there being no such title when I left England, nor any Lord Hertford,† who I hear is named ambassador to France: these are all new people to me. I wish you would give me some information concerning them: none can be so agreeable as the continuation of your father's health; you see in him the good effect of a strict abstinence, and regular exercise. I am much pleased (but not at all surprised) at his kindness to you: I know

* Henry Bromley, created Baron Mountfort, 1741.

† Francis Seymour Conway, created Earl of Hertford, 1750.

him to be more capable of a generous action than any man I ever knew. I have never heard one word of the books that you told me were packed up last June. These things are very provoking, but fretting mends nothing. I will continue to write on, though the uncertainty of your receiving my letters is a strong abatement of my pleasure in writing, and will be of heavy consequence to my style. I feel at this minute the spirit of dullness chill my heart, and I am ready to break out into alacks and alases, with many murmurs against my cruel destiny, that will not even permit this distant conversation between us, without such allaying circumstances. However, I beg you not to be discouraged. I am persuaded, from the goodness of your heart, that you are willing to give me happiness; and I can have none here so great as a letter from you. You can never want subjects; and I can assure you that your eldest daughter cannot be more delighted with a birth-day suit, or your youngest with a paper of sugar-plumbs, than I am at the sight of your hand. You seem very anxious on the account of your children's education. I have said all I have to say on that head; and am still of the same opinion, that learning is necessary to the happiness of women, and ignorance the common foundation of their errors, both in morals and conduct. I was well acquainted with a lady (the Duchess of M***r),† who, I am persuaded, owed

† Manchester.

all her misfortunes to the want of instruction in her youth. You know another, who, if she had had her natural good understanding cultivated by letters, would never have mistaken Johnny Gay for a wit, and much less have printed, that he took the liberty of calling her his Laura.*

I am pleasingly interrupted by the welcome information from Lord Bute that you are safely delivered of a son. I am never in pain for any of that sex. If they have any merit, there are so many roads for them to meet good fortune, they can no way fail but by not deserving it. We have but one of establishing ours, and that surrounded with precipices, and perhaps after all better missed than found. I have already told you I look on my grand-daughters as lay nuns. Lady Mary† might avoid that destiny, if religion was not a bar to her being disposed of in this country. You will laugh to hear it, but it is really true, I had proposed to me a young man of quality, with a good estate: his parents are both dead: she would find a fine palace, and neither want jewels nor equipage; and her name (with a present from me) be thought sufficient fortune.

I shall write to Lord Bute this post. My blessing to you and yours is sincerely sent from your most affectionate mother,

M. Wortley.

* The Duchess of Queensberry.

† Lady Mary Stuart, afterwards Countess of Lonsdale.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE.

My dear Child, Louvere, June 19, N. S. 1751.

I am much obliged to Lord Bute for thinking of me so kindly: to say truth, I am as fond of baubles as ever, and am so far from being ashamed of it, that it is a taste I endeavour to keep up with all the art I am mistress of. I should have despised them at twenty for the same reason that I would not eat tarts or cheesecakes at twelve years old, as being too childish for one capable of more solid pleasures. I now know (and alas! have long known) all things in this world are almost equally trifling, and our most serious projects have scarce more foundation than those edifices that your little ones raise in cards. You see to what period the vast fortunes of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, and Sir Robert Walpole are soon arrived. I believe as you do, that Lady Orford is a joyful widow, but am persuaded she has as much reason to weep for her husband as ever any woman has had, from Andromache to this day. I never saw any second marriage that did not appear to me very ridiculous: hers is accompanied with circumstances that render the folly complete.

Sicknesses have been very fatal in this country, as well as England. I should be glad to know the names of those you say are deceased: I believe I am ignorant of half of them, the Dutch news being

forbid here. I would not have you give yourself the trouble, but order one of your servants to transcribe the catalogue. You will perhaps laugh at this curiosity. If you ever return to Bute, you will find, that what happens in the world is a considerable amusement in solitude. The people I see here make no more impression on my mind than the figures in the tapestry, while they are directly before my eyes. I know one is clothed in blue, and another in red; but out of sight, they are so entirely out of memory, I hardly remember whether they are tall or short. I sometimes call myself to account for this insensibility, which has something of ingratitude in it, this little town thinking themselves highly honoured and obliged by my residence: they intended me an extraordinary mark of it, having determined to set up my statue in the most conspicuous place: the marble was bespoke, and the sculptor bargained with, before I knew any thing of the matter; and it would have been erected without my knowledge, if it had not been necessary for him to see me to take the resemblance. I thanked them very much for the intention; but utterly refused complying with it, fearing it would be reported (at least in England) that I had set up my own statue. They were so obstinate in the design, I was forced to tell them my religion would not permit it. I seriously believe it would have been worshipped, when I was forgotten, under the name of some saint or other, since I was

to have been represented with a book in my hand, which would have passed for a proof of canonization. This compliment was certainly founded on reasons not unlike those that first famed goddesses, I mean being useful to them, in which I am second to Ceres. If it be true she taught the art of sowing wheat, it is certain I have learned them to make bread, in which they continued in the same ignorance Misson complains of (as you may see in his letter from Padnor). I have introduced French rolls, custards, minced pies, and plumb pudding, which they are very fond of. 'Tis impossible to bring them to conform to sillabub, which is so unnatural a mixture in their eyes, they are even shocked to see me eat it: but I expect immortality from the science of butter making, in which they are become so skilful from my instructions. I can assure you here is as good as in any part of Great Britain. I am afraid I have bragged of this before; but when you do not answer any part of my letters, I suppose them lost, which exposes you to some repetitions. Have you received that I wrote on my first notice of the Prince's death? I shall receive Lord Bute's china with great pleasure. The pearl necklace for my god-daughter has been long packed up for her, I wish I could say, sent. In the mean time give her, and the rest of yours, my blessing; with thanks and compliments to Lord Bute, from your most affectionate mother, M. Wortley M.

P. S. I desire you would order the china to be packed up by some skilful man of the trade, or I shall receive it in pieces.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Louvere, June 20, N. S. 1751.

I RECEIVED yours of May the 9th, yesterday, with great satisfaction, finding in it an amendment of your health. I am not surprised at Lady Orford's * folly, having known her at Florence: she made great court to me. She has parts, and a very engaging manner. Her company would have amused me very much, but I durst not indulge myself in it, her character being in universal horror. I do not mean from her gallantries, which nobody trouble their heads with, but she had a collection of free-thinkers that met weekly at her house to the scandal of all good Christians. She invited me to one of these honourable assemblies, which I civilly refused, not desiring to be thought of her opinion, nor thinking it right to make a jest of ordinances that are (at least) so far sacred, as they are absolutely necessary in all civilized governments; and it is being in every sense an enemy to

* Margaret, daughter and heir of Samuel Rolle, Esq. of Haynton, co. Devon, and relict of Robert, second Earl of Orford, who died in 1751, married the Honourable Sewallis Shirley in the same year. She resided principally at Florence.

mankind, to endeavour to overthrow them. Tar water is arrived in Italy. I have been asked several questions concerning the use of it in England. I do not find it makes any great progress here; the doctors confine it to a possibility of being useful in the cure of inward ulcers, and allow it no farther merit. I told you, some time ago, the method in this country of making it the interest of the physicians to keep the town in good health. I wish that, and the Roman law concerning last testaments, were imported for the good of England: I know no foreign fashion or quackery that would be so useful among us. I have wrote a long letter to my daughter this post; I cannot help fearing for her. Time and distance have increased, and not diminished, my tenderness for her. I own it is stronger than my philosophy: my reason agrees with Atticus, but my passions are the same with Tully's.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE.

DEAR CHILD, Louvere, July 23, 1751.

I RECEIVED yesterday, July 22, N. S. yours of June 2nd. I own I could not help regretting the Duchess of Montague (with whom I have passed many agreeable hours), though I think I am in the wrong in so doing, being persuaded her life was grown burthensome to her, and I believe she would

not own herself in danger to avoid the remedies that would have been pressed upon her. I am not surprised at Lady Orford's marriage: her money was, doubtless, convenient to Mr. Shirley, and I dare swear she piques herself on not being able to refuse him any thing. It has been her way with all her lovers: he is the most creditable of any she ever had: his birth and sense will induce him to behave to her with decency, and it is what she has not been much used to. As it is a true saying, "*Cowards more blows than any hero bear;*" it is as certainly true, ladies of pleasure (very improperly so called) suffer more mortifications than any nun of the most austere order that ever was instituted. Lady Orford is a shining instance of that truth; the most submissive wife to the most tyrannic husband that ever was born, is not such a slave as I saw her at Florence. I have hardly ever seen engagements of that sort on another footing. Contempt is joined with intimacy in those cases, and there are few men that do not indulge the malignity that is in human nature, when they can do it (as they fancy) justifiably.

I have had a return, though in a less degree, of the distemper I had last year, and am afraid I must go again to the waters of Louvere. The journey is so disagreeable I would willingly avoid it; and I have little taste for the diversions of the place.

August 1.

Thus far of my letter was wrote at Gotolengo, and it is concluded at Louvere, where the doctors have dragged me. I find much more company than ever. I have done by these waters as I formerly did by those at Islington: you may remember when I first carried you there, we scarce saw any but ourselves, and in a short time we could hardly find room for the crowd. I arrived but last night, so can say nothing of my success in relation to my health. I must end my letter in a hurry: here is company; and I can only say I am ever your most affectionate mother, M. WORTLEY.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE.

MY DEAR CHILD, Louvere, Nov. 2, 1751.

I AM always pleased when I hear you have been with the Duke and Duchess of Portland, being persuaded they are both worthy and sincere friends of yours. I had wrote so many letters to dear Lady Oxford without receiving any answer, that I was in great pain on her account. I will write again, though I lose so much of my writing: I am afraid it will only be more time and paper thrown away. I pity poor Lady D***,† who, perhaps, thinks herself at present an object of envy: she will

† Lady Dalkeith, eldest daughter of John Duke of Argyle, widow of Francis Earl of Dalkeith, and mother by him of Henry Duke of Buccleuch; married secondly the famous Charles

be soon undeceived: no rich widow can marry on prudential motives; and where passion is only on one side, every marriage must be miserable. If she thought justly, she would know that no man ever was in love with a woman of forty, since the deluge: a boy may be so; but that blaze of straw only lasts till he is old enough to distinguish between youth and age, which generally happens about seventeen: till that time the whole sex appears angelic to a warm constitution; but as that is not Mr. T***'s† case, all she can hope is a cold complaisance, founded on gratitude, which is the most uncertain of all foundations for a lasting union. I know not how it is, whether obligers are apt to exact too large returns, or whether human pride naturally hates to remember obligation, but I have seldom seen friendships continue long, where there has been great benefits conferred; and I should think it the severest suffering to know I was a burden on the good nature of a man I loved, even if I met a mind so generous as to dissemble a disgust which he could not help feeling. Lady D***‡ had fond parents, and, as I have heard, an obliging

Townshend. She was created Baroness Greenwich, with remainder to Charles and William Townshend, their sons; but both died unmarried in her lifetime, and the title became extinct.

This letter is probably misdated; Lord Dalkeith died only in 1750, and the marriage of Lady Dalkeith did not take place till 1755.

† Townshend. ‡ Dalkeith.

husband. Her sorrowful hours are now coming on; they will be new to her, and 'tis a cruel addition to reflect (as she must do) that they have been her own purchasing. I wish my favourite Lady Mary Coke may make use of her bitter experience to escape the snares laid for her: they are so various and so numerous, if she can avoid them, I shall think she has some supernatural assistance, and her force more wonderful than any of Don Quixote there, though they vanquished whole armies by the strength of a single lance.

I have sent Lady Jane* a little ring: if it comes safe, I will find something for Lady Anne:† I expect a letter of thanks. I think I have ill luck if none of my grand-daughters have a turn for writing: she that has, will be distinguished by me. I have sent you three bills of exchange: it does not appear you have received one; what method to take I cannot imagine: I must depend on my new friend, who is a merchant of the Valteline. If the war breaks out, difficulties will increase; though our correspondence can hardly be more interrupted than it is already. I must endure it as set down by destiny in the long list of mortifications allotted to, dear child,

Your most affectionate mother,

M. Wortley.

* Lady Jane Stuart, afterwards married to Sir George Macartney.

† Lady Anne Stuart, afterwards married to Lord Percy.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Louvere, Nov. 10, N. S. 1751.

I RECEIVED yours of October 10 this day, which is much quicker than any I ever had from England. I will not make any reflections on the conduct of the person you mention;* 'tis a subject too melancholy to us both. I am of opinion tallying at Bassette is a certain revenue (even without cheating) to those that can get constant punters, and are able to submit to the drudgery of it; but I never knew any one pursue it long, and preserve a tolerable reputation. The news of the recovery of your health makes me amends for the displeasure of hearing his ill figure.

I have often read and been told that the air of Hungary is better, and the inhabitants in general longer lived, than in any other part of Europe. You have given me a very surprising instance of it, far surpassing in age the old woman of Louvere, though, in some circumstances, I think her story as extraordinary. She died but ten years ago; and it is well remembered by the inhabitants of that place, the most creditable of whom have all assured me of the truth of the following facts:—She kept the greatest inn there till past fifty: her husband then dying, and she being rich, she left off that trade; and having a large house, with a great deal of furniture, she let lodgings, which her daughters (two

* This evidently alludes to her son.

maids past seventy) still continue. I lodged with them the first year of my going to those waters. She lived to one hundred years, with good health; but in the last five years of it, fell into the decays common to that period — dimness of sight, loss of teeth, and baldness; but in her hundredth year, her sight was totally restored, she had a new set of teeth, and a fresh head of brown hair. I mentioned it to several ladies, who none of them had heard it, but the rest was confirmed to me by every body. She lived in this renewed vigour ten years, and then had her picture drawn, which has a vivacity in the eyes and complexion that would become five and twenty, though, by the falls in the face, one may discern it was drawn for a very old person. She died merely of an accident, which would have killed any other—tumbling down a very bad stone staircase, which goes into the cellar, she broke her head in such a manner, she lived but two days. The physician and surgeon who attended her told me that her age no way contributed to her death. I inquired whether there was any singularity in her diet, but heard of none, excepting that her breakfast was every morning a large quantity of bread sopped in cold water. The common food of the peasants in this country is the Turkish wheat you mention, which they dress in various manners, but use little milk, it being chiefly reserved for cheese, or the tables of the gentry. I have not observed either among the poor or rich, that in general they

live longer than in England. This woman of Louvere is always spoken of as a prodigy; and I am surprised she is neither called saint nor witch, being very prodigal of those titles.

I return you many thanks for the length of your entertaining letter; but am very sorry it was troublesome to you to write it. I wish the reading of this may not be so. I will seek for a picture for Lord Bute.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE.

MY DEAR CHILD, Louvere, Dec. 8, N. S. 1751.

THIS town is at present in a general stare, or, to use their own expression, *sotto sopra;* and not only this town, but the capital, Bergamo, the whole province, the neighbouring Brescian, and perhaps all the Venetian dominion, occasioned by an adventure exactly resembling, and I believe copied from Pamela. I know not under what constellation that foolish stuff was wrote, but it has been translated into more languages than any modern performance I ever heard of. No proof of its influence was ever stronger than this present story, which, in Richardson's hands, would serve very well to furnish out seven or eight volumes. I shall make it as short as I can.

Here is a gentleman's family, consisting of an old batchelor and his sister, who have fortune

enough to live with great elegance, though without any magnificence, possessed of the esteem of all their acquaintance, he being distinguished by his probity, and she by her virtue. They are not only suffered but sought after by all the best company, and indeed are the most conversable and reasonable people in the place. She is an excellent housewife, and particularly remarkable for keeping her pretty house as neat as any in Holland. She appears no longer in public, being past fifty, and passes her time chiefly at home with her work, receiving few visitants. This Signora Diana, about ten years since, saw, at a monastery, a girl of eight years old, who came thither to beg alms for her mother. Her beauty, though covered with rags, was very observable, and gave great compassion to the charitable lady, who thought it meritorious to rescue such a modest sweetness as appeared in her face from the ruin to which her wretched circumstances exposed her. She asked her some questions, to which she answered with a natural civility that seemed surprising; and finding the head of her family (her brother) to be a cobler, who could hardly live by that trade, she bid the child follow her home; and sending for her parent, proposed to her to breed the little Octavia for her servant. This was joyfully accepted, the old woman dismissed with a piece of money, and the girl remained with the Signora Diana, who bought her decent clothes, and took pleasure in teaching her

whatever she was capable of learning. She learned to read, write, and cast accounts, with uncommon facility; and had such a genius for work, that she excelled her mistress in embroidery, point, and every operation of the needle. She grew perfectly skilled in confectionary, had a good insight into cookery, and was a great proficient in distillery. To these accomplishments she was so handy, well bred, humble, and modest, that not only her master and mistress, but every body that frequented the house took notice of her. She lived thus near nine years, never going out but to church. However, beauty is as difficult to conceal as light; her's begun to make a great noise. Signora Diana told me she observed an unusual concourse of pedling women that came on pretext to sell pennyworths of lace, china, &c. and several young gentlemen, very well powdered, that were perpetually walking before her door, and looking up at the windows. These prognostics alarmed her prudence, and she listened very willingly to some honourable proposals that were made by many honest thriving tradesmen. She communicated them to Octavia, and told her, that though she was sorry to lose so good a servant, yet she thought it right to advise her to choose a husband. The girl answered modestly, that it was her duty to obey all her commands, but she found no inclination to marriage; and if she would permit her to live single, she should think it a greater obligation than any other she

could bestow. Signora Diana was too conscientious to force her into a state from which she could not free her, and left her to her own disposal. However, they parted soon after: whether (as the neighbours say) Signor Aurelio Ardinghi, her brother, looked with too much attention on the young woman, or that she herself (as Diana says) desired to seek a place of more profit, she removed to Bergamo, where she soon found preferment, being strongly recommended by the Ardinghi family. She was advanced to be first waiting-woman to an old countess, who was so well pleased with her service, she desired, on her death bed, Count Jeronimo Losi, her son, to be kind to her. He found no repugnance to this act of obedience, having distinguished the beautiful Octavia, from his first sight of her; and during the six months that she had served in the house, had tried every art of a fine gentleman, accustomed to victories of that sort, to vanquish the virtue of this fair virgin. He has a handsome figure, and has had an education uncommon in this country, having made the tour of Europe, and brought from Paris all the improvements that are to be picked up there, being celebrated for his grace in dancing, and skill in fencing and riding, by which he is a favourite among the ladies, and respected by the men. Thus qualified for conquest, you may judge of his surprise at the firm yet modest resistance of this country girl, who was neither to be moved by

address, nor gained by liberality, nor on any terms would be prevailed on to stay as his housekeeper, after the death of his mother. She took that post in the house of an old judge, where she continued to be solicited by the emissaries of the Count's passion, and found a new persecutor in her master, who, after three months' endeavour to corrupt her, offered her marriage. She chose to return to her former obscurity, and escaped from his pursuit, without asking any wages, and privately returned to the Signora Diana. She threw herself at her feet, and, kissing her hands, begged her with tears to conceal her at least some time, if she would not accept of her service. She protested she had never been happy since she left it. While she was making these submissions, Signor Aurelio entered. She intreated his intercession on her knees, who was easily persuaded to consent she should stay with them, though his sister blamed her highly for her precipitate flight, having no reason, from the age and character of her master, to fear any violence, and wondered at her declining the honour he offered her. Octavia confessed that perhaps she had been too rash in her proceedings, but said, that he seemed to resent her refusal in such a manner as frightened her; she hoped that after a few days' search he would think no more of her; and that she scrupled entering into the holy bands of matrimony, where her heart did not sincerely accompany all the words of the ceremony. Signora

Diana had nothing to say in contradiction to this pious sentiment; and her brother applauded the honesty which could not be perverted by any interest whatever. She remained concealed in their house, where she helped in the kitchen, cleaned the rooms, and redoubled her usual diligence and officiousness. Her old master came to Louvere on pretence of adjusting a law-suit, three days after, and made private inquiry after her; but hearing from her mother and brother (who knew nothing of her being here) that they had never heard of her, he concluded she had taken another route, and returned to Bergamo; and she continued in this retirement near a fortnight.

Last Sunday, as soon as the day was closed, arrived at Signor Aurelio's door, a handsome equipage in a large coach, attended by four well armed servants on horseback. An old priest stepped out of it, and desiring to speak with Signora Diana, informed her he came from the Count Jeronimo Losi, to demand Octavia; that the Count waited for her at a village four miles from hence, where he intended to marry her; and had sent him, who was engaged to perform the divine rite, that Signora Diana might resign her to his care without any difficulty. The young damsel was called for, who intreated she might be permitted the company of another priest with whom she was acquainted: this was readily granted; and she sent for a young man that visits me very often, being remarkable for his sobriety and learning. Meanwhile a valet

de chambre presented her with a box, in which was a complete genteel undress for a lady. Her laced linen and fine night gown were soon put on, and away they marched, leaving the family in a surprise not to be described.

Signor Aurelio came to drink coffee with me next morning: his first words were, he had brought me the history of Pamela. I said, laughing, I had been tired with it long since. He explained himself by relating this story, mixed with great resentment for Octavia's conduct. Count Jeronimo's father had been his ancient friend and patron; and this escape from his house (he said) would lay him under a suspicion of having abetted the young man's folly, and perhaps expose him to the anger of all his relations, for contriving an action he would rather have died than suffered, if he had known how to prevent it. I easily believed him, there appearing a latent jealousy under his affliction, that shewed me he envied the bridegroom's happiness, at the same time he condemned his extravagance.

Yesterday noon, being Saturday, Don Joseph returned, who has got the name of Parson Williams by this expedition: he relates, that when the bark which carried the coach and train arrived, they found the amorous Count waiting for his bride on the bank of the lake: he would have proceeded immediately to the church; but she utterly refused it, till they had each of them been at confession; after which the happy knot was tied by the parish

priest. They continued their journey, and came to their palace at Bergamo in a few hours, where every thing was prepared for their reception. They received the communion next morning, and the Count declares that the lovely Octavia has brought him an inestimable portion, since he owes to her the salvation of his soul. He has renounced play, at which he had lost a great deal of time and money. She has already retrenched several superfluous servants, and put his family into an exact method of economy, preserving all the splendor necessary to his rank. He has sent a letter in his own hand to her mother, inviting her to reside with them, and subscribing himself her dutiful son: but the Countess has sent another privately by Don Joseph, in which she advises the old woman tostay at Louvere, promising to take care she shall want nothing, accompanied with a token of twenty sequins,* which is at least nineteen more than ever she saw in her life.

I forgot to tell you that from Octavia's first serving the old lady, there came frequent charities in her name to her poor parent, which nobody was surprised at, the lady being celebrated for pious works, and Octavia known to be a great favourite with her. It is now discovered that they were all sent by the generous lover, who has presented Don Joseph very handsomely, but he has brought neither letter nor message to the house of Ardinghi, which affords much speculation.

* About ten guineas English.

I am afraid you are heartily tired with this tedious tale. I will not lengthen it with reflections, as I fancy yours will be the same as mine.

With mine all these adventures proceed from artifice on one side and weakness on the other. An honest, tender mind is often betrayed to ruin by the charms that make the fortune of a designing head, which, when joined with a beautiful face, can never fail of advancement, except barred by a wise mother, who locks up her daughters from view till nobody cares to look on them. My poor friend the Duchess of Bolton* was educated in solitude, with some choice of books, by a saint-like governess: crammed with virtue and good qualities, she thought it impossible not to find gratitude, though she failed to give passion; and upon this plan threw away her estate, was despised by her husband, and laughed at by the public. Polly, bred in an alehouse, and produced on the stage, has obtained wealth and title, and found the way to be esteemed. So useful is early experience—without it half of life is dissipated in correcting the errors that we have been taught to receive as indisputable truths.

I am ever your truly affectionate mother,

M. WORTLEY.

* Lady Anne Vaughan, daughter and heir of John Earl of Carberry, married Charles Duke of Bolton in 1713, and died in 1751. The Duke of Bolton afterwards married Lavinia Fenton, the celebrated *Polly* in Gay's *Beggar's Opera*.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,
Dorset Street, Fleet Street.

B00 499 351 4